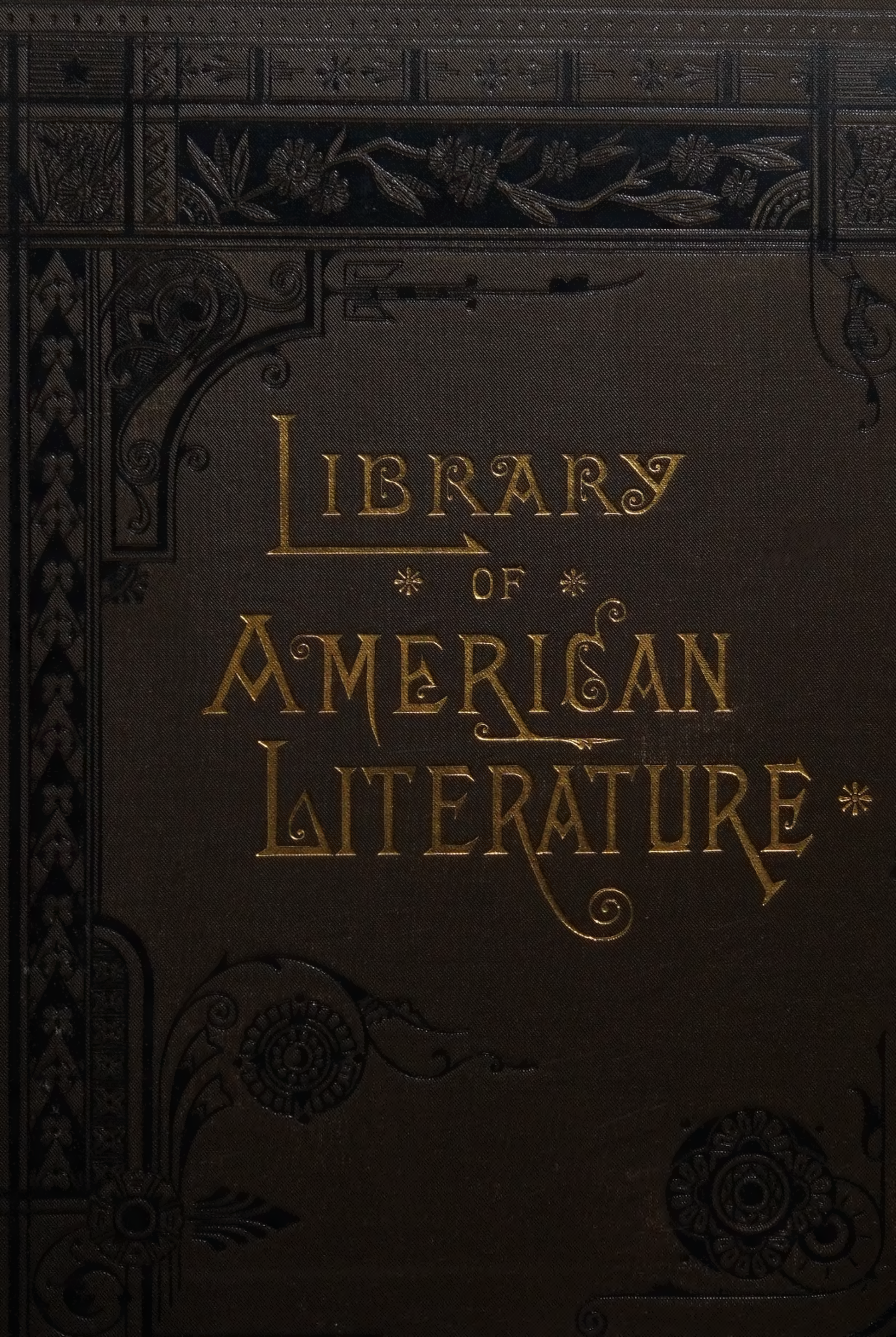

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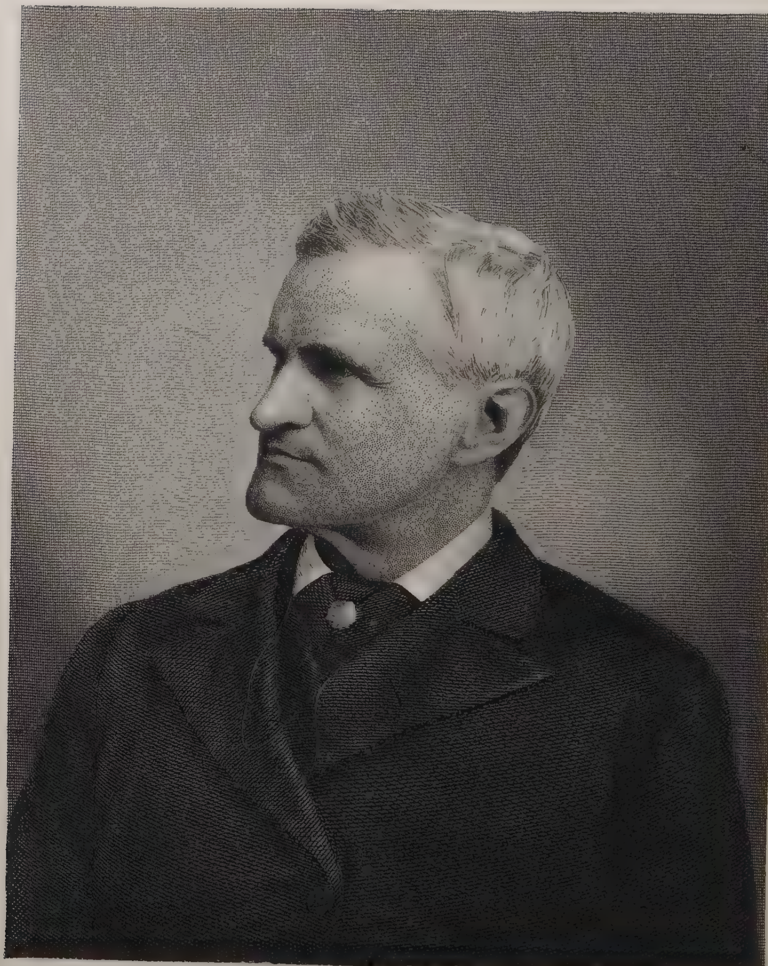

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LITERATURE
OF THE REPUBLIC

PART III—CONTINUED

1835–1860

Land named of hope!
Our best have hailed the promise of thy growth;
Surely hath honor's race ground room for both
America and England, side by side,
Yet leaving pride
Sufficient scope.

William James Linton. A. D. 1876.

Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, and those on whom their mantle has fallen, belong to England as well as to America; and English writers, as they more and more realize the vastness of the American public they address, will more and more feel themselves to be American as well as English, and will often find in America not only a larger but a more responsive audience.

James Bryce. A. D. 1888.

Where forest-glooms the nerve appall,
Where burns the radiant Western fall,
One duty lies on old and young,—
With filial piety to guard,
As on its greenest native sward,
The glory of the English tongue.
That ample speech! That subtle speech!
Apt for the need of all and each:
Strong to endure, yet prompt to bend
Wherever human feelings tend.

Richard Milnes, Lord Houghton. A. D. 186–.

It is on record that when the author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" was about beginning his great work, David Hume wrote a letter to him, urging him not to employ the French but the English tongue, because, he said, "our establishments in America promise a superior stability and duration to the English language." How far the promise has been in part fulfilled we who are living now can tell. But how far it will be more largely and more completely fulfilled in after times we must leave for after times to tell. I believe, however, that . . . these two great commonwealths may march on abreast, parents and guardians of freedom and justice wheresoever their language shall be spoken and their power shall extend.

John Bright. A. D. 1865.

LITERATURE

OF THE REPUBLIC.

PART III.—CONTINUED.

1835–1860.

Richard Grant White.

BORN in New York, N. Y., 1821. DIED there, 1885.

SHAKESPEARE THE DRAMATIST.

[*Life and Genius of Shakespeare.* 1865.]

HIS TREATMENT OF CHARACTER.

EVERY thoughtful reader of Shakespeare must see that his peculiar power as a dramatist lies in his treatment of character. The interest which distinguishes his plays, as plays, from all others, is that which centres in the personages, in their expressions of thought and emotion, and in their motives and modes of action. *This* was his dramatic art, and this it was in which he had neither teacher nor model. For at the time when he began to write, character, properly so called, was almost, if not quite, unknown either to English literature or even to that of the Latin races. In English dramatic literature Marlowe alone had attempted character, but in a style extremely coarse and rudimentary. The Italian and French novelists who preceded Shakespeare, including even Boccaccio himself, interest by mere story, by incident, and sentiment. Their personages have no character. They are indeed of different kinds, good and bad, lovers, tyrants, intriguers, clowns, and gentlemen, of whom some are grave and others merry. But they are mere human formulas, not either types or individuals.

It has been much disputed whether Shakespeare's personages are types or individuals. They are both. Those which are of his own creation are type individuals. So real are they in their individuality, so sharply outlined and completely constructed, that the men and women that we meet seem but shadows compared with them; and yet each one of them is so purged of the accidental and non-essential as to become typical, ideal. He made them so by uniting and harmonizing in them a variety of traits, all subordinated to, yet not overwhelmed by, one central, dominating trait, and by so modifying and coloring the manifestation of this trait that of itself it has individuality. Othello and Leontes are both jealous, and unreasonable in their jealousy, as all the jealous are. But the men are almost as unlike as Lear and Hamlet; and their jealousy differs almost as much as the fierce madness of the old king from the young prince's weak intellectual disorder. Iachimo and Iago are both villains, who would pitilessly ruin a wife's reputation for their selfish ends; but the former is a rude and simple villain, who seems to lack the moral sense; the latter, one who has a keen intellectual perception of that moral beauty which he neither possesses nor heartily admires. Shakespeare's personages are thoroughly human, and therefore not embodiments of single traits or simple impulses, but complicated machines; and the higher their type, the more complex their organization. He combines in one individual and harmonizes qualities apparently incongruous, his genius revealing to him their affinities. Thus Angelo is no mere hypocrite, but really a precisian. He is sincere in his austerity, and has pride, or rather an inordinate secretly enjoyed vanity, in his power to restrain his strong passions in the face of weak temptation. But he is intensely selfish, as most precisians are, and there comes a time when his passions and a great temptation join their forces. Before these his artificial restraint gives way, and he consciously sets out upon a course of monstrous crime, which he yet shrinks from whispering in the solitude of his own chamber. Iago, another hypocrite, on the contrary, dallies with his villany, places it in various lights, and stands off, smiling admiration upon the honest fellow who is working death and ruin. Yet Iago was a good soldier and a brave man, and had he been promoted instead of Cassio, would have made the better lieutenant to Othello, for the very lack of a certain weak amiability which beset Cassio off the battle-field. His victim, poor Othello, who in his relations toward women is one of the most delicate and sensitive of men, in the bitterness of his soul *pays* his wife's own maid as he leaves the former's bedchamber; not either to reward or to offend Emilia, but that he may torment his own soul by carrying out his supposition to its most revolting consequences.

It is this complication of motive which causes the characters of Shakespeare's personages to be read differently by different people. This variety of opinion upon them, within certain wide and well-determined limits, is evidence of the truthfulness of the characters. Not only does their complex organization give opportunity for a different appreciation of their working, but, as in real life, the character, nay, the very age, of those who pass judgment upon them is an element of their reputation. Not only will two men of equal natural capacity, and equally thoughtful, form different opinions of them; but the judgment of the same man will be modified by his experience. Unlike the personages of the world around us, some of whom pass from our sight while others come forward, and all change with the lapse of time, those of Shakespeare's microcosm, by the conditions of their existence, remain the same. But our view of them is enlarged and modified by advancing years. As we grow older, we look upon them from a higher point, and the horizon of our sympathy broadens. We lose little and we gain much. For manhood's eye, ranging over its wider scope, finds that the eminences which were the boy's bounds of admiration do not pass out of sight, but become parts of a grander and more varied prospect, while distance, in diminishing their importance, casts upon them the tender light of that happy memory which ever lingers upon pure and early pleasures. But, as in real life again, Shakespeare's characters, during their mimic existence, depend upon and develop each the other. We see how they are mutually worked upon and moulded. And in this interdependence and reciprocal influence, more than in mere structure of plot, consists the unity of Shakespeare's plays as organic wholes. His personages are not statuesque, with sharp, unchanging outlines. His genius was not severe and statuesque, as for instance Dante's was. His men and women are notably flexile; and not only so, but they seem to have that quality of flesh and blood which unites changeableness with identity,—as a man's substance changes, and his soul grows older, year by year, and yet he is the same person. . . . .

Shakespeare *made* souls to his characters: he did not give them his own. It is now the most commonly recognized truth in regard to him, that he is a self-oblivious poet. But this is not true of him without important qualification. In his sonnets, whether they were written in his own person or another's, he was not oblivious of self. On the contrary, his own thoughts, his own feelings, constantly appear. He pours out his own woes with a freedom in which he equals, but with a manliness in which he far surpasses, Byron. It is as a dramatist that he is self-oblivious; and he is so to a degree too absolute, it would seem, for the ever-conscious people of the world to apprehend. Else we should not hear, as we continually do hear, an opinion or a course of conduct sustained with an air of triumph by the citation of Shakespeare's opinion in its favor. For there is hardly a course of conduct or an opinion upon a moral question which cannot be thus supported. Shakespeare disappeared in his personages; and it is they who speak, and not their creator. The value, nay, the very meaning of what his creatures say, must be measured by their characters and the circumstances under which it is spoken. It is not William Shakespeare who says, even in jest, that a perfect woman is fit only to "suckle fools and chronicle small beer,"—it is that coarse, jeering villain, Iago. Nor is it he who says that "to be slow in words is woman's only virtue,"—it is a cynical clown called Launce. It was not Shakespeare who called the first Tudor "shallow Richmond." We may be sure that no one knew better than he that the man who became Henry the Seventh was deep, prudent, and far-seeing, although not greatly wise. It was Richmond's enemy, Richard, who said that; and said it not to himself, but to one of his own followers. Let no one who delights in rich garments complacently think that Shakespeare commends a habit as costly as the purse can buy. That advice was given by a shrewd old courtier, at a time when sumptuous apparel was the recognized sign of a certain social standing.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF HIS PLAYS.

Many people have given themselves serious concern as to the moral influence of Shakespeare's plays; and critics of great weight, fulfilling their function, have gone down far and stayed down long in the attempt to fathom the profound moral purpose which they are sure must be hidden in the depths of these mighty compositions. But the direct moral influence of Shakespeare is nothing; and we may be sure that he wrote with no moral purpose. He sought only to present life; and the world which he shows us, like that in which we live, teaches us moral lessons according to our will and our capacity. Johnson, meaning censure of "his first defect," wrote Shakespeare's highest praise in this respect in saying of him that "he carries his persons indifferently through right or wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their example to operate by chance." That word "indifferently" is Shakespeare's eulogy. He gives the means of study, and leads insensibly to reflection. Men resent or turn away from conviction at the lips of others, which they will receive and lay to heart if they hear it from the lips of the inward monitor. And even children see through and despise the shallow device which makes goodness always lead to happiness, and flout the stories which conduct them through artificial paths to bring them out upon a moral. Man, however gifted, can never teach more than life and nature; and among gifted men there has been only

Shakespeare who could teach as much. The moral unity which distinguishes his plays is not, as some, especially among the Germans, would have it, the result of a moral purpose deliberately planned and well worked out; but of the fact that those dramatic poems were the spontaneous manifestation of one great, symmetrical mind, in complete and intimate accordance with nature. Shakespeare is able to teach as much as nature, nay, even more than unmitigated nature does, for two reasons. One is, that he presents us something which is not nature, but a perfect reflex of nature. It is strange, but true as strange, that imitation generally interests us more than reality. The very reflection of a beautiful landscape in a mirror wins our attention more, nay, seems more beautiful, than the landscape itself. Seen in a Claude glass it becomes a picture, a *quasi* work of art, which we study, over which we muse, and to which we again and again recur; while the scene itself, if we see it often, may become to us an unnoticed part of our daily life, like the rising of the sun, that daily miracle. And so the mirror which, following his own maxim, Shakespeare holds up to nature, is more studied by us than nature herself, and by means of it nature is better understood. The phenomena are brought by him within the range of our mutual vision. Reduced in their dimensions, but kept perfect in proportion and true in color, they are transferred to and fixed upon his pages; and we can take down from our shelves these specimens of thought and passion, and muse and ponder over them at leisure. This is measurably true of all imaginative writing; but it is preëminently true of Shakespeare's.

But the chief reason of Shakespeare's ability to teach us as much as nature is a breadth of moral sympathy, a wide intellectual charity, which makes him as impartial as nature. His mirror tinges the scene which it reflects with no color of its own. The life-giving rain of his genius falls equally on the just and the unjust; and as the sunshine and the shower develop both tares and wheat according to their kind, so he never seeks to modify the nature or the seeming of that which he quickens into life; and he is never more impartial than when he is most creative. What viler or more loathsome creature than Parolles was ever spoken into being? who is never more disgusting, though he may be more irritating or ridiculous, than in his interview with Helena on his first appearance. Yet in this very dialogue, unquotable though it be, what insight, what wisdom, what practical sense, are developed through this wretch, though we detest the creature as Helena does, and as Shakespeare meant we should, for uttering then and there the conclusions of his keen but degraded judgment! Yet we look upon this abominable creature with admiration; nay, he fascinates us by his exquisite loathsomeness, which is as proper to him as crawling to a reptile. As Helena herself says in

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the words which Shakespeare furnished her, concentrating in these four lines all that I have just tried to say, and elevating it into poetry with that apparently unconscious exercise of supreme mastery over expression which must make every man who holds a pen despair,—

> "These fixed evils sit so fit in him
> That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
> Look bleak in the cold air. Withal full oft we see
> Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly."

It was this quality of universal sympathy in his mental constitution which enabled Shakespeare to unite to the knowledge of man and of truth that knowledge of men and of things which is called knowledge of the world. He seems to have had this latter knowledge in as great a degree as that more abstract knowledge which made him a great dramatic and philosophical poet, and to have been the most perfect man of the world whose name appears upon the roll of literature. All that we know of his life shows him in full possession of this great qualification of the perfect social man, so rarely found in poets; and his works are pervaded with its exhibition. Consider well such characters as Angelo, Parolles, Faulconbridge, Polonius, Jacques, Falstaff, such gentlemen as Bassanio, Mercutio, Prince Henry, Cassio, Antony (in *Julius Cæsar*), and see what knowledge, not only of the human heart, but of society, of manners, of actual life, in short, to return to the accepted phrase, what knowledge of the world, these characters display. It is this knowledge, this tact, which enables him to walk so firmly and so delicately upon the perilous edge of essential decency, and not fall into the foul slough below, where the elegant dramatists of the last century lie wallowing. This he does notably, for instance, in Faulconbridge and Falstaff,—Falstaff, a gentleman by birth and breeding, but coarse, gross, mean, and selfish, a degraded castaway, yet, with consummate tact and exquisite art never allowed to be vulgar or repulsive, and whose matchless humor makes his company delightful.

WAR IN THE LAND OF UNCLE SAM.

[*The New Gospel of Peace.* 1866.]

NOW the war in the land of Unculpsalm was in this wise.

The people were of one blood, but the land was in many provinces. And the people of the provinces joined themselves together and cast off the yoke of a stiff-necked king who oppressed them beyond the great sea. And they said, Let us have no king, but let us choose from ourselves a man to rule over us; and let us no longer be many provinces, but one nation; only in those things which concern not the nation let the people in each province do what is right in their own eyes.

And let it be written upon parchment and be for a covenant between us and our children, and our children's children forever—like unto a law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not.

And they did so. And the Great Covenant became the beginning and the end of all things unto the men of Unculpsalm.

And the men of Unculpsalm waxed great and mighty and rich: and the earth was filled with the fame of their power and their riches; and their ships covered the sea. And all nations feared them. But they were men of peace, and went not to war of their own accord; neither did they trouble or oppress the men of other nations; but sought each man to sit under his own vine and his own fig-tree. And[1] there were no poor men and few that did evil born in that land: except thou go southward of the border of Masunandicsun.

And this was noised abroad: and it came to pass that the poor and the down-trodden and the oppressed of other lands left the lands in which they were born, and went and dwelt in the land of Unculpsalm, and prospered therein, and no man molested them. And they loved that land.

Wherefore, the kings and the oppressors of other lands, and they that devoured the substance of the people, hated the men of Unculpsalm. Yet, although they were men of peace, they made not war upon them; for they were many and mighty. Moreover they were rich and bought merchandise of other nations, and sent them corn and gold.

Now there were in the land of Unculpsalm Ethiopians, which the men of Unculpsalm called Niggahs. And their skins were black, and for hair they had wool, and their shins bent out forward and their heels thrust out backward; and their ill savor went up.

Wherefore the forefathers of the men of Unculpsalm had made slaves of the Niggahs, and bought them and sold them like cattle.

But so it was that when the people of the land of Unculpsalm made themselves into one nation, the men of the North said, We will no longer buy and sell the Niggahs, but will set them free; neither shall more be brought from Ethiopia for slaves unto this land.

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[1] *There were no poor men and few that did evil born in that land.* This land of Unculpsalm seems to have been a most singular place. Almost the whole of the poverty, the ignorance, and the crime to be found in it, except south of the border of Masunandicsun, seems to have come to it from other countries. This is strange enough; but what is most extraordinary is that the people of that land, the virtue and the intelligence of whose fathers had made it great and happy and powerful, gave to this foreign element of its population, ignorant, criminal, and without substantial interest in the country, an equal share of political power, which these foreigners, herding together in clans or tribes, used in a solid body under the direction of demagogues, so that they held the balance of power in the land. So foolish a scheme of politics is not elsewhere recorded in history.

And the men of the South answered and said, We will buy and sell our Niggahs; and moreover we will beat them with stripes, and they shall be our hewers of wood and drawers of water forever; and when our Niggahs flee into your provinces ye shall give them to us, every man his Niggah; and after a time there shall no more be brought from Ethiopia, as ye say. And this shall be a part of the Great Covenant.

And it was a covenant between the men of the North and the men of the South.

And it came to pass that thereafter the men of the South and the Dimmichrats of the North and the Pahdees gave themselves night and day to the preservation of this covenant about the Niggahs.

And the Niggahs increased and multiplied till they darkened all the land of the South. And certain of the men of Unculpsalm who dwelt in the South took their women for concubines and went in unto them, and begat of them sons and daughters. And they bought and sold their sons and daughters, even the fruit of their loins; and beat them with stripes, and made them hewers of wood and drawers of water.

For they said, Are not these Niggahs our Niggahs? Yea, even more than the other Niggahs? For the other Niggahs we bought, or our fathers, with money; but these, are they not flesh of our flesh, and blood of our blood, and bone of our bone; and shall we not do what we will with our own?

But there arose men in the northern provinces of the land of Unculpsalm and in the countries beyond the great sea, iniquitous men, saying, Man's blood cannot be bought with money; foolish men, saying, Though the Niggah's skin be black, and his hair woolly, and his shins like unto cucumbers, and his heels thrusting out backward, and though he has an ill savor not to be endured by those who get not children of Niggah women, yet is he a man; men of Belial, which said, All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.

And the slaves were for a reproach throughout all the world unto the men of the South, and even unto the whole land of Unculpsalm. But by reason of the Great Covenant and the laws of the provinces, the men of the North had naught to do in this matter.

But the men of the South which had Niggahs (for there were multitudes which were of the tribe of Meenouites which had no Niggahs, and they were poor and oppressed) heeded it not; for they were a stiffnecked generation. And they said, We will not let our Niggahs go free; for they are even as our horses and our sheep, our swine and our oxen; and we will beat them, and slay them, and sell them, and beget children of them, and no man shall gainsay us. We stand by the Great Covenant.

Moreover we are Tshivulree.

Now [1] to be of the Tshivulree was the chief boast among the men of the South, because it had been a great name upon the earth. For of olden time he who was of the Tshivulree was bound by an oath to defend the weak and succor the oppressed, yea, even though he gave his life for them. But among the men of the South he only was of the Tshivulree who ate his bread in the sweat of another's face, who robbed the laborer of his hire, who oppressed the weak, and set his foot upon the neck of the lowly, and who sold from the mother the fruit of her womb and the nursling of her bosom. Wherefore the name of Tshivulree stank in the nostrils of all nations.

For they were in the darkness of a false dispensation, and had not yet learned the mystery of the new gospel of peace.

And when the Tshivulree found within their borders those men of the North, iniquitous men which said that man's blood cannot be bought, and men of Belial which said, Do ye unto all men as ye would have all men do unto you, they seized upon them and beat them with many stripes, and hanged them upon trees, and roasted them with fire, and poured hot pitch upon them, and rode them upon sharp beams, very grievous to bestride, and persecuted them even as it was fitting such pestilent fellows should be persecuted.

And they said unto the men of the North, Cease ye now to send among us these men of Belial preaching iniquity, cease also to listen unto them yourselves, and respect the Great Covenant, or we will destroy this nation.

Then the men of Unculpsalm which called themselves Dimmichrats, and the Pahdees, seeing that the Tshivulree of the South had only one thought, and that was for the Niggah, said, We will join ourselves unto the Tshivulree, and we will have but one thought with them, even the Niggah; and we shall rule the land of Unculpsalm, and we shall divide the spoil.

And they joined themselves unto the Tshivulree; and the Tshivulree of the South, and the men of the North, which called themselves Dimmichrats, and the Pahdees, ruled the land of Unculpsalm for many years; and they divided the spoil. And they had but one thought, even for the Niggah.

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[1] This is another of the many passages that refute the notion as to the modern origin of this book. Indeed, it increases the obscurity that involves that subject. For where, even in ancient times, and among pagan people, do we read of such cruelty as the selling of the child away from the mother? As to the prevalence of such a practice in this Christian land and among this enlightened people, it is not to be thought of, and indeed it has always been denied.

Wherefore he was called the everlasting Niggah. . . . .

And the Tshivulree of the South saw that the men of the North feared their threats; and they waxed bolder and said, We will not only keep our Niggahs in our own provinces, but we will take them into all the country of Unculpsalm, which is not yet divided into provinces. And they went roaring up and down the land.

But in process of time it came to pass that the spirit of their forefathers appeared among the men of the North, even the great spirit Bak Bohn; and he stiffened up the people mightily.

So that they said unto the men of the South, Hear us, our brethren! We would live with you in peace, and love you, and respect the Great Covenant. And the Niggahs in your provinces ye shall keep, and slay, and sell, they and the children which ye begat of them, into slavery, for bondmen and bondwomen forever. Yours be the sin, before the Lord, not ours; for it is your doing, and we are not answerable for it. And your Niggahs that flee from your provinces they shall be returned unto you, according to the Great Covenant. Only take care lest peradventure ye make captives the Niggahs of our provinces which we have made free men. Ye shall in no wise take a Niggah of them.

Thus shall it be with your Niggahs and in your provinces, and yours shall be the blame forever. But out of your provinces, into the common land of Unculpsalm, ye shall not carry your Niggahs except they be made thereby free. For that land is common, and your laws and the statutes of your provinces, by which alone ye make bondmen, run not in that land. And for all that is done in that land we must bear the blame with you. For that land is common; and we share whatever is done therein; and the power of this nation and the might of its banner shall no longer be used to oppress the lowly and to fasten the chain upon the captive. Keep ye then your bondmen within your own provinces.

Then[1] the Tshivulree of the South waxed wroth, and foamed in their

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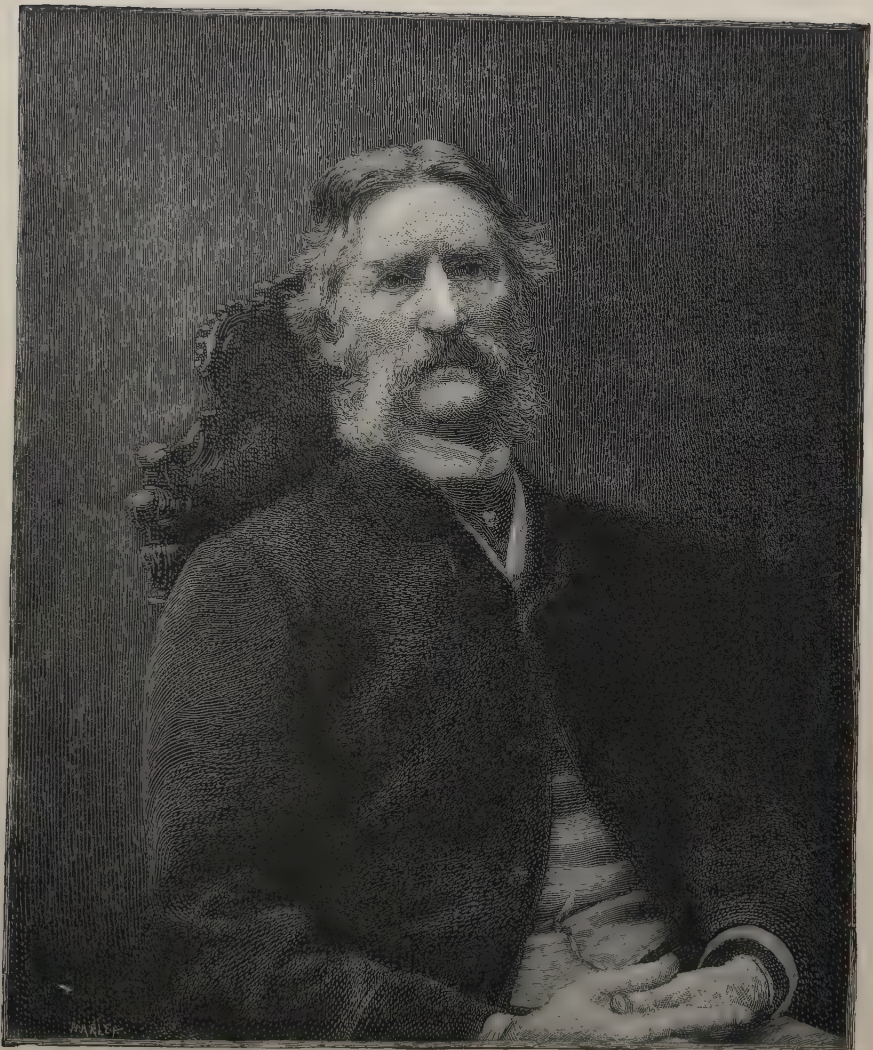
[1] The word here translated "difficulties" had a peculiar signification among this strange people. It means a certain sort of human sacrifice or blood-shedding, sometimes accompanied with death, sometimes only with maiming. There was a prelude to it, of a purely verbal nature, the name of which must needs be translated misunderstanding. Sometimes a misunderstanding was brought to a close by a libation—in the Phiretah dialect a *likkerinup*, or, according to some authors—a *likkerinround*;—the drink-offering being poured down the throats of the assembly with expressions of mutual respect in honor of the event; but if not, it proceeded to its second stage, which was called difficulty. In this each party to the previous misunderstanding sought to sacrifice the other, to appease some imaginary deity who was believed to delight in human sacrifices. The sacrifice was sometimes performed with the knife, sometimes with the shooting-iron. Strange to say, each party sought to honor this imaginary deity, to whose service he professed to be devoted, by being the sacrificer rather than the sacrificed. Unless, there-



Yours truly,

Richd. Grant White

anger, and the air of the land was filled with their cursings and their revilings. And certain of them which were men of blood, and which were possessed of devils, and had difficulties, and slew each other with knives and shooting-irons, did nothing all their time but rave through the land about the Niggah.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S TYPICAL AMERICAN.

[*The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys.* 1884.]

ERELONG a servant entered, with a card upon a salver, which he presented to our hostess, who, after glancing at it a moment with a puzzled look, said, "To my lord." On receiving it, his lordship handed it to me, saying, "From your friend. He sent me a letter of introduction from Tooptoe at Oxford; said he couldn't come just now himself, and asked the favor of introducin', just for a mornin' visit, an American gentleman, in whom he felt sure I should be interested. It's all right, I suppose?" It was simply Humphreys's card, and a line in pencil, "Introducing the Hon. Washington J. Adams."

"I don't know Mr. Adams," I said; "but I do know that Mansfield Humphreys would give a card to no one who might not be properly received by the gentleman to whom it was addressed."

Here Captain Surcingle, whose attention had been arrested, and who had heard my reply, cried out "'Mewican? Have him up, Toppin'em,—have him up! Those fellows are such fun! I always go to see the 'Mewican Cousin. Not faw Dundweawy. Can't see what they make such a doosid fuss about him faw. Does nothin' but talk just like 'fellow at the Wag: wegla' muff. Nevah saw such a boa. But Twenchard's awful fun; good as goin' to 'Mewica without the boa of goin'."

As the Honorable John began his appeal, his lady cousin stepped across the terrace to pluck a rose which peered at us over the stone balustrade, blushing with shame at its beautiful intrusion; and as she swept past him, I partly heard and partly saw her say, in an earnest whisper, "Jack, *do* be quiet; and *don't* be such a goose!"

She had hardly returned with her flower, when the servant who had been sent out reappeared, announcing "Mr. Adams"; and all eyes fol-

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fore, one party or the other attained this purpose by concealing his shooting-iron beneath his raiment, and shooting through it with entire indifference to the cost of his apparel (in the original, *dhamthex pentz*), a struggle ensued which had not the peculiar decorum and solemnity becoming a religious ceremony. It is particularly worthy of notice that the difficulty and the likkerinup were peculiar to the Phiretahs, and were unknown to the Iangkies, and throughout the region north of the border of Masunandicsun, except among the Pahdees, who were strangers within the gates of Gotham.

lowed our host, as he stepped forward to receive the unknown guest. As unabashed as a comet crossing the orbit of Jupiter on its way to the sun, the Honorable Washington entered the Priory circle, and advanced to Lord Toppingham. The Earl offered him his hand. He took it, and then he shook it,—shook it well; and to a few of the usual words of welcome he replied, "I'm very glad to see you, my lord; most happy to hev the pleasure of meetin' your lordship" (looking round) "here in your elegant doughmain and gorjis castle. My friend Mr. Humphreys told me I'd find everything here fuss class; an' I hev. Your man help down stairs wuz à leetle slow, to be sure; but don't apologize; difference of institootions, I s'pose. Everything moves a leetle slower here."

As Lord Toppingham led Mr. Adams to our hostess, eyes of wonder, not unmixed with pleasure, were bent upon him. He was a man of middle size, neither tall nor slender; but he stooped a little from his hips, and his head was slightly thrust forward, with an expression of eagerness, as he slouched along the terrace. His upper lip was shaved; but his sallow face terminated in that adornment known at the West as "chin-whiskers." His hat, which he kept on, was of felt, with a slightly conical crown. It rested rather on the back than on the top of his head, and from it fell a quantity of longish straight brown hair. His splendid satin scarf was decorated with a large pin, worthy of its position: and the watch-chain that stretched across his waistcoat would have held a yacht to its moorings. His outer garment left the beholder in doubt whether it was an overcoat that he was wearing as a duster, or a duster doing service as an overcoat. Into the pockets of this he thrust his hands deep, and moved them back and forth from time to time, giving the skirts a wing-like action. Having taken Lady Toppingham's hand, and shaken that too, and assured her of his pleasure in meeting her also, he put his own back into its appropriate pocket, and, gently flapping his wings, repeated, "Yes, ma'am; very happy to hev the pleasure of meetin' your ladyship. Hope my call ain't put you out any; but I s'pose you're used to seein' a goodle o' company in the surprise way."

"I am always pleased to receive any friend of my lord's or of Dr. Tooptoe's," said Lady Toppingham, seating herself upon one of the stone benches of the terrace; and Lord Toppingham turned as if to lead Mr. Adams away. But that gentleman immediately sat himself down by her side, and, crossing his legs, was evidently preparing to make himself agreeable. A slight shade of reserve with which she had taken her seat deepened for a moment, and then instantly gave way to a look of good-natured amusement; and I saw, to my relief, that she appreciated the situation. "You've been in our little England before, I suppose, Mr. Adams?"

"No, ma'am, I hevn't. My plit'cle dooties as a member of the legislater of the Empire State hev pervented. Empire State's Noo York, 'z I s'pose your ladyship knows. Motto, Ex-celsior, an' the risin' sun; out of Longfeller's poem, you know."

"I do know Mr. Longfellow's charming poem. We're great admirers of Mr. Longfellow in England; indeed, we think him quite an English poet."

"Wal, ma'am, you're 'baout right there; 'xcept in callin' him an English poet. He's a true Muh'kin; an' he kin beat Tennyson, an' all the rest of 'em, at writin' po'try, any day, let 'em do their level best. Why, he's written more vollums of poetry—fuss-class poetry, too—than any man that ever lived; more 'n Dr. Holland. Lives in fuss-class style, too, if he is a poet. Shouldn't wonder if there wa'nt a broker in Wall Street that lives in higher style'n Longfellow."

At this triumphant utterance Mr. Adams took off his hat, and I feared he was about to wave it; but the movement was only one of momentary relief, perhaps, to his enthusiasm, and he at once restored it to its perilous inclination.

Lord Toppingham now stepped up to create a diversion in favor of his beleaguered wife, and, standing before the pair, asked Mr. Adams if he had been in London while Parliament was sitting.

"Wal, yaas, I wuz," replied the legislator, keeping his seat and looking up; "'n' I went to see it; 'n' to tell the truth 'n' the hull truth, I wuz dis'pinted. Gladstone's a smart man, but slow, I shed say, mighty slow; ain't learned not to craowd himself, nuther; bites off more 'n he kin chaw. 'N' I didn't hear no eloquence; nobody didn't seem to take no intrust into what was goin' on. You hev got a powerful han'some buildin' fur the meetin' of your legislater; but jess you wait 'n' see the noo Capitol 't Albany, 'n' you'll sing small, I—tell—you. Yes, siree."

As this conversation went on, some of the other guests had approached, and there was a little group around our hostess and Mr. Adams, who now, to the evident horror of some of them, drew from his pocket a gigantic knife. with a set-spring at the back; indeed, it was a clasp bowie-knife. Opening it with a tremendous click, he strapped it a little on his shoe, and then looked doubtfully at the bench on which he sat. Evidently dissatisfied with the inducement which its stone surface offered, he drew from one of his capacious pockets a piece of pine wood about as thick as a heavy broomstick, and began to cut it in a meditative manner.

"Don't git much whittlin' into your effete old monarchies. Even the benches, when they ain't stun, air oak, that'd turn the edge of any gen'leman's knife; 'n' so I carry suthin' comfortable raound with me." As he spoke the light shavings curled away from his stick, and rolled upon the terrace floor.

Lady Toppingham was as serene as a harvest moon, and was evidently much amused with her visitor; and the rest looked on with an interest and a satisfaction which were manifest in their countenances.

"Your lordship does suthin' in this way, I reckon. Guess all you lords air in the lumber line; 'n' I seen some fuss-class trees inter the vacant lots raound your haouse—castle, I mean. S'pose that's the reason you don't improve. Much doin' in lumber naow?"

"Not much," said our host, with a pleasant smile. "I'm more inclined to keep my trees than to sell them, at present. But let me make you acquainted with some of my friends. Mr. Grimstone, member for Hilchester Towers."

"Haow do you do, Mr. Grimstone?" said Adams, rising; and shifting his knife to his left hand, he took the M.P.'s, and shaking it vigorously, said, "Happy to hev the pleasure of meetin' you, sir. Don't know you personally, but know you very well by reputtation."

As our host looked next at me, I managed to convey to him an unspoken request not to be introduced, which he respected; but my friend the captain, stepping forward, was presented, with the added comment that Mr. Adams would find him well up about guns and rifles and fire-arms of all kinds; quite an authority, indeed, upon that subject.

"Dew tell? Why, I'm glad to hev the pleasure of meetin' you, sir. Look a' here! I kin show you suthin' fuss-class in that line," and putting his hand behind him, underneath his coat, he produced a large pistol, a navy revolver, which he exhibited in a demonstrative way to the captain, saying, "Naow that's suthin' satisfactory fur a gen'leman to hev about him; no little pea-shootin' thing, that you might empty into a man 'thout troublin' him more 'n so many flea-bites."

The captain looked at it with interest, while some of the other guests shrank away. After a brief examination, he returned it, saying, "Vewy fine, vewy fine, indeed; and I hear you use 'em at vewy long distances, almost like a wifle."

"Sartin," said Mr. Adams. "Look a' here! See that thar tree yonder?" and pointing to one on the other side of the garden, he threw up his left arm, and took a sight rest on it. Some of the ladies screamed, and the captain and Lord Toppingham both caught his arm, the latter exclaiming, "Beg pahdon, don't fire, please! Somebody might be passin' in the park."

"Wal, jess's *you* like, sir. You air to hum, 'n' I ain't. But that 's the diff'kilty 'ith England. Th'r' ain't no libbuty here. You've allers got to be thinkin' 'baout somebody else."

The incident certainly created a little unpleasant excitement; yet after this had subsided, it seemed not to have diminished, but rather to have increased, the satisfaction with which Mr. Adams was regarded.

The Professor came up, and said, "Our Amerigan vrent is ferry kint sooch an exhipition of the manners and gustoms of his gountry to gif. Barehaps he vould a var-tance bareform vor the inztrugzion oond blaysure of dthe gompany."

"No, no, Professor Schlamm," said Lady Toppingham, smiling, "we won't put Mr. Adams to the trouble of a war-dance; and we've so narrowly escaped one *blessure* that we may well be willing to forego the other." As my hostess struck off this little spark, I observed that her French was not that of the school of Stratford atte Bowe, which continues much in vogue in England even among ladies of the prioress's rank.

Adams caught at the name as an introduction. "Is this," he said, "the celebrated Professor Schlamm?" and seizing his hand, he shook it well. "Happy to make your acquaintance, sir. Your fame, sir, is widely ex-tended over the civil-ized globe. Hev n't hed the pleasure of meetin' you before, sir, but know you very well by reputtation."

The Professor, who had all the simple vanity of the vainest race in the world, beamed under the influence of this compliment, so that his very spectacles seemed to glow with warmth and light.

"You German gen'l'men air fond of our naytional plant," said Adams blandly. "Hev a cigar? Won't you jine me?" and he produced from his pocket two or three temptations.

"Dthanks; poot it might not to dthe laties pe acreeable."

"No? Wal, then, here goes fur the ginooine article. I'm 'baout tuckered aout fur some." Saying this he took from his pocket a brown plug, cut off a piece, and having shaped and smoothed a little with his huge knife, he laid it carefully with his fore finger in his cheek. Then, his knife being out, he took the opportunity to clean his nails; and having scraped the edges until our blood curdled, he returned his weapon, after a loud click, to his pocket.

A look of distress had come over the face of our hostess when Mr. Adams produced his plug; and she called a servant, who, after receiving an order from her in a low voice, went out. Mr. Adams's supplementary toilet being completed, he slouched away towards the balustrade; and after looking a few moments across the garden, he turned about, and, leaning against the stone, he began an expectorative demonstration. After he had made two or three violent and very obtrusive efforts of this kind, which, however, I must confess, did not seem to leave much visible witness before us, the servant returned hastily with a spittoon, the fabric and condition of which showed very plainly that it came from no part of the priory that rejoiced in the presence of Lady Toppingham. This the footman placed before Mr. Adams, within easy range.

"Nev' mind," said that gentleman,—"nev' mind. Sorry you took the trouble, sonny. I don't set up fur style; don't travel onto it. I'm puffickly willin' to sit down along 'th my fren's, and spit raound sociable. I know I wear a biled shirt 'n' store clothes,—that's a fact; but 's a graceful con-ciliation *of* and deference *to* public opinion, considerin' I'm a member of the legislater of the Empire State."

"Biled?" said Captain Surcingle to me, inquiringly (for we had kept pretty close together). "Mean boiled?"

"Yes."

"Boil shirts in 'Mewica?"

"Always."

"Your shirt boiled?"

"N-no; not exactly. I should have said that all our wealthiest and most distinguished citizens, members of the legislature and the like, boil their shirts. I make no such pretensions."

The captain looked at me doubtfully. But our talk and Mr. Adams's performances were brought to a close by the announcement of luncheon, and an invitation from our host to the dining-room. This mid-day repast is quite informal; but, comparatively unrestrained as it is by etiquette, rank and precedence are never quite forgotten at it, or on any other occasion, in England; and there being no man of rank present, except our host, and Sir Charles being far down the terrace, talking hunt and horse with another squire, Mr. Grimstone was moving toward Lady Toppingham, with the expectation of entering with her, when Mr. Adams stepped quickly up, and saying, "Wal, I don't keer ef I dew jine you; 'low me the pleasure, ma'am," he offered her his arm. She took it, Mr. Grimstone retreated in disorder, and we all went in somewhat irregularly. As we passed through the hall, and approached the dining-room, it occurred to Mr. Adams to remove his hat; and he then looked about, and up and down, in evident search of a peg on which to hang it. A servant stepped forward and held out his hand for it. After a brief hesitation he resigned it, saying, "Ain't ye goin' to give me no check for that? Haow do I know I'll git it agin? Haowever, it's Lord Toppingham's haouse, an' he's responsible, I guess. That's good law, ain't it, your Lordship?"

"Excellent," said our host, evidently much pleased that Lady Toppingham had taken this opportunity to continue on her way to the dining-room, where we found her with Mr. Grimstone on her right hand, and a vacant seat on her left, between her and her cousin, to which she beckoned me; Mr. Adams, the Professor, and the two authoresses forming a little group near Lord Toppingham.

"I hope," said the M. P. to me, as we settled ourselves at table, "that you are pleased with your Mr. Washington Adams. I, for one, own that such a characteristic exhibition of genuine American character and manners is, if not exactly agreeable, a very entertaining subject of study."

The taunt itself was less annoying than its being flung at me across our hostess; but as I could not tell him so without sharing his breach of good manners, I was about to let his remark pass, with a silent bow, when a little look of encouragement in Lady Toppingham's eyes led me to say, "As to your entertainment, sir, I have no doubt that you might find as good at home without importing your Helots. As to Mr. Adams being my Mr. Washington Adams, he is neither kith nor kin of any of my people, to whom he would be an occasion of as much curious wonder as he is to any person at this table."

"Oh, that won't do at all. He is one of your legislators,—the Honorable Washington Adams. You Americans are a very strange people; quite incomprehensible to our poor, simple English understandings." I did not continue the discussion, which I saw would be as fruitless as, under the circumstances, it was unpleasant, and indeed almost inadmissible, notwithstanding the gracious waiver of my hostess.

Edward Livingston Youmans.

Born in Coeymans, N. Y., 1821. **Died** in New York, N. Y., 1887.

A TERSE STATEMENT OF THE DOCTRINE OF FORCES.

[*Introduction to "The Correlation and Conservation of Forces."* 1865.]

TOWARD the close of the last century the human mind reached the great principle of the indestructibility of matter. What the intellectual activity of ages had failed to establish by all the resources of reasoning and philosophy, was accomplished by the invention of a mechanical implement, the balance of Lavoisier. When nature was tested in the chemist's scale plan, it was first found that never an atom is created or destroyed; that though matter changes form with protean facility, traversing a thousand cycles of change, vanishing and reappearing incessantly, yet it never wears out or lapses into nothing.

The present age will be memorable in the history of science for having demonstrated that the same great principle applies also to forces, and for the establishment of a new philosophy concerning their nature and relations. Heat, light, electricity, and magnetism are now no longer regarded as substantive and independent existences—subtile fluids with peculiar properties, but simply as modes of motion in ordinary matter;

forms of energy which are capable of mutual conversion. Heat is a mode of energy manifested by certain effects. It may be transformed into electricity, which is another form of force producing different effects. Or the process may be reversed; the electricity disappearing and the heat reappearing. Again, mechanical motion, which is a motion of masses, may be transformed into heat or electricity, which is held to be a motion of the atoms of matter, while, by a reverse process, the motion of atoms, that is, heat or electricity, may be turned back again into mechanical motion. Thus a portion of the heat generated in a locomotive is converted into the motion of the train, while by the application of the brakes the motion of the train is changed back again into the heat of friction.

These mutations are rigidly subject to the laws of quantity. A given amount of one force produces a definite quantity of another; so that power or energy, like matter, can neither be created nor destroyed: though ever changing form, its total quantity in the universe remains constant and unalterable. Every manifestation of force must have come from a preëxisting equivalent force, and must give rise to a subsequent and equal amount of some other force. When, therefore, a force or effect appears, we are not at liberty to assume that it was self-originated, or came from nothing; when it disappears we are forbidden to conclude that it is annihilated: we must search and find whence it came and whither it has gone; that is, what produced it and what effect it has itself produced. These relations among the modes of energy are currently known by the phrases *Correlation* and *Conservation* of Force.

The present condition of the philosophy of forces is perfectly paralleled by that of the philosophy of matter toward the close of the last century. So long as it was admitted that matter in its various changes may be created or destroyed, chemical progress was impossible. If, in his processes, a portion of the material disappeared, the chemist had a ready explanation—the matter was *destroyed;* his analysis was therefore worthless. But when he started with the axiom that matter is indestructible, all disappearance of material during his operations was chargeable to their imperfection. He was therefore compelled to improve them—to account in his result for every thousandth of a grain with which he commenced; and as a consequence of this inexorable condition, analytical chemistry advanced to a high perfection, and its consequences to the world are incalculable. Precisely so with the analysis of forces. So long as they are considered capable of being created and destroyed, the quest for them will be careless and the results valueless. But the moment they are determined to be indestructible, the investigator becomes bound to account for them: all problems of power are at once affected, and the science of dynamics enters upon a new era. . . . .

The law characterized by Faraday as the highest in physical science which our faculties permit us to perceive, has a far more extended sway; it might well have been proclaimed the highest law of *all* science—the most far-reaching principle that adventuring reason has discovered in the universe. Its stupendous reach spans all orders of existence. Not only does it govern the movements of the heavenly bodies, but it presides over the genesis of the constellations; not only does it control those radiant floods of power which fill the eternal spaces, bathing, warming, illumining, and vivifying our planet, but it rules the actions and relations of men, and regulates the march of terrestrial affairs. Nor is its dominion limited to physical phenomena; it prevails equally in the world of mind, controlling all the faculties and processes of thought and feeling. The star-suns of the remoter galaxies dart their radiations across the universe; and although the distances are so profound that hundreds of centuries may have been required to traverse them, the impulses of force enter the eye, and impressing an atomic change upon the nerve, give origin to the sense of sight. Star- and nerve-tissue are parts of the same system—stellar and nervous forces are correlated. Nay, more; sensation awakens thought and kindles emotion, so that this wondrous dynamic chain binds into living unity the realms of matter and mind through measureless amplitudes of space and time.

And if these high realities are but faint and fitful glimpses which science has obtained in the dim dawn of discovery, what must be the glories of the coming day? If indeed they are but "pebbles" gathered from the shores of the great ocean of truth, what are the mysteries still hidden in the bosom of the mighty unexplored? And how far transcending all stretch of thought that Unknown and Infinite Cause of all to which the human spirit turns evermore in solemn and mysterious worship!

James Elliot Cabot.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1821.

EMERSON IN HIS STUDY.

[*A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson.* 1887.]

THE wide range of Emerson's quotations, and the unhesitating way in which he sometimes speaks upon subjects of learned investigation, have given impressions not altogether correct concerning the character of his reading. He had a quick eye for a good sentence, and never forgot one; but the quotations, I think, are sometimes all that he cared to know of the book; and he would have been partly amused, partly vexed, to hear himself described as a profound student, of the New Platonists, or of anything to be learned from books. He was a profound student,—of impressions, sentiments, experiences; and was ready to receive them from any source. But of the disengaged curiosity, the readiness to enter into and pursue the ideas of others, that makes the student, the man of letters (or, again, the traveller, the man of the world), he had very little. He did not even pursue his own. He was ever on the watch for them, trying to render them without loss into words, but of their farther relations to each other or to the ideas of other people he was rather incurious. In his spiritual astronomy or search for stars he was the observer of single stars as they came into the field of his telescope; he was not making a map of the heavens, or even of a particular region; he had nothing to do with the results of other observers. Let each look for himself and report what he sees; then, if each has been faithful, they will all agree; meantime, if any correction be needed, it will be given by the fresh experience which life fails not to supply if we are heedful of its teachings. Books were for the scholar's idle times: at such times Emerson welcomed them for the stimulus they gave him; "to make my top spin," as he said; without much choice, but with an inclination towards memoirs and books abounding in anecdotes,—Plutarch, Montaigne, Spence, Grimm, Saint-Simon, Roederer; books about the first Napoleon; latterly I remember his following Varnhagen von Ense's voluminous memoirs, as the volumes came out. He read the "Vestiges of Creation" with much interest, and treasured in his memory from all kinds of sources many anecdotes and sayings of men of science. In his youth he seems to have read Berkeley and Hume with attention, also Coleridge and Lord Bacon; and he was a reader of English poetry from his early years. After his time of production began, books occupied him less; though at Carlyle's urging, soon after his return from Europe, he made for once something of a study of Goethe, and read every volume, even the "Theory of Colors."

He was not what one would call a critical reader. His likings and dislikings were very distinct and persistent, but he never troubled himself to account for them. He could see nothing in Shelley, Aristophanes, Don Quixote, Miss Austen, Dickens; he did not often read a novel, even the famous ones. Dante was "a man to put in a museum, but not in your house: another Zerah Colburn; a prodigy of imaginative function, executive rather than contemplative or wise." French literature he did not love, though he was a reader of Sainte-Beuve and of George Sand.

On a journey he liked to have Martial or a treatise of Cicero in his hand-bag, partly because he did not read them at home. At home he read no Latin or Greek, though he retained his knowledge of Greek sufficiently to be able, in his later years, to compare the old translation of Plutarch's Morals (a favorite book of his) with the original. Mystical writings—Swedenborg, Behmen, and the like—came always well recommended to him, though they did not engage him very deeply. The New Platonists (in Thomas Taylor's translation) and the Oriental (particularly the Hindoo) religious books, the Bhagavat Gita, the Puranas, and Upanishads, were among his favorites. He often quotes the so-called Chaldæan Oracles, and the like, without troubling himself with any question of their authenticity; not caring, he said, "whether they are genuine antiques or modern counterfeits, as I am only concerned with the good sentences, and it is indifferent how old a truth is." . . . .

He says in his journal in 1837: "If you elect writing for your task in life, I believe you must renounce all pretensions to reading." Not as if learning were hostile to originality,—the power to originate, he says, is commonly accompanied by assimilating power; he had great regard for scholarship, and lamented the want of it in this country; he was impatient of the "self-made men" whose originality rests on their ignorance. But he was thinking merely of his own case: learning, he felt, was not his affair; he was occupied with his own problems. "I have long ago discovered that I have nothing to do with other people's facts. It is enough for me if I can dispose of my own."

It was a maxim with him that power is not so much shown in talent or in successful performance as in *tone;* the absolute or the victorious tone, the tone of direct vision, disdaining all definitions. This had a special attraction for him, in a book or in a person, and may help to explain some predilections of his. He disliked limitations, and welcomed whatever promised to get rid of them, without always inquiring very closely what was left when they were removed.

On the whole, what is most noteworthy in Emerson's relation to books is the slightness of his dependence on them. He lived among his books and was never comfortable away from them, yet they did not much enter into his life. They were pleasant companions, but not counsellors,—hardly even intimates. His writings abound in quotations, and he valued highly the store of sentences laid up in his note-books for use in lecturing. But he quotes, as he himself says, in a way unflattering to his author; there is little trace of that most flattering kind of quotation which shows itself in assimilation of the thought. . . . .

In his writing, the sentence is the natural limit of continuous effort; the context and connection was an afterthought.

"In writing my thoughts I seek no order, or harmony, or result. I am not careful to see how they comport with other thoughts and other moods: I trust them for that. Any more than how any one minute of the year is related to any other remote minute, which yet I know is so related. The thoughts and the minutes obey their own magnetisms, and will certainly reveal them in time."

His practice was, when a sentence had taken shape, to write it out in his journal, and leave it to find its fellows afterwards. These journals, paged and indexed, were the quarry from which he built his lectures and essays. When he had a paper to get ready, he took the material collected under the particular heading and added whatever suggested itself at the moment. The proportion thus added seems to have varied considerably; it was large in the early time, say to about 1846, and sometimes very small in the later essays.

He was well aware of the unconsecutiveness that came from his way of writing, and liked it as little as anybody:

(Journal, 1854.) "If Minerva offered me a gift and an option, I would say, Give me continuity. I am tired of scraps. I do not wish to be a literary or intellectual *chiffonier*. Away with this Jew's rag-bag of ends and tufts of brocade, velvet, and cloth-of-gold, and let me spin some yards or miles of helpful twine; a clew to lead to one kingly truth; a cord to bind wholesome and belonging facts."

George Shepard Burleigh.

BORN in Plainfield, Conn., 1821.

MOTHER MARGARY.

[*Poems.* 1849. *Revised by the Author for this Work.* 1888.]

ON a bleak ridge, from whose granite edges
  Sloped the rough land to the grisly north,
And whose hemlocks, clinging to the ledges,
  Like a thinned banditti straggled forth—
In a crouching, wormy-timbered hamlet
  Mother Margary shivered in the cold,
With a tattered robe of faded camlet
  On her shoulders—crooked, weak, and old.

Time on her had done his cruel pleasure,
  For her face was very dry and thin,
And the records of his growing measure
  Lined and cross-lined all her shrivelled skin.

Scanty goods to her had Heaven allotted,
  Yet her thanks rose oftener than desire,
While her bony fingers, bent and knotted,
  Fed with withered twigs the dying fire.

Raw and dreary were the northern winters;
  Winds howled pitiless around her cot,
Or with long sighs made the jarring splinters
  Moan the misery she bemoanèd not.
Drifting tempests rattled at her windows,
  And hung snow-wreaths round her naked bed;
While the wind-flaws muttered o'er the cinders
  Till the last spark struggled and was dead.

Life had fresher hopes when she was younger,
  But their dying wrung out no complaints;
Cold, and penury, neglect, and hunger—
  These to Margary were guardian saints.
When she sat, her head was prayer-like bending;
  When she rose, it rose not any more;
Faster seemed her true heart graveward tending
  Than her tired feet, weak and travel-sore.

She was mother of the dead and scattered—
  Had been mother of the brave and fair;
But her branches, bough by bough, were scattered
  Till her torn heart was left dry and bare.
Yet she knew, though sorely desolated,
  When the children of the poor depart,
Their earth-vestures are but sublimated,
  So to gather closer in the heart.

With a courage which had never fitted
  Words to speak it to the soul it blessed,
She endured, in silence and unpitied,
  Woes enough to mar a stouter breast.
There was born such holy trust within her,
  That the graves of all who had been dear,
To a region clearer and serener
  Raised her spirit from our chilly sphere.

They were footsteps on her Jacob's ladder;
  Angels to her were the loves and hopes
Which had left her purified, but sadder;
  And they lured her to the emerald slopes
Of that heaven where anguish never flashes
  Her red fire-whip,—happy land, whose flowers
Blossom over the volcanic ashes
  Of this blighted, blighting world of ours.

All her power was a love of goodness;
  All her wisdom was a mystic faith

That the rough world's jargoning and rudeness
  Turn to music at the gate of death.
So she walked while feeble limbs allowed her,
  Knowing well that any stubborn grief
She might meet with could no more than crowd her
  To that wall whose opening was relief.

So she lived, an anchoress of sorrow,
  Lone and peaceful, on the rocky slope ;
And, when burning trials came, would borrow
  New fire of them for the lamp of hope.
When at last her palsied hand, in groping,
  Rattled tremulous at the grated tomb,
Heaven flashed round her joys beyond her hoping,
  And her young soul gladdened into bloom.

Henry Martyn Field.

Born in Stockbridge, Mass., 1822.

TRAVELLING ON THE DESERT.

[*On the Desert.* 1883.]

WE marched on quite alone, and began to feel more and more the loneliness of the desert. Not only was there no man in sight, but not a living thing. The utter absence of life affected us strangely, as it brought the sense not only of solitude, but of silence. Even while it was yet broad day, there fell on us a silence as of the night. The earth grew calm and still, as if suddenly the course of nature had stopped, and all things had ceased to live. Although the Red Sea still gleamed in the distance, yet as we moved away from it, we could no longer hear the lapping of its waves; and there was no sign of life on sea or land, or in the sky. Not a bird wheeled in the air; not even an insect's hum broke the stillness of the desert. Even nature seemed to have hushed her voice; no murmuring brook made music in our ears; no sough of the wind in the pines whispered to us in the gloaming. The only sound that fell on the ear was the steady step of the camel crunching through the hard crust; and when we passed through long stretches of soft sand, even that seemed muffled, as the broad foot, soft and springy as the tiger's, sank under us almost without a sound. So oppressive was the stillness that it was a relief to hear the song of the cameleer, though it had little music in it, for it was always in the minor key, and low and feeble, as if he trembled to hear the sound of his own voice in the deep solitude. It seemed as if we had gone out of the world, and entered the Halls of Eternal Silence, and were moving on into a mysterious realm, where the sound of human voices would be heard nevermore.

In studying the geography of the desert, the first lesson to be learned is to know what is meant by a wady. Destitute as these broad stretches of barrenness are of springs, or running brooks, yet at times they are swept by terrific storms, when torrents dash down the mountain side, and plow deep furrows in the sandy waste. The dry beds which they leave behind are wadies. These wadies, depressed below the level of the surrounding plain, are the favorite places for pitching tents, as the banks on either side furnish a shelter from the winds that sweep over the desert. Several of these we crossed to-day, in which the half-dried mud showed that there had been recent rains. Wherever the moisture had touched, there were signs of vegetation. Dr. Post, who is always on the lookout for such treasures, found twenty new species of plants in one day, which he displayed with the delight of a discoverer, pointing out how nature had provided sustenance for them by furnishing them with thick leaves or long roots or little warts, which the microscope showed to be so many minute cells or sacs for water.

Every traveller will have his attention called by his camel, if not by his guide, to a thorny bush of which the camel is very fond. Nor will the rider, if he be wise, urge on the poor beast which stops a moment to crop its leaves, for it is very aromatic, and sends up a fragrant smell into his face. Another bush which is common is the juniper—more properly the " broom " of the desert—under which we often found a shade for our midday meal.

Twice to-day were we reminded that we were on the track of the Israelites—once at Marah, the spring whose very name tells of its bitterness, and which, however sweetened by Moses, still disappoints the traveller, for indeed it is almost dried up. We found in it no flowing water at all; only digging in the sand, we discovered where a hidden spring was oozing away. A much larger spring, or group of springs, we found at Wady Ghurundel, the Elim of the Scriptures, where we camped for the night. In these desert marches it is always an object to pitch one's tent near a spring. We were indeed supplied with water, which we took in at Suez, from the Sweet Water Canal, which brings it from the Nile. From this were filled the casks, which were slung on the backs of our camels. These are so precious that when unloaded for the night, and set up on end, they are kept locked lest the men should snatch forbidden draughts. Water for themselves they carry in water-skins. But though we were provided so as to be in no danger of dying by thirst, yet in the desert there is something refreshing even in the sight of flowing water. How could we fail to camp at a spot where Moses had arrested his march because he found, as he tells us, twelve springs and seventy palm-trees? Moses is gone, but the springs are still here. "Men may come and men may go, but they flow on forever." The Arab still comes to find water for himself and his camels at the same spring which quenched the thirst of the Israelites. On the very spot where the great Hebrew leader pitched his tent, we camped at the end of our second day's march. In the morning I went down to the springs, and found them hardly worthy of their ancient fame, or of the place which they still hold in sacred poetry, where "the shade of Elim's palm" is the type of almost heavenly rest. Neither in water nor in shade does Elim approach the Wells of Moses. Instead of a running brook or bursting fountains, one finds only a sluggish rivulet melting away in the sand, with a few straggling palms along its brink. Yet slender as it is, and although the water is somewhat brackish, it may be the very water of life on the desert. The Arabs came from the camp, and filled their water-skins, which they slung over their shoulders, and then threw on the backs of their camels. I bent down to the stream to drink, and though it was not like putting my lips to "the moss-covered bucket which hung in the well," still there was a pleasure in drinking of the very springs of which Moses drank more than three thousand years ago.

But the traveller on the desert must not linger by bubbling streams or under palm-trees. While we had been here, the camels had been got ready, and we must up and away. To-day's march brought a change of scene, as we left behind the flat or rolling sandy plain, and entered into a region more wild and rugged. We found that this Peninsula was not an unbroken plain, stretching to the base of Sinai, but that "the wilderness" was a wilderness of mountains, through which one could make his way only by following the wadies that wound about in every direction, forming a perfect labyrinth, and that sometimes assumed the character of mountain defiles. This afternoon we pursued our course along these river beds till we came into one where a torrent in the course of ages had cut through successive strata of rock, cleaving them to the base of the hills, and forming a gorge almost like a cañon of the Rocky Mountains. This we followed in all its windings for several hours, till suddenly the cliffs opened, and before us lay the Red Sea, beyond which was a range of mountains, the line of which was broken by peaks shooting up here and there, like the cliffs of Capri, or the islands of the Greek Archipelago. It was now five o'clock, and the sun was sinking in the west, so that every point of that long serrated ridge stood up sharp and clear against the sky. Here was a scene which no artist could transfer to canvas. We had before us at once the mountains and the sea, and mountains on both sides of the sea. Enchanted and almost bewildered by the scene, as we came out upon a wide stretch of beach, we dismounted to walk, for the greater freedom of motion, and that we could stop and turn to every point of the horizon. Can I ever forget that heavenly hour, and how soft was the light on the African mountains! As the sunset shone across the sea, it lighted up also the Arabian hills above which there was a soft violet tint in the sky, which gradually faded away, and was succeeded by an intense blue, while high up in the heavens hung the moon, only two days to the full. Again we mounted our camels, and rode on for a mile or two, till, rounding a point, we discovered our tents in a little cove or inlet in the sandy hills, but a few rods from the shore. The spot seemed made for a camp, as it was sheltered from the winds, and the sand was firm and hard, so that the tent floor was smooth and clean. Here Moses camped by the Red Sea, and following the illustrious example, we camped, as it were, on the very shore, where in our waking moments all night long we heard the waters as they came rippling up the beach.

Octavius Brooks Frothingham.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1822.

THE TRANSCENDENTALIST.

[*Transcendentalism in New England.* 1876.]

A GOD of limited power, wisdom, or goodness, is no God, and no other does Sensationalism offer. Transcendentalism points to the fact that under the auspices of this philosophy atheism has spread; and along with atheism the intellectual demoralization that accompanies the disappearance of a cardinal idea.

From this grave peril the Transcendentalist found an escape in flight to the spiritual nature of man, in virtue of which he had an intuitive knowledge of God as a being, infinite and absolute in power, wisdom, and goodness; a direct perception like that which the senses have of material objects; a perception that gains in distinctness, clearness, and positiveness as the faculties through which it is obtained increase in power and delicacy. To the human mind, by its original constitution, belongs the firm assurance of God's existence, as a half latent fact of consciousness, and with it a dim sense of his moral attributes. To minds capacious and sensitive the truth was disclosed in lofty ranges that lifted the horizon line, in every direction, above the cloudland of doubt; to minds cultivated, earnest, devout, aspiring, the revelation came in bursts of glory. The experiences of inspired men and women were repeated. The prophet, the seer, the saint, was no longer a favored person whose sayings and doings were recorded in the Bible, but a living person, making manifest the wealth of soul in all human beings. Communication with the ideal world was again opened through conscience; and communion with God, close and tender as is anywhere described by devotees and mystics, was promised to the religious affections.

The Transcendentalist spoke of God with authority. His God was not possible, but real; not probable, but certain. In his high confidence he had small respect for the labored reasonings of "Natural Religion"; the argument from design, so carefully elaborated by Paley, Brougham and the writers of the "Bridgewater Treatises," was interesting and useful as far as it went, but was remanded to an inferior place. The demonstration from miracle was dismissed with feelings bordering on contempt, as illogical and childish.

Taking his faith with him into the world of nature and of human life, the Transcendentalist, sure of the divine wisdom and love, found everywhere joy for mourning, and beauty for ashes. Passing through the valley of Baca, he saw springs bubbling up from the sand, and making pools for thirsty souls. Wherever he came, garments of heaviness were dropped and robes of praise put on. Evil was but the prophecy of good, wrong the servant of right, pain the precursor of peace, sorrow the minister to joy. He would acknowledge no exception to the rule of an absolute justice and an inexorable love. It was certain that all was well, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. He was, as we have said, an optimist—not of the indifferent sort that make the maxim "Whatever is, is right" an excuse for idleness—but of the heroic kind who, by refreshing their minds with thoughts of the absolute goodness, keep alive their faith, hope, endeavor, and quicken themselves to efforts at understanding, interpreting and bringing to the surface the divine attributes. For himself he had no misgivings, and no alarm at the misgivings of others; believing them due, either to some misunderstanding that might be corrected, or to some moral defect that could be cured. Even atheism, of the crudest, coarsest, most stubborn description, had no terrors for him. It was in his judgment a matter of definition mainly. Utter atheism was all but inconceivable to him; the essential faith in divine things under some form of mental perception being too deeply planted in human nature to be eradicated or buried.

Taking his belief with him into the world of history, the Transcendentalist discovered the faith in God beneath all errors, delusions, idolatries and superstition. He read it into unintelligible scriptures; he drew it forth from obsolete symbols; he dragged it to the light from the darkness of hateful shrines and the bloody mire of pagan altars. Mr. Parker meditated a work on the religious history of mankind, in which the development of the theistic idea was to be traced from its shadowy beginnings to its full maturity; and this he meant should be the crowning work of his life. Sure of his first principle, he had no hesitation in going into caves and among the ruins of temples. Had that work been completed, the Transcendentalist's faith in God would have received its most eloquent statement.

The other cardinal doctrine of religion—the immortality of the soul—Transcendentalism was proud of having rescued from death in the same way. The philosophy of sensation could give no assurance of personal immortality. Here, too, its fundamental axiom, "*Nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu*," was discouraging to belief. For immortality is not demonstrable to the senses. Experience affords no basis for conviction, and knowledge cannot on any pretext be claimed. . .

The preaching of Transcendentalists caused, in all parts of the country, a revival of interest and of faith in personal immortality; spiritualized the idea of it; enlarged the scope of the belief, and ennobled its character; established an organic connection between the present life and the future, making them both one in substance; disabused people of the coarse notion that the next life was an incident of their experience, and compelled them to think of it as a normal extension of their being; substituted aspiration after spiritual deliverance and perfection, for hope of happiness and fear of misery; recalled attention to the nature and capacity of the soul itself; in a word, announced the natural immortality of the soul by virtue of its essential quality. The fanciful reasoning of Plato's "*Phædon*" was supplemented by new readings in psychology, and strengthened by powerful moral supports; the highest desires, the purest feelings, the deepest sympathies, were enlisted in its cause; death was made incidental to life; lower life was made subordinate to higher; and men who were beginning to doubt whether the demand for personal immortality was entirely honorable in one who utterly trusted in God, thoroughly appreciated the actual world, and fairly respected his own dignity, were reassured by a faith which promised felicity on terms that compromised neither reason nor virtue. The very persons who had let go the hope of immortality because they could not accept it at the cost of sacrificing their confidence in God's instant justice, were glad to recover it as a promise of fulfilment to their dearest desire for spiritual expansion.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW FAITH.

[*Discourse quoted in "Frothingham and the New Faith."* 1876.]

WHAT is the new faith? What is its peculiarity? What is its intellectual ground? The new faith rests frankly and composedly upon the doctrine of evolution; not maintaining the doctrine in any dogmatic sense; not pretending to define it with scientific accuracy; but accepting it in its broad meaning and lofty significance; planting itself upon it as the most probable account of the world's existence. Instead of believing that the creative power and wisdom interposes to carry out special plans, and to impart special ideas to the race, it is persuaded that from the very beginning—from the *veriest* beginning—things have been working themselves gradually out into intelligent forms, into beautiful shapes, into varied use, loveliness, and power. It contends that the world of humanity began at the beginning and not at the end. It therefore discards miracles, rejects everything like supernatural interposition, considers as obsolete the popular theory of revelation. It has no inspired books distinguished in character and contents from the world's best literatures. It sets up no teachers and prophets as proclaiming an infallible word. It expects no infallible word from any quarter. It reads no book with absolute or entire reverence such as no other literature can receive. It sees the work of the supreme will and wisdom in the ordinary texture of the world, hailing its vital presence as an influence working toward light, order, righteousness, goodness, perfection in individual man and in the social groupings of mankind which are called societies. Planting itself upon this idea, the spirit that animates it must be peculiarly its own. It cannot be narrow, dogmatical, or exclusive; nor can it be negative, scornful, or contemptuous. It stands beyond the very last attainment in charity. . . . .

The new faith rises beyond charity to appreciation. It has no contempt; it has no toleration; it has no active or passive indifference; it has more than negative good will; it has the warm sentiment of brotherhood. It can turn to the most abject forms of faith, the forms commonly regarded as superstition, and recognize their importance, their timeliness, even their benignity, in the periods when they prevailed. It can do justice to their intent, their purpose, their being, when faith alone discloses it. It can interpret their significance to their own believers unaware of their spiritual sense. It has no language of disparagement for men like Mahomet, Confucius, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Socrates, or any other renowned teacher, reformer, or saint. It has no words of scorn for men like Voltaire, Thomas Paine, d'Holbach, Helvetius, Bolingbroke, the so-called, the self-styled infidels or atheists of their day. It takes these men at their best—takes their systems by their positive elements, enters into their state of mind, their purposes and wishes, interprets them from the inside motives that actuated them, and holds them to account for what they meant to do and be, presenting them as objects of regard to the fellow-creatures whom they thought to serve. The new faith takes the old faiths by one hand and the modern faiths by the other, embraces all earnest people, and cordially says: Let us be friends; we are all working together, thinking, hoping, feeling our way into the realms of truth, conspiring to further the welfare of mankind. The new faith, thus taking every mode of thought at its best, not at its worst, can do justice even to abhorrent opinions. It says to the atheist: You deny the existence of God; you take Deity out of the Heavens, leaving none but natural and human forces in the world; very well, then put Deity into your hearts. You say there is no Creator of the Universe; but there must be creative power somewhere; be yourself a creator. Do your utmost to put the regenerating powers that are within you into the task of making the material and moral world what it should be. You ridicule the idea of a Divine Providence; but somebody must provide; be a providence yourself in your own place and after your own fashion—a human providence, watchful, careful, helpful, kind. Show humanity that man has the capacity in himself for supplying his own necessities; logic compels you to this; compels you to look up, not down; to rank yourself with the affirmers, not with the deniers; with the builders, not with the destroyers; with the worshippers, not the desecrators.

The new faith approaches the materialist in the same spirit. It says to him: Be consistent with your own creed, and fulfil its positive requirements. You say there is no spirit in man or out of him; that matter is all in all. Very well, spiritualize matter by exalting all its capabilities. You are bound to develop all the potencies of organization; it is incumbent upon you, as you maintain that there is no supernatural, superhuman world, to unfold the possibilities of this world. You are certain that there is no hereafter; teach men to honor, love, glorify their existence. Teach them to believe in this life; believe yourself that the next life is the nearest life, and the nearest life is the life of to-day; show them that you understand the worth of the hours; make this life eternal, by packing it full of purposes and deeds that never perish. . . . .

When faith shall stand upon a spirit as live, sweet, tender, and encouraging as this, at once all heretics will be disarmed. The wars between the churches will cease; sectarian hatred must be at an end; religionist will no longer clutch religionist by the throat and drag him down. All true seekers, believers, hopers, aspirers, workers, will be confessed by one body, one fellowship, one family, contending together zealously to bring in a new order of things. This is the spirit of the new faith. Toleration it looks upon as utterly unwarranted. Charity at its best is exceedingly imperfect. It will accept nothing else than cordial and full appreciation of every earnest endeavor that is made by any thinker or worker for humanity.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

BORN in Chester Co., Penn., 1822. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1872.

DRIFTING.

[*Poetical Works.* 1867.]

MY soul to-day
  Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
  My wingèd boat,
  A bird afloat,
Swings round the purple peaks remote:—

  Round purple peaks
  It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
  Where high rocks throw,
  Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

  Far, vague, and dim,
  The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
  With outstretched hands,
  The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

  Here Ischia smiles
  O'er liquid miles:
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
  Calm Capri waits,
  Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

  I heed not, if
  My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
  With dreamful eyes
  My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies,—
O'erveiled with vines
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!

O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar:
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the south, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
    With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of ~~the~~ Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
    "Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
    From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

THE CLOSING SCENE.

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees
  The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
  When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their lazy hills
  O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
  On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
  The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
  His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
  Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
  Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumbrous wings the vulture held his flight;
  The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
  The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hill-side crew—
  Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,
Silent till some replying warder blew
  His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
  Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
  By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
  The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
  An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
  Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—
  All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
  And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
  Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
  The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
  Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
  And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
  Firing the floor with his inverted torch;

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
  The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
  Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,
  Oft supped and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
  Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
  Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—
  Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.

Regave the swords,—but not the hand that drew
  And struck for Liberty its dying blow,
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
  Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
  Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
  Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed;
  Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene,—
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
  While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

Donald Grant Mitchell.

BORN in Norwich, Conn., 1822.

OF BOOKS AND BERRIES.

[*My Farm of Edgewood.* 1863.]

FROM the time when I read of Mistress Doctor Primrose's gooseberry wine, which the Doctor celebrates in his charming autobiography, I have entertained a kindly regard for that fruit. But my efforts to grow it successfully have been sadly baffled. The English climate alone, I think, will bring it to perfection. I know not how many ventures I have made with Roaring Lion, Brown Bob, Conquerors, and other stupendous varieties; but without infinite care, after the first crop, the mildew will catch and taint them. Our native varieties,—such for instance, as the Houghton Seedling, make a better show, and, with ordinary care, can be fruited well for a succession of seasons. But it is not, after all, the stanch old English berry, which pants for the fat English gardens, for the scent of hawthorn, and for the lowering fog-banks of Lancashire.

Garden associations (with those who entertain them) inevitably have English coloring. Is it strange—when so many old gardens are blooming through so many old books we know?

No fruit is so thoroughly English in its associations: and I never see a plump Roaring Lion but I think of a burly John Bull, with waistcoat strained over him like the bursting skin of his gooseberry, and muttering defiance to all the world. There is, too, another point of resemblance; the fruit is liable to take the mildew when removed from British soil, just as John gets the blues, and wraps himself in a veil of his own foggy humors, whenever he goes abroad. My experience suggests that this capricious fruit be planted under the shadow of a north wall, in soil compact and deep; it should be thoroughly enriched, pruned severely, watered abundantly, and mulched (if possible) with kelp fresh from the sea-shore. These conditions and appliances may give a clean cheek even to the Conquering Hero.

But it is not so much for any piquancy of flavor that I prize the fruit as because its English bloat is pleasantly suggestive of little tartlets (smothered in clotted cream) eaten long ago under the lee of Dartmoor hills—of Lancashire gardens, where prize berries reposed on little scaffoldings, or swam in porcelain saucers—and of bristling thickets in Cowper's "Wilderness" by Olney.

Is it lonely in my garden of a summer's evening? Have the little pattering feet gone their ways—to bed? Then I people the gooseberry alley with old Doctor Primrose, and his daughters Sophia and Olivia; Squire Burchell comes, and sits upon the bench with me under the arbor, as I smoke my pipe. How shall we measure our indebtedness to such pleasant books, that people our solitude so many years after they are written! Oliver Goldsmith, I thank you! Crown Bob, I thank you!

Gooseberries, like the English, are rather indigestible.

Of strawberries I shall not speak as a committee-man, but as a simple lover of a luscious dish. I am not learned in kinds; and have even had the *niaiserie* in the presence of cultivators to confound Crimson Cone with Boston Pine, and have blushed to my eyelids when called upon to name the British Queen in a little collection of only four mammoth varieties. With strawberries, as with people, I believe in old friends. The early Scarlet, if a little piquant, is good for the first pickings; and the Hovey, with a neighbor bed of Pines, or McAvoy, and Black Prince, if you please, give good flavor, and a well-rounded dish. The spicy

Very truly yours
Donald G. Mitchell

Alpines should bring up the rear, and, as they send out but few runners, are admirably adapted for borders. The Wilson is a great bearer, and a fine berry; but with the tweak of its acidity in my mouth, I can give its flavor no commendation. Supposing the land to be in good vegetable-bearing condition, and deeply dug, I know no dressing which will so delight the strawberry as a heavy coat of dark forest-mould. They are the children of the wilderness, force them as we will, and their little fibrous rootlets never forget their longing for the dark, unctuous odor of mouldering forest leaves.

Three great traveller's dishes of strawberries are in my mind.

The first was at an inn in the quaint Dutch town of Broek: I can see now the heaped dish of mammoth crimson berries,—the mug of luscious cream standing sentry,—the round red cheese upon its platter,—the tidy hostess, with arms akimbo, looking proudly on it all: the leaves flutter idly at the latticed window, through which I see wide stretches of level meadow,—broad-armed windmills flapping their sails leisurely,—cattle lying in lazy groups under the shade of scattered trees; and there is no sound to break the June stillness, except the buzzing of the bees that are feeding upon the blossoms of the linden which overhangs the inn.

I thought I had never eaten finer berries than the Dutch berries.

The second dish was at the Douglas Hotel in the city of Edinboro'; a most respectable British tavern, with a heavy solid sideboard in its parlor; heavy solid silver upon its table; heavy and solid chairs with cushions of shining mohair; a heavy and solid figure of a landlord; and heavy and solid figures in the reckoning.

The berries were magnificent; served upon quaint old India china, with stems upon them, and to be eaten as one might eat a fig, with successive bites, and successive dips in the sugar. The Scotch fruit was acid, I must admit, but the size was monumental. I wonder if the stout landlord is living yet, and if the little pony that whisked me away to Salisbury crag is still nibbling his vetches in the meadow by Holyrood?

The third dish was in Switzerland, in the month of October. I had crossed that day the Scheideck from Meyringen, had threaded the valley of Grindelwald, and had just accomplished the first lift of the Wengern Alp—tired and thirsty—when a little peasant girl appeared with a tray of blue saucers, brimming with Alpine berries—so sweet, so musky, so remembered, that I never eat one now but the great valley of Grindelwald, with its sapphire show of glaciers, its guardian peaks, and its low meadows flashing green, is rolled out before me like a map.

In those old days when we schoolboys were admitted to the garden of the head-master twice in a season—only twice—to eat our fill of currants (his maid having gathered a stock for jellies two days before), I thought it "most-a-splendid" fruit; but I think far less of it now. My bushes are burdened with both white and red clusters, but the spurs are somewhat mossy, and the boughs have a straggling dejected air. With a little care, severe pruning, due enrichment, and a proper regard to varieties (Cherry and White Grape being the best), it may be brought to make a very pretty show as a dessert fruit. But as I never knew it to be eaten very freely at dessert, however finely it might look, I have not thought it worth while to push its proportions for a mere show upon the exhibition tables. The amateurs would smile at those I have; but I console myself with reflecting that they smile at a great deal of goodness which is not their own. They are full of conceit—I say it charitably. I like to upset their proprieties.

There was one of them, an excellent fellow (if he had not been pomologically starched and jaundiced), who paid me a visit in my garden not long ago, bringing his little son, who had been educated strictly in the belief that all fine fruit was made—not to be enjoyed, but for pomological consideration.

The dilettante papa was tip-toeing along with a look of serene and well-bred contempt for my mildewed gooseberries and scrawny currants, when I broke off a brave bough loaded with Tartarian cherries, and handed it to the lad, with—"Here, Harry, my boy,—we farmers grow these things to eat!"

What a grateful look of wonderment in his clear gray eyes!

The broken limb, the heresy of the action, the suddenness of it all, were too much for my fine friend. I do not think that for an hour he recovered from the shock to his sensibilities.

Of raspberries, commend me to the Red Antwerp, and the Brinckle's Orange, but to insure good fruitage, they should be protected from high winds, and should be lightly buried, or thoroughly "strawed over" in winter. The Perpetual, I have found a perpetual nuisance.

The New Rochelle or Lawton blackberry has been despitefully spoken of by many; first, because the market-fruit is generally bad, being plucked before it is fully ripened; and next, because in rich clayey grounds, the briers, unless severely cut back, and again back, grow into a tangled, unapproachable forest, with all the juices exhausted in wood. But upon a soil moderately rich, a little gravelly and warm, protected from wind, served with occasional top-dressings and good hoeings, the Lawton brier bears magnificent burdens.

Even then, if you would enjoy the richness of the fruit, you must not be hasty to pluck it. When the children say with a shout—"The blackberries are ripe!" I know they are black only, and I can wait.

When the children report—"The birds are eating the berries," I know I can still wait. But when they say—"The bees are on the berries," I know they are at full ripeness.

Then, with baskets we sally out; I taking the middle rank, and the children the outer spray of boughs. Even now we gather those only which drop at the touch; these, in a brimming saucer, with golden Alderney cream, and a *soupçon* of powdered sugar, are Olympian nectar; they melt before the tongue can measure their full roundness, and seem to be mere bloated bubbles of forest honey.

There is a scratch here and there, which calls from the children a half-scream; but a big berry on the lip cures the smart; and for myself, if the thorns draggle me, I rather fancy the rough caresses, and repeat with the garden poet (humming it half aloud):

"Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines;
Curl me about, ye gadding vines;
And oh! so close your circles lace,
That I may never leave this place;
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your silken bondage break,
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
And, courteous briers, nail me through."

A MORNING AT LA ROQUETTE.

[*Seven Stories.* 1864.]

I HAD never witnessed an execution; had never cared to witness one. But I wished to look once more on the face of Emile Roque.

The executions in Paris take place without public announcement, and usually at daybreak, upon the square fronting the great prison of *La Roquette.* No order is issued until a late hour on the preceding evening, when the state executioner is directed to have the guillotine brought at midnight to the prison square, and a corps of soldiery is detailed for *special* service (unmentioned) in that quarter of the city. My only chance of witnessing the scene was in arranging with one of the small wine-merchants, who keep open house in that neighborhood until after midnight, to dispatch a messenger to me whenever he should see preparations commenced.

This arrangement I effected; and on the 22d of March I was roused from sleep at a little before one in the morning by a bearded man, who had felt his way up the long flight of stairs to my rooms, and informed me that the guillotine had arrived before the prison of Roquette.

My thought flashed on the instant to the figure of Emile as I had seen him before the Shepherdesses of Watteau—as I had seen him before the picture of the Shipwreck. I dressed hurriedly, and groped my way below. The night was dark and excessively cold. A little sleet had fallen, which crumpled under my feet as I made my way toward the quay. Arrived there, not a cab was to be found at the usual stand; so I pushed on across the river, and under the archway of the palace of the Louvre,—casting my eye toward that wing of the great building where I had first seen the face which I was shortly to look on for the last time on earth.

Finding no cabs in the square before the palace, I went on through the dark streets of St. Anne and Grammont, until I reached the Boulevard. A few *voitures de remise* were opposite the Café Foy. I appealed to the drivers of two of them in vain, and only succeeded by a bribe in inducing a third to drive me to the *Place de la Roquette.* It is a long way from the centre of Paris, under the shadow almost of *Père la Chaise.* I tried to keep some reckoning of the streets through which we passed, but I could not. Sometimes my eye fell upon what seemed a familiar corner, but in a moment all was strange again. The lamps appeared to me to burn dimly; the houses along the way grew smaller and smaller. From time to time, I saw a wine-shop still open; but not a soul was moving on the streets with the exception of, here and there, a brace of *sergents de ville.* At length we seemed to have passed out of the range even of the city patrol, and I was beginning to entertain very unpleasant suspicions of the cabman, and of the quarter into which he might be taking me at that dismal hour of the night, when he drew up his horse before a little wine-shop, which I soon recognized as the one where I had left my order for the dispatch of the night's messenger.

I knew now that the guillotine was near.

As I alighted I could see, away to my right, the dim outline of the prison looming against the night sky, with not a single light in its gratings. The broad square before it was sheeted over with sleet, and the leafless trees that girdled it round stood ghost-like in the snow. Through the branches, and not far from the prison gates, I could see, in the gray light (for it was now hard upon three o'clock), a knot of persons collected around a framework of timber, which I knew must be the guillotine.

I made my way there, the frozen surface crumpling under my steps. The workmen had just finished their arrangements. Two of the city police were there, to preserve order, and to prevent too near an approach of the loiterers from the wine-shops—who may have been, perhaps, at this hour, a dozen in number.

I could pass near enough to observe fully the construction of the machine. There was, first, a broad platform, perhaps fifteen feet square, supported by movable trestle-work, and elevated some six or seven feet from the ground. A flight of plank steps led up to this, broad enough for three to walk upon abreast. Immediately before the centre of these steps, upon the platform, was stretched what seemed a trough of plank; and from the farther end of this trough rose two strong uprights of timber, perhaps ten feet in height. These were connected at the top by a slight framework; and immediately below this, by the light of a solitary street-lamp which flickered near by, I could see the glistening of the knife. Beside the trough-like box was placed a long willow basket: its shape explained to me its purpose. At the end of the trough, and beyond the upright timbers, was placed a tub: with a shudder, I recognized its purpose also.

The prison gates were only a few rods distant from the steps to the scaffold, and directly opposite them. They were still closed and dark.

The execution, I learned, was to take place at six. A few loiterers, mostly in blouses, came up from time to time to join the group about the scaffold.

By four o'clock there was the sound of tramping feet, one or two quick words of command, and presently a battalion of the Municipal Guard, without drum-beat, marched in at the lower extremity of the square, approached the scaffold, and, having stacked their arms, loitered with the rest.

Lights now began to appear at the windows of the prison. A new corps of police came up and cleared a wider space around the guillotine. A cold gray light stole slowly over the eastern sky.

By five o'clock the battalion of the Guards had formed a hedge of bayonets from either side of the prison doors, extending beyond and inclosing the scaffold. A squadron of mounted men had also come upon the ground, and was drawn up in line, a short distance on one side. Two officials appeared now upon the scaffold, and gave trial to the knife. They let slip the cord or chain which held it to its place, and the knife fell with a quick, sharp clang, that I thought must have reached to ears within the walls of the prison. Twice more they made their trial, and twice more I heard the clang.

Meantime people were gathering. Market-women bound for the city lingered at sight of the unusual spectacle, and a hundred or more soldiers from a neighboring barrack had now joined the crowd of lookers-on. A few women from the near houses had brought their children; and a half-dozen boys had climbed into the trees for a better view.

At intervals, from the position which I held, I could see the prison doors open for a moment, and the light of a lantern within, as some officer passed in or out.

I remember that I stamped the ground petulantly—it was so cold. Again and again I looked at my watch.

Fifteen minutes to six!

It was fairly daylight now, though the morning was dark and cloudy, and a fine, searching mist was in the air.

A man in blouse placed a bag of sawdust at the foot of the gallows. The crowd must have now numbered a thousand. An old market-woman stood next me. She saw me look at my watch, and asked the hour.

"Eight minutes to six."

"*Mon Dieu; huit minutes encore!*" She was eager for the end.

I could have counted time now by the beating of my heart.

What was Emile Roque doing within those doors? praying? struggling? was the face of the castaway on him? I could not separate him now from that fearful picture; I was straining my vision to catch a glimpse—not of Emile Roque—but of the living counterpart of that terrible expression which he had wrought—wild, aimless despair.

Two minutes of six.

I saw a hasty rush of men to the parapet that topped the prison wall; they leaned there, looking over.

I saw a stir about the prison gates, and both were flung wide open.

There was a suppressed murmur around me—"*Le voici! Le voici!*" I saw him coming forward between two officers; he wore no coat or waistcoat, and his shirt was rolled back from his throat; his arms were pinioned behind him; his bared neck was exposed to the frosty March air; his face was pale—deathly pale, yet it was calm; I recognized not the castaway, but the man—Emile Roque.

There was a moment between the prison gates and the foot of the scaffold; he kissed the crucifix, which a priest handed him, and mounted with a firm step. I know not how, but in an instant he seemed to fall, his head toward the knife—under the knife.

My eyes fell. I heard the old woman beside me say passionately, "*Mon Dieu! il ne veut pas!*"

I looked toward the scaffold; at that supreme moment the brute instinct in him had rallied for a last struggle. Pinioned as he was, he had lifted up his brawny shoulders and withdrawn his neck from the fatal opening. Now indeed, his face wore the terrible expression of the picture. Hate, fear, madness, despair, were blended in his look.

But the men mastered him; they thrust him down; I could see him writhe vainly. My eyes fell again.

I heard a clang—a thud!

There was a movement in the throng around me. When I looked next at the scaffold, a man in blouse was sprinkling sawdust here and there. Two others were lifting the long willow basket into a covered cart. I could see now that the guillotine was painted of a dull red color, so that no blood-stains would show.

I moved away with the throng, the sleet crumpling under my feet.

I could eat nothing that day. I could not sleep on the following night.

The bloodshot eyes and haggard look of the picture which had at the last—as I felt it would be—been made real in the man, haunted me.

I never go now to the gallery of the Louvre but I shun the painting of the wrecked Medusa as I would shun a pestilence.

Benjamin Franklin Taylor.

BORN in Lowville, N. Y., 1819. DIED in Cleveland, O., 1887.

OCTOBER.

[*Old-Time Pictures, and Sheaves of Rhyme.* 1874.]

WHEN October comes,
And poplars drift their leafage down in flakes of gold below,
And beeches burn like twilight fires that used to tell of snow,
And maples bursting into flame set all the hills a-fire,
And Summer from her evergreens sees Paradise draw nigher—
A thousand sunsets all at once distil like Hermon's dew,
And linger on the waiting woods and stain them through and through,
As if all earth had blossomed out, one grand Corinthian flower,
To crown Time's graceful capital for just one gorgeous hour!
They strike their colors to the king of all the stately throng—
He comes in pomp, OCTOBER! To him all times belong:
The frost is on his sandals, but the flush is on his cheeks,
September sheaves are in his arms, June voices when he speaks;
The elms lift bravely like a torch within a Grecian hand:
See where they light the Monarch on through all the splendid land!
The sun puts on a human look behind the hazy fold,
The mid-year moon of silver is struck anew in gold,
In honor of the very day that Moses saw of old,
For in the Burning Bush that blazed as quenchless as a sword
The old Lieutenant first beheld October and the Lord!
Ah, then, October, let it be—
I'll claim my dying day from thee!

BUNKER HILL.

TO the wail of the fife and the snarl of the drum
Those Hedgers and Ditchers of Bunker Hill come,
Down out of the battle with rumble and roll,
Straight across the two ages, right into the soul,
And bringing for captive the Day that they won
With a deed that like Joshua halted the sun.
Like bells in their towers tolled the guns from the town,
Beat that low earthen bulwark so sullen and brown,
As if Titans last night had plowed the one bout
And abandoned the field for a Yankee redoubt;
But for token of life that the parapet gave
They might as well play on Miles Standish's grave!
Then up the green hill rolled the red of the Georges
And down the green vale rolled the grime of the forges;
Ten rods from the ridges hung the live surge,
Not a murmur to meet it broke over the verge,
But the click of flint-locks in the furrows along,
And the chirp of a sparrow just singing her song.
In the flash of an eye, as the dead shall be raised,
The dull bastion kindled, the parapet blazed,
And the musketry cracked, glowing hotter and higher,
Like a forest of hemlock, its lashes of fire,
And redder the scarlet and riven the ranks,
And Putnam's guns hung, with a roar on the flanks.
Now the battle grows dumb and the grenadiers wheel,
'Tis the crash of clubbed musket, the thrust of cold steel,
At bay all the way, while the guns held their breath,
Foot to foot, eye to eye, with each other and Death.
Call the roll, Sergeant Time! Match the day if you can;
Waterloo was for Britons—Bunker Hill is for man!

Edward Everett Hale.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1822.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

[*Originally Contributed to The Atlantic Monthly, December*, 1863.—*The Man Without a Country, and Other Tales.* 1888.]

I SUPPOSE that very few casual readers of the "New York Herald" of August 13th observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement,—

"NOLAN. Died, on board U. S. Corvette *Levant*, Lat. 2° 11′ S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, PHILIP NOLAN."

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission-House in Mackinaw, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the "Herald." My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the Levant who reported it had chosen to make it thus:—"Died, May 11th, THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY." For it was as "The Man without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. . . . .

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of to-day what it is to be A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year, barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, hazard, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many "Weekly Arguses," and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day —his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a canebrake or a cotton-wood tree, as he said,—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason-trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage, and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough,—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him had the order been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped,—rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

"D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat-men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23d, 1807, till the day he died, May 11th, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court! The court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added,—

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them,—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the Nautilus got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted,—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men,—we are all old enough now,—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died. . . . .

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war,—cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own state-room,—he always had a state-room,—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the Brandywine, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming,—

> ' Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,"—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically,—

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on,—

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,"

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on,—

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,"—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his state-room; "And by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his state-room he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him,—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally,—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons,—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man. . . . .

I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and, indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask"; and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line. A happier story than either of these I have told is of the War. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways,—and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round-shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt-sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority,—who should go to the cock-pit with the wounded men, who should stay with him,—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck,—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time,—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot,—making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders,—and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said:

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree; and the Commodore said:

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said:

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, the captain said:

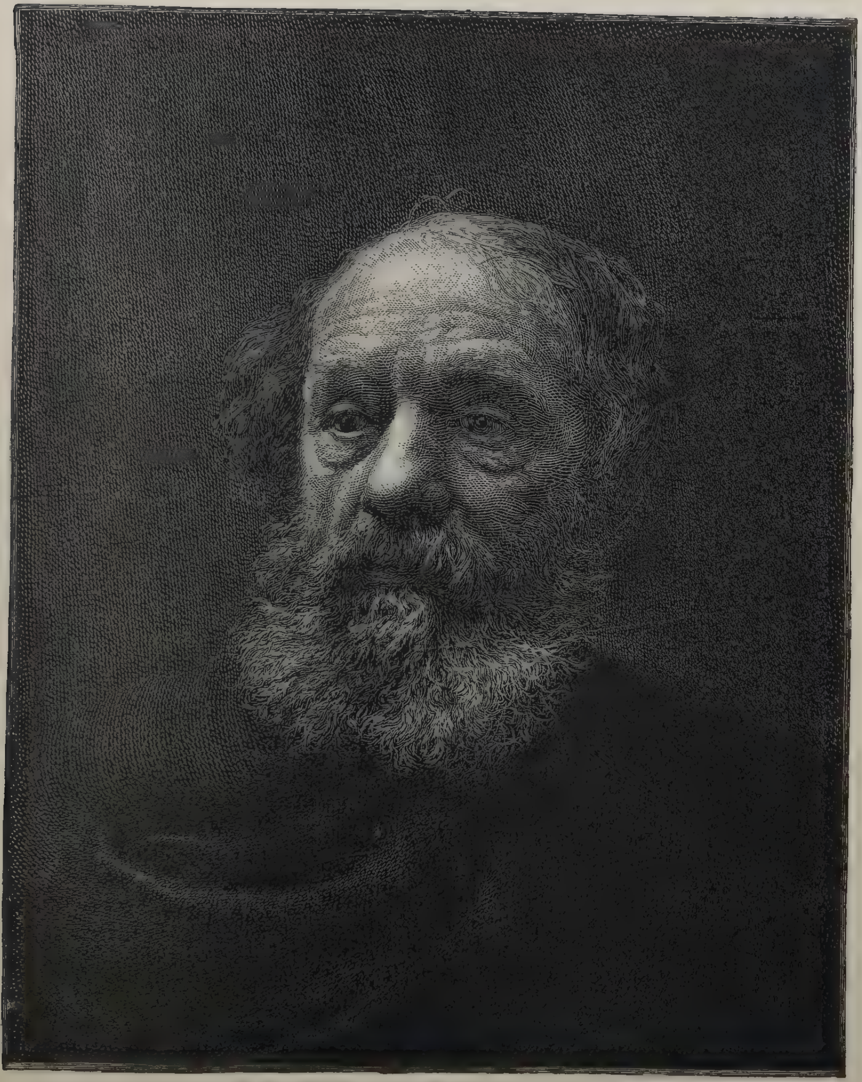
"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the dispatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home. . . . .

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. I know but one fate more dreadful; it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin, and shall have at the same time to see the prosperity and honor to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities. The wish of poor Nolan, as we all learned to call him, not because his punishment was too great, but because his repentance was so clear, was precisely the wish of every Bragg and Beauregard who broke a soldier's oath two years ago, and of every Maury and Barron who broke a sailor's. I do not know how often they have repented. I do know that they have done all that in them lay that they might have no country,—that all the honors, associations, memories, and hopes which belong to "country" might be broken up into little shreds and distributed to the winds. I know, too, that their punishment, as they vegetate through what is left of life to them in wretched Boulognes and Leicester Squares, where they are destined to upbraid each other till they die, will have all the agony of Nolan's, with the added pang that every one who sees them will see them to despise and to execrate them. They will have their wish, like him.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that, when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps, and cut Texas out of it,—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the "George Washington" corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers who had been on shore, and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadven-



Edw. E. Hale

tures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own, when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his adventurous cousin, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit,—so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked perfectly unconsciously:

"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California,—this virgin province, in which his brother had travelled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other, and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say:

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he *aged* very fast, as well he might, indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment,—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story. . . .

Here is the letter:

"Levant, 2° 2′ S. @ 131° W.

"Dear Fred: I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his state-room,—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there,—the first time the doctor had been in the state-room,—and he said he should like to see me. O dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room, in the old Intrepid days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'O Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America,—God bless her,—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me,—tell me something,—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"O the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you!' 'Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi,—that was where Fort Adams is,—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas; told me how his cousin died there; he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon;—that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the *Chesapeake*, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever tried again,—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war,—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java*,—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation, at Walnut Hills,' said he: 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him,—of emigration, and the means of it,—of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs,—of inventions, and books, and literature, —of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School,—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As

I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington: Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion!

"And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place,—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvellous kindness,'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,'—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written:

"'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

"'*In Memory of*

"'PHILIP NOLAN,

"'*Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.*

"'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'"

Samuel Johnson.

Born in Salem, Mass., 1822. Died at North Andover, Mass., 1882.

THE CITY OF GOD.

[*Hymns of the Spirit.* 1864.]

CITY of God, how broad and far
  Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
  Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
  One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
  One King Omnipotent.

How purely hath thy speech come down
  From man's primeval youth;
How grandly hath thine empire grown
  Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

How gleam thy watchfires through the night,
  With never fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
  To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
  In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
  The Eternal City stands.

Frederick Law Olmsted.

Born in Hartford, Conn., 1822.

SOUTHERN MANNERS AND SLAVERY.

[*The Cotton Kingdom.* 1861.]

THERE are undoubted advantages resulting from the effects of slavery upon the manners of some persons. Somewhat similar advantages I have thought that I perceived to have resulted in the Free States, where a family has been educated under favorable influences in a frontier community. There is boldness, erectness, largeness, confidence, with the effect of the habitual sense of superiority to most of the community; not superiority of wealth, and power from wealth merely, but of a mind well stocked and refined by such advantages of education as only very unusual wealth, or very unusual individual energy, rightly directed, can procure in a scattered and frontier community. When to this is added the effect of visits to the cultivated society of denser communities; when refined and polished manners are grafted on a natural, easy abandon; when there is high culture without effeminacy either of body or mind, as not unfrequently happens, we find a peculiarly respectable and agreeable sort of men and women. They are the result of frontier training under the most favorable circumstances. In the class furthest removed from this on the frontier—people who have grown up without civilized social restraints or encouragements, and always under what in a well-conditioned community would be esteemed great privations—happens, on the other hand, the most disagreeable specimen of mankind that the world breeds; men of a sort almost peculiar to America and Australia; border ruffians, of whom the "rowdies" of our eastern towns are tame reflections. Cooper has well described the first class in many instances. I know of no picture of the latter which represents them as detestable as I have found them.

The whole South is maintained in a frontier condition by the system which is apologized for on the ground that it favors good breeding. This system, at the same time, tends to concentrate wealth in a few hands. If there is wisdom and great care in the education of a family thus favored, the result which we see at the North, under the circumstances I have described, is frequently reproduced. There are many more such fruits of frontier life at the South than the North, because there is more frontier life. There is also vastly more of the other sort, and there is everything between, which degrees of wealth and degrees of good fortune in education would be expected to occasion. The bad breed of the frontier, at the South, however, is probably far worse than that of the North, because the frontier condition of the South is everywhere permanent. The child born to-day on the Northern frontier, in most cases, before it is ten years old, will be living in a well-organized and tolerably well-provided community; schools, churches, libraries, lecture and concert halls, daily mails and printing presses, shops and machines in variety, having arrived within at least a day's journey of it; being always within an influencing distance of it. There are improvements, and communities loosely and gradually cohering in various parts of the South, but so slowly, so feebly, so irregularly, that men's minds and habits are knit firm quite independently of this class of social influences.

There is one other characteristic of the Southerner, which is far more decided than the difference of climate merely would warrant, and which is to be attributed not only to the absence of the ordinary restraints and means of discipline of more compact communities in his education, but unquestionably also to the readiness and safety with which, by reason of slavery, certain passions and impulses may be indulged. Every white Southerner is a person of importance; must be treated with deference. Every wish of the Southerner is imperative; every belief, undoubted; every hate, vengeful; every love, fiery. Hence, for instance, the scandalous fiend-like street-fights of the South. If a young man feels offended with another, he does not incline to a ring and a fair stand-up set-to, like a young Englishman; he will not attempt to overcome his opponent by logic; he will not be content to vituperate, or to cast ridicule upon him; he is impelled straightway to strike him down with the readiest deadly weapon at hand, with as little ceremony and pretence of fair combat as the loose organization of the people against violence will allow. He seems crazy for blood. Intensity of personal pride—pride in anything a man has, or which connects itself with him, is more commonly evident. Hence intense local pride and prejudice; hence intense partisanship; hence rashness and overconfidence; hence visionary ambition; hence assurance in debate; hence assurance in society. As self-appreciation is equally with deference a part of what we call good breeding, and as the expression of deference is much more easily reduced to a matter of manners and forms, in the commonplace intercourse of society, than self-appreciation, this characteristic quality of the Southerner needs to be borne in mind in considering the port and manners he commonly has, and judging from them of the effects of slavery.

It must be also considered that the ordinary occupations and amusements of people of moderate wealth at the North are seldom resorted to at the South; that public entertainments of any kind, for instance, are impracticable to a sparse population; consequently that where men of wealth are socially disposed, all intercourse with others is highly valued, prepared for, and made the most of. Hence, with these, the act of social intercourse is more highly esteemed, and is much more frequently carried to a nice perfection of manner than it usually is with men otherwise of corresponding education and habits at the North.

In a Northern community a man who is not greatly occupied with private business is sure to become interested in social enterprises and to undertake duties in them which will demand a great deal of time and strength. School, road, cemetery, asylum, and church corporations; bridge, ferry, and water companies; literary, scientific, art, mechanical, agricultural and benevolent societies; all these things are managed chiefly by the unpaid services of gentlemen during hours which they can spare from their private interests. In the successful operations of such enterprises they find much of the satisfaction of their life. So, too, our young men, who are not obliged to devote their thoughts chiefly to business success, are members and managers of reading-rooms, public libraries, gymnasiums, game-clubs, boat-clubs, ball-clubs, and all sorts of clubs, Bible classes, debating-societies, military companies; they are planting road-side trees, or damming streams for skating-ponds, or rigging diving-boards, or getting up firework displays, or private theatricals; they are always doing something, not conversing for the entertainment of the moment. Planters, the details of whose business fall into the hands of overseers, and young men of fortune, at the South, have, when at home on the plantation, none of these occupations. Their talents all turn into two channels, politics and sociality; the very paucity of society making it the more esteemed and the more carefully used. Social intercourse at the North is a relaxation from the ordinary bent of men's talents; at the South, it is that to which mainly their talents are bent. Hence, with men who are otherwise on a par, in respect of natural advantages and education, the Southerner will have a higher standard of manners than the Northerner, because, with him, social intercourse is the grand resource to which all other possible occupations of his mind become subordinate. The Northerner, being troubled by no monotony, unquestionably too much neglects at present this, the highest and final art of every type of civilization. In making this comparison, however, it must not be forgotten that it is made between men who are supposed to be equal in all respects, except in the possession of this advantage, and who are equally at leisure from any necessary habitual occupation for a livelihood.

James Parton.

BORN in Canterbury, England, 1822.

THE SECOND MARRIAGE OF AARON BURR.

[*The Life and Times of Aaron Burr.* 1864.]

STEPHEN JUMEL, one of those efficient, invincible Frenchmen, who redeem the character of their nation, emigrated at an early age to St. Domingo, where he worked his way to the ownership of a share in a coffee plantation. Warned by a faithful slave, he escaped from his house on the eve of the great massacre, and saw, from a wood to which he had fled, his buildings burned and his plantation laid waste. For many days, fed by his negro friend, he wandered up and down the lonely sea-shore, signalling every ship that passed the island. At length, a boat put off from a vessel and took him on board. At St. Helena, the first port made by the ship, he stopped, and engaging at once in some little speculations, gained some money, which he spent in procuring a passage to New York. To that city he had sent from St. Domingo a quantity of coffee, the proceeds of which he found awaiting his orders on arriving. Provided thus with a small capital, he embarked in trade, prospered, became the owner of a dozen ships, controlled the market for some descriptions of goods, and retired about the year 1812 with what was then considered a great fortune. A man of sense, he had married a daughter of New England, a woman as remarkable for energy and talent as himself.

After Napoleon's downfall and the pacification of Europe, the family went to Paris, where they resided in splendor for many years, and where Madame Jumel, by her wit and tact, achieved a distinguished position in the court society of the place. Of the court itself she was a favored frequenter.

In the year 1822, M. Jumel lost a considerable part of his fortune, and madame returned alone to New York, bringing with her a prodigious quantity of grand furniture and paintings. Retiring to a seat in the upper part of Manhattan Island, which she possessed in her own right, she began with native energy the task of restoring her husband's broken fortunes. She cultivated her farm; she looked vigilantly to the remains of the estate; she economized. In 1828, when M. Jumel returned to the United States, they were not as rich as in former days, but their estate was ample for all rational purposes and enjoyments. In 1832, M. Jumel, a man of magnificent proportions, very handsome, and perfectly preserved (a great waltzer at seventy), was thrown from a wagon and fatally injured. He died in a few days. Madame was then little past her prime.

There was talk of cholera in the city. Madame Jumel resolved upon taking a carriage tour in the country. Before setting out, she wished to take legal advice respecting some real estate, and as Colonel Burr's reputation in that department was preëminent, to his office in Reade street she drove. In other days he had known her well, and though many an eventful year had passed since he had seen her, he recognized her at once. He received her in his courtliest manner, complimented her with admirable tact, listened with soft deference to her statement. He was the ideal man of business—confidential, self-possessed, polite—giving his client the flattering impression that the faculties of his whole soul were concentrated upon the affair in hand. She was charmed, yet feared him. He took the papers, named the day when his opinion would be ready, and handed her to her carriage with winning grace.

At seventy-eight years of age, he was still straight, active, agile, fascinating.

On the appointed day she sent to his office a relative, a student of law, to receive his opinion. This young gentleman, timid and inexperienced, had an immense opinion of Burr's talents; had heard all good and all evil of him; supposed him to be, at least, the acutest of possible men. He went. Burr behaved to him in a manner so exquisitely pleasing, that, to this hour, he has the liveliest recollection of the scene. No topic was introduced but such as were familiar and interesting to young men. His manners were such as this age of slangy familiarity cannot so much as imagine. The young gentleman went home to Madame Jumel only to extol and glorify him.

Madame and her party began their journey, revisiting Ballston, whither, in former times, she had been wont to go in a chariot drawn by eight horses; visiting Saratoga, then in the beginning of its celebrity, where, in exactly ten minutes after her arrival, the decisive lady bought a house and all it contained. Returning to New York to find that her mansion had been despoiled by robbers in her absence, she lived for a while in the city. Colonel Burr called upon the young gentleman who had been madame's messenger, and, after their acquaintance had ripened, said to him, "Come into my office; I can teach you more in a year than you can learn in ten in an ordinary way." The proposition being submitted to Madame Jumel, she, anxious for the young man's advancement, gladly and gratefully consented. He entered the office. Burr kept him close at his books. He did teach him more in a year than he could have learned in ten in an ordinary way. Burr lived then in Jersey City. His office (23 Nassau street) swarmed with applicants for aid, and he seemed now to have quite lost the power of refusing. In no other respects, bodily or mental, did he exhibit signs of decrepitude.

Some months passed on without his again meeting Madame Jumel. At the suggestion of the student, who felt exceedingly grateful to Burr for the solicitude with which he assisted his studies, Madame Jumel invited Colonel Burr to dinner. It was a grand banquet, at which he displayed all the charms of his manner, and shone to conspicuous advantage. On handing to dinner the giver of the feast, he said: "I give you my hand, madame; my heart has long been yours." This was supposed to be merely a compliment, and was little remarked at the time. Colonel Burr called upon the lady; called frequently; became ever warmer in his attentions; proposed, at length, and was refused. He still plied his suit, however, and obtained at last, not the lady's consent, but an *undecided No.* Improving his advantage on the instant, he said, in a jocular manner, that he should bring out a clergyman to Fort Washington on a certain day, and there he would once more solicit her hand.

He was as good as his word. At the time appointed, he drove out in his gig to the lady's country residence, accompanied by Dr. Bogart, the very clergyman who, just fifty years before, had married him to the mother of his Theodosia. The lady was embarrassed, and still refused. But then the scandal! And, after all, why not? Her estate needed a vigilant guardian, and the old house was lonely. After much hesitation, she at length consented to be dressed, and to receive her visitors. And she was married. The ceremony was witnessed only by the members of Madame Jumel's family, and by the eight servants of the household, who peered eagerly in at the doors and windows. The ceremony over, Mrs. Burr ordered supper. Some bins of M. Jumel's wine-cellar, that had not been opened for half a century, were laid under contribution. The little party was a very merry one. The parson, in particular, it is remembered, was in the highest spirits, overflowing with humor and anecdote. Except for Colonel Burr's great age (which was not apparent), the match seemed not an unwise one. The lurking fear he had had of being a poor and homeless old man was put to rest. She had a companion who had been ever agreeable, and her estate a steward than whom no one living was supposed to be more competent.

As a remarkable circumstance connected with this marriage, it may be just mentioned that there was a woman in New York who had aspired to the hand of Colonel Burr, and who, when she heard of his union with another, wrung her hands and shed tears! A feeling of that nature can seldom, since the creation of man, have been excited by the marriage of a man on the verge of fourscore.

A few days after the wedding, the "happy pair" paid a visit to Connecticut, of which State a nephew of Colonel Burr was then governor. They were received with attention. At Hartford, Burr advised his wife to sell out her shares in the bridge over the Connecticut at that place, and invest the proceeds in real estate. She ordered them sold. The stock was in demand, and the shares brought several thousand dollars. The purchasers offered to pay *her* the money, but she said, "No; pay it to my husband." To him, accordingly, it was paid, and he had it sewed up in his pocket, a prodigious bulk, and brought it to New York, and deposited it in his own bank, to his own credit.

Texas was then beginning to attract the tide of emigration which, a few years later, set so strongly thither. Burr had always taken a great interest in that country. Persons with whom he had been variously connected in life had a scheme on foot for settling a large colony of Germans on a tract of land in Texas. A brig had been chartered, and the project was in a state of forwardness, when the possession of a sum of money enabled Burr to buy shares in the enterprise. The greater part of the money which he had brought from Hartford was invested in this way. It proved a total loss. The time had not yet come for emigration to Texas. The Germans became discouraged and separated, and, to complete the failure of the scheme, the title of the lands in the confusion of the times proved defective. Meanwhile madame, who was a remarkably thrifty woman, with a talent for the management of property, wondered that her husband made no allusion to the subject of the investment; for the Texas speculation had not been mentioned to her. She caused him to be questioned on the subject. He begged to intimate to the lady's messenger that it was no affair of hers, and requested him to remind the lady that she now had a husband to manage her affairs, and one who would manage them.

Coolness between the husband and wife was the result of this colloquy. Then came remonstrances. Then estrangement. Burr got into the habit of remaining at his office in the city. Then, partial reconciliation. Full of schemes and speculations to the last, without retaining any of his former ability to operate successfully, he lost more money, and more, and more. The patience of the lady was exhausted. She filed a complaint accusing him of *infidelity*, and praying that he might have no more control or authority over her affairs. The accusation is now known to have been groundless; nor, indeed, at the time was it seriously believed. It was used merely as the most convenient legal mode of depriving him of control over her property. At first, he answered the complaint vigorously, but afterward, he allowed it to go by default, and proceedings were carried no further. A few short weeks of happiness, followed by a few months of alternate estrangement and reconciliation, and this union, that begun not inauspiciously, was, in effect, though never in law, dissolved. What is strangest of all is, that the lady, though she never saw her husband during the last two years of his life, cherished no ill-will toward him, and shed tears at his death. To this hour, Madame Jumel thinks and speaks of him with kindness, attributing what was wrong or unwise in his conduct to the infirmities of age.

Men of seventy-eight have been married before and since. But, probably, never has there been another instance of a man of that age winning a lady of fortune and distinction, grieving another by his marriage, and exciting suspicions of incontinence against himself by his attentions to a third!

THE APOTHEOSIS OF VOLTAIRE.

[*Life of Voltaire.* 1881.]

MONDAY evening, March 30th, he was to witness "Irène" at the theatre, after first having attended a session of the Academy. A crowd of people filled the two streets, at the corner of which the house of M. de Villette was situated. About four in the afternoon, he came out of the door, wearing the cloak of fine marten fur also given him by Catharine II., and took his place in the carriage; the body of which being blue and covered with stars, a jester in the crowd called it the Car of the Empyrean,—the only word savoring of satire which reached the ears of his friends that day. The multitude, which was so dense that the coachman had great difficulty in getting a passage, gave him cheer upon cheer, and rushed after the carriage in a tumultuous body. A young man, a stranger in the city, was thrown by the crowd upon the shoulders of the patriarch, and got down, covered with powder from his wig, without having had the pleasure of seeing him. The court of the Louvre, where the Academy held its sessions, was already filled with people awaiting his arrival, who received him with cheers and clapping of hands. Even a crowd in Paris, in those days, had its sense of decorum, and shouted "*Vive Monsieur de Voltaire!*"

The Academy paid him the honor of gathering in a body to meet him in their outer hall,—an honor never before conceded to any member, nor even to foreign princes invited to attend its sessions. Of the Forty, there were only twenty-one members present, including Voltaire, all the clergy being absent except two abbés, who, it was said, had nothing of their profession except its garb, and nothing to expect either from the court or the church. The patriarch was conducted to the president's chair, and was elected, without a dissentient voice, to the next three months' presidency, a distinction usually decided by lot. The essay of the occasion was a eulogy of Boileau, by D'Alembert. The essayist did not deny himself the pleasure of alluding to their fellow-member, who seemed, by an absence of twenty-eight years, to have become their guest. In discoursing of the early masters of French poetry, he named Boileau, Racine, and Voltaire. "I name the last," said he, "although he is still living; for why should we refuse ourselves the pleasure of seeing in advance a great man in the place to which posterity destines him?" He concluded an elegant passage by comparing the poetry of Boileau, correct, strong, and nervous, to the fine statue of The Gladiator; that of Racine, not less correct, but more marrowy and smooth, to the Venus de Medici; and that of Voltaire, easy, graceful, and always noble, to the Apollo Belvidere. Every allusion to Voltaire in the essay was received with enthusiastic applause, and the poet himself could not conceal his emotion. As soon as the essay was ended the company rose, and followed him to the hall where they had received him.

After a short visit to the office of D'Alembert, the perpetual secretary of the Academy, time pressing, he again entered his carriage, which made its way with increased difficulty to the theatre, where he was met by the Villettes and other friends, anxious to prevent his being crushed by the crowd. The moment the carriage stopped, people climbed upon the box, and even upon the wheels, to get a nearer view. One man, as Wagnière relates, sprang over the others, upon the step, and asked to be permitted to kiss the poet's hand. The man seized by mistake the hand of Madame de Villette, and said, after having kissed it, "By my faith, that is a very plump hand for a man of eighty-four!" The women were as excited as the men. As he passed into the theatre through a lane of ladies, very narrow and close, fair hands were thrust from it to snatch hairs from his fur cloak, worn to-day for the first time in public.

Upon his entrance the audience received him with the loudest acclamations. He made his way to the second tier, and entered the box assigned to the gentlemen of the king's chamber, which was directly opposite to that of the king's brother, the Count d'Artois. Madame Denis and Belle-et-Bonne were already seated in the box, and the old man was disposed to hide himself behind them. "To the front! To the front!" cried the parquette; and he took his seat between the ladies, in view of a great part of the house. Another cry was distinguished: "The crown! The crown!" The actor Brizard, a man of grand presence, who was to play Léonce, entered the box bearing a laurel crown, which he placed on the poet's head, the audience applauding with the utmost enthusiasm. "Ah, Dieu!" said the patriarch, "you wish, then, to make me die of glory!" He drew the crown from his head with modest haste and handed it to Belle-et-Bonne; upon which the crowd shouted to her to put it back. She tried to do so. He was unwilling to permit it; he resisted; he refused the homage; until, at length, the Prince de Beauvau, seizing the laurel, fastened it upon the brow of the poet, who saw that the struggle would be useless.

The scene at this moment has perhaps never been paralleled in a theatre. The whole house was upon its feet: the aisles, passages, lobbies, anterooms, all were crowded to suffocation: and even the actors, dressed to begin the play, came out in front of the curtain to join in the glorious tumult. It was observed that several ladies, unable to get a sight of him from their boxes, had ventured even into the parquette, regardless of the usage that usually excluded them. Baron Grimm mentions that he saw people in the parquette under the boxes going down upon their knees, despairing of getting a sight in any other way. The theatre was

James Parton

darkened by the dust caused by the movement of the excited multitude. The delirium lasted more than twenty minutes, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that silence could be restored and the performance begun.

As it was the sixth representation of the play, the audience was able to anticipate the passages most characteristic of the author, which were applauded more with reference to their Voltairean significance than their dramatic merit. When the curtain fell upon the fifth act, the tumult was renewed, and the author was about to utter a few words expressive of his gratification, when the curtain rose once more, and revealed to the spectators a striking scene. Upon a pedestal in the middle of the stage was the bust of the poet, familiar to the public as a recent addition to the lobby of the theatre. Around it, in a semicircle, the actors and actresses were ranged, each holding a garland of flowers and palm. Behind them were a number of persons who had crowded from the front of the theatre and witnessed the play from the stage, as of old; while at the back were posted the guards who had figured in the piece. This tableau had been hastily arranged, but the effect was pleasing and picturesque. The audience burst into new acclamations. Baron Grimm remarked a fact without precedent in the history of the French theatre, that not one dissentient nor derisive cry was heard amid the shouts of applause. "For once," said he, "envy and hate, fanaticism and intolerance, dared not murmur, except in secret, and, for the first time, perhaps, in France, public opinion was seen enjoying with *éclat* all its empire." Brizard, still wearing his priestly dress, was the first to place upon the bust the wreath which he carried in his hand; prophetic of the time, now not distant, when the class represented by Léonce will recognize Voltaire as their deliverer from a false position. All the company followed his example, to the sound of drums and trumpets, often drowned by the cheers of the spectators.

During this scene, the poet, abashed and confounded, had remained in the back part of his box. When all the crowns had been placed upon the head of the bust, covering it with flowers and palms, M. de Villette, in response to the universal demand of the audience, drew him forward again, and he stood for a moment bending almost to the edge of the box. Then he rose, his eyes filled with tears, and sat by the side of Belle-et-Bonne. Madame Vestris, who had played Irène, advanced to the front of the stage, holding a paper in her hand, from which she read some lines written for the occasion by the Marquis de Saint-Marc:

"Aux yeux de Paris enchanté,
Reçois en ce jour un hommage
Que confirmera d'âge en âge
Le sévère postérité.

Non, tu n'as pas besoin d'atteindre au noir rivage,
Pour jouir de l'honneur de l'immortalité.
Voltaire, reçois la couronne
Que l'on vient de te présenter.
Il est beau de la mériter,
Quand c'est la France qui la donne!"

These verses, well delivered by the actress, renewed the transports of the audience, who demanded their repetition. Madame Vestris recited them again. The curtain fell. A few moments after, it rose again for the performance of Voltaire's comedy of "Nanine," during which the bust was visible on one side of the stage. When the curtain fell for the last time, the author rose, and made his slow descent to the street between the same compact lines of ladies, all beaming and radiant with joyous emotion. As soon as he had mounted the carriage, a cry arose for torches, that the whole crowd might see him. There was so much difficulty in starting the vehicle that it was proposed to detach the horses. The coachman, however, at length contrived to begin the journey homeward, moving at a very slow pace, and followed by a multitude of excited people, crying "*Vive Voltaire!*" As soon as he had gained his own room, he was relieved by a flood of tears. "If I could have foreseen," said he, "that the people would have committed so many follies, I would not have gone to the theatre."

Erastus Wolcott Ellsworth.

Born in East Windsor, Conn., 1822.

THE MAYFLOWER.

[*Putnam's Monthly Magazine.* 1854.]

DOWN in the bleak December bay
The ghostly vessel stands away;
Her spars and halyards white with ice,
Under the dark December skies.
A hundred souls, in company,
Have left the vessel pensively—
Have touched the frosty desert there,
And touched it with the knees of prayer.
And now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

Neither the desert nor the sea
Imposes rites; their prayers are free;
Danger and toil the wild imposes,
And thorns must grow before the roses.
And who are these?—and what distress
The savage-acred wilderness
On mother, maid, and child, may bring,
Beseems them for a fearful thing;
For now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

But Carver leads (in heart and health
A hero of the commonwealth)
The axes that the camp requires,
To build the lodge, and heap the fires.
And Standish from his warlike store
Arrays his men along the shore—
Distributes weapons resonant,
And dons his harness militant;
For now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower;

And Rose, his wife, unlocks a chest—
She sees a Book, in vellum drest,
She drops a tear and kisses the tome,
Thinking of England and of home:
Might they—the Pilgrims, there and then
Ordained to do the work of men—
Have seen, in visions of the air,
While pillowed on the breast of prayer
(When now the day began to dip,
The night began to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower),

The Canaan of their wilderness
A boundless empire of success;
And seen the years of future nights
Jewelled with myriad household lights;
And seen the honey fill the hive;
And seen a thousand ships arrive;
And heard the wheels of travel go;
It would have cheered a thought of woe,
When now the day began to dip,
The night began to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

TULOOM.

ON the coast of Yucatan,
As untenanted of man
As a castle under ban
By a doom
For the deeds of bloody hours,—
Overgrown with tropic bowers
Stand the teocallis towers
Of Tuloom.

One of these is fair to sight,
Where it pinnacles a height;
And the breakers blossom white,
As they boom
And split beneath the walls,
And an ocean murmur falls
Through the melancholy halls
Of Tuloom.

On the summit, as you stand,
All the ocean and the land
Stretch away on either hand,
But the plume
Of the palm is overhead,
And the grass, beneath your tread,
Is the monumental bed
Of Tuloom.

All the grandeur of the woods,
And the greatness of the floods,
And the sky that overbroods,
Dress a tomb,
Where the stucco drops away,
And the bat avoids the day,
In the chambers of decay
In Tuloom.

They are battlements of death:
When the breezes hold their breath,
Down a hundred feet beneath,
In the flume
Of the sea, as still as glass,
You can see the fishes pass
By the promontory mass
Of Tuloom.

Towards the forest is displayed,
On the terrace, a façade
With devices overlaid;
And the bloom

Of the vine of sculpture, led
O'er the soffit overhead,
Was a fancy of the dead
Of Tuloom.

Here are corridors, and there,
From the terrace, goes a stair;
And the way is broad and fair
To the room
Where the inner altar stands;
And the mortar's tempered sands
Bear the print of human hands,
In Tuloom.

O'er the sunny ocean swell,
The canòas running well
Towards the isle of Cozumel
Cleave the spume;
On they run, and never halt
Where the shimmer, from the salt,
Makes a twinkle in the vault
Of Tuloom.

When the night is wild and dark,
And a roar is in the park,
And the lightning, to its mark,
Cuts the gloom,—
All the region, on the sight,
Rushes upward from the night,
In a thunder-crash of light
O'er Tuloom.

Oh! could such a flash recall
All the flamens to their hall,
All the idols on the wall,
In the fume
Of the Indian sacrifice—
All the lifted hands and eyes,
All the laughters and the cries
Of Tuloom—

All the kings in feathered pride,
All the people, like a tide,
And the voices of the bride
And the groom!—
But, alas! the prickly pear,
And the owlets of the air,
And the lizards, make a lair
Of Tuloom.

We are tenants on the strand
Of the same mysterious land.
Must the shores that we command
    Reassume
Their primeval forest hum,
And the future pilgrim come
Unto monuments as dumb
    As Tuloom?

'Tis a secret of the clime,
And a mystery sublime,
Too obscure, in coming time,
    To presume;
But the snake amid the grass
Hisses at us as we pass,
And we sigh, alas! alas!
    In Tuloom.

1853.

Cornelius George Fenner.

Born in Providence, R. I., 1822. Died in Cincinnati, O., 1847.

GULF-WEED.

[*Poems of Many Moods.* 1846.]

A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,
  Drearily drenched in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
  Lashed along without will of mine;
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea,
  Flung on the foam afar and anear;
Mark my manifold mystery,—
  Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
  Rootless and rover though I be;
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
  Arboresce as a trunkless tree;
Corals curious coat me o'er,
  White and hard in apt array;
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,
  Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
  Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming for evermore
  Like this weary weed of the sea;

Bear they yet on each beating breast
  The eternal type of the wondrous whole;
Growth unfolding amid unrest,
  Grace informing with silent soul.

Abram Stevens Hewitt.

Born in Haverstraw, N. Y., 1822.

THE EQUITABLE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

[*The Mutual Relations of Capital and Labor.* 1878.]

WE are brought face to face with the great underlying question whether property is equitably distributed. What are the facts? We find society practically divided into four classes. First, the very rich, who live without labor upon the proceeds of realized property, with superabundant means which they are free to employ either as capital in business or to minister to their own desires, whether commendable or censurable. Second, the great middle class, who know neither poverty nor great riches, who are as a rule engaged in useful employments, who have more or less of the comforts and luxuries of life, and who are above the reach of want. Third, the industrious working classes, who possess little property, but who gain a decent livelihood for themselves and their families by their daily labor. They may be said to be poor only in the sense that they are liable to be reduced to want by sickness or by the chances and changes of business depriving them of the opportunity to work. Fourth, the paupers, who neither work nor care to work.

If the first and fourth classes should cease to exist, humanity would not have cause to shed many tears. The problem, then, which society finds itself forced to solve, is engaged in solving, is the mode of getting rid of these two extreme classes without revolution and without injustice. The relations of the second and third classes would be readily adjusted, because the transition from one to the other is not only very easy, but very constant. The ties between them are often the ties of family. Their interests are identical, and their relations to each other are such as can be and are substantially regulated by the principles of justice. As between them, it is scarcely necessary to discuss the limitations of wealth. But when we come to consider the position of the very rich, we are met by the self-evident fact that they possess and control an amount of property which is far beyond the capacity of any class of human beings of their limited number to contribute by their own efforts to the sum total of human wealth. In fact, the present possessors have rarely accumulated the fortunes which they control. The possession of superfluous riches will not stand the test of human justice; and in affirming this I only repeat the conclusions to which the greatest thinkers and the best men who have ever lived have invariably been driven. But even if it were not reënforced by such authority, it is in accordance with the whole spirit and temper of the teachings of Christ himself. He nowhere condemns the ownership of property. On the contrary, when he tells us that the poor we shall have always with us, He expressly recognizes that there will be inequalities in the ownership of property. He states it as a fact. But He nowhere says that we shall always have the rich with us, and the spiritual danger of great riches is repeatedly enforced. . . . .

The points which I have sought to enforce are, that the great question now pending is the equitable ownership of property, and that no ownership which does not conform to the principles of justice will be tolerated by society.

That the present distribution of wealth does not conform to the principles of justice.

That distribution has been undergoing a change during the whole Christian era, and that this change has been to distribute the ownership more and more over the great mass of society; in other words, that of all the wealth of the world there is a larger percentage to-day held by the majority of mankind than at any previous period in the history of the world.

That this progress toward a more equitable distribution must result in the diminution of great fortunes, the improved condition of the poorer classes, and the consequent extinction of pauperism.

That the conflict between capital and labor, which has assumed such prominence in our day, resulting in strikes, conciliation, and arbitration, is a healthful but transitional stage toward a more intimate and beneficent association of capital and labor through the corporative principle.

That in the nature of things it would seem that corporations must continue to grow and absorb the great bulk of the business of the world, but that these corporations will be organized upon a distribution of ownership among those who are engaged in them, so that in the end the business of the world will be conducted by men in association with each other, each being directly interested in the ownership of the enterprise in which he is engaged.

That the result of the better understanding thus produced will be such an economy in the work of production as to cheapen commodities and extend their consumption, whereby the condition of mankind will be greatly benefited, and the resources which are now utterly wasted in the strife between capital and labor, resulting in strikes and lockouts, may be appropriated toward the creation and maintenance of funds to insure the working classes against the temporary evils which are necessarily produced by the introduction of machinery and the dislocation of labor from causes over which they have no control; that society owes indemnity in such cases to the industrious poor, and that the principle of life insurance, adopted already by the British Government, points out the methods by which such indemnity may be provided, not only without imposing additional burdens upon the producing classes, but that such a provision will be a measure of positive economy, extinguishing pauperism and largely reducing the necessity for public charity.

I am not disturbed by the objection which will be made to some of my positions, that they are at war with the received principles of political economy. Political economy deals only with one side of human experience—the laws of the production and distribution of wealth. It is founded upon observation, experience, and reason. Just as Christianity has assumed various phases in different ages of the world, so political economy will vary in its conclusions with the changes of society. Christianity, addressing itself to the moral nature of man, is the prime mover in producing these changes. Political economy must therefore follow and not lead Christianity, and will conform itself to the conclusions at which society arrives in its progress toward a permanent moral order. What that moral order will be, no man can pretend to predict, but that there is a procession toward it all men can see; and political economy takes its place among the elements which go to make up that procession, and its truths, when finally ascertained and settled, will be found to conform strictly to the higher laws which bind man to his Maker by the great bond of love.

Finally, there is one consideration which must never be lost sight of. If during the last hundred years there had been no industrial development, the questions which now stir society to its foundations would never have forced themselves on public attention. It is the marvelous improvement in the condition of the human race during the present century which has brought into prominence and created the necessity of dealing with the evils which in previous ages passed unnoticed or were accepted as inevitable. The very growth and abundance of wealth make the inequalities of its distribution more apparent. The standard of conscience has been raised with the standard of comfort. The conflicts between labor and capital are more intense because there is more to contend for. Privilege slowly but surely recedes before the advance of knowledge. The question "By what right?" penetrates the very heart of power, and is no longer answered by the plea of tradition. Thus at length the way is opened for the amelioration of humanity by growth instead of by revolution, and henceforth society will take no steps backward. Moreover, we can see, it may be as "through a glass darkly," that the methods by which the possibility of peaceful progress has been reached are in accordance with a divine order, not to have been predicted, but to be clearly seen as it develops results, and points the way to new triumphs of justice.

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

Born in Hancock Co., Ga., 1822.

HISTORIC DOUBTS OF RILEY HOOD.

[*Mr. Absalom Billingslea, and Other Georgia Folk.* 1887.]

MR. FRANCIS HOOD, a man of thirty-five, rather small, high-tempered, and impulsive, was married to a tall wife, who, though of much mildness of speech, had quite enough of courage for all necessary purposes. What he regarded his chief virtue was veneration for the aged—a virtue that he professed to fear might die out before long.

"Childern," he would say, "ain't raised like they used to be. They think they smarter not only than grown people, but *old* people, an' they'll 'spute thar words like *they* knowed all about it, an' old people knowed nothin'; an' they want the hick'ry, that whut *they* want."

These allusions were understood to have been made to occasional reports of what had been said by some of the boys in the neighborhood about certain statements of his grandmother, whom he had ever held in the very highest reverence. A native of the upper part of North Carolina, whence, after the War of Independence, the family had removed to Georgia, now a widow of fourscore, she resided with her granddaughter, Mr. Hood's sister, a mile distant. Ever a great talker, she had grown more and more fond of discoursing upon noted events that had occurred in her youth, and her reminiscences had begun lately to be received with some grains by all except her dutiful grandson. A few of these even Mr. Hood possibly might have felt himself at liberty to doubt somewhat if given by another than his grandmother. As it was, he regarded it his pious duty to accept and to defend all.

He had never so much as dreamed that his son Riley, now twelve years old, and with some little schooling, could have the audacity to controvert, and to her very face, any narration of the stirring times of which she spoke, and of some of which she was a part. Therefore few things could have astonished and disgusted him more than her telling him one day, while calling at his sister's, of Riley's having lately left the house after disputing with her about things that had happened right where she had lived, and scores on scores of years before Riley Hood was born, or ever so much as thought about.

"I did not, I did *not*, on my blessed word, gran'ma; I wouldn't of believed it of the impident. He'll not do it agin while *I'm* a-livin'."

Cutting short his visit, he returned home. Incensed as he was, he intended to be as cool as possible, and he was gratified on entering the house to find that Mrs. Hood was in the back yard engaged in some outdoor business. In a voice low and unconcerned as he could put it, he called Riley, who was standing near his mother. Having ordered him to a seat on the top step of the front piazza, he took a chair, and with his back to the door thus began, in tones that painfully resisted the constraint put upon them with every word:

"Gittin' too smart, my young man, an' a danger of too big for your breeches. People tells me you so smart you got 'way up 'bove gran'ma, an' she acknowledge she know nothin' compar'd to you."

Riley, knowing what was safest, answered not, except with looks partly avoiding, partly penitent, and for the rest suppliant.

"Yes, sir, smarter'n *gran'*ma! that all the fambly ben a-lookin' up to from all—from all *generations*, sir, exceptin' o' you, sir. Now, sir, I'd be that proud that they ain't everybody I'd even speak to, ef I could believe *you'd* ever live to come anywhars nigh a-bein' as smart a man as your gran'ma—er as smart a 'oman—that is, as a—whutsonever—"

Here, feeling that Riley would laugh if he dared at this confused comparison, he grew more incensed and louder.

"Oh yes, sir; you want to laugh, do you? But you know who's who now; an' it ain't gran'ma you can conterdick an' run over, not by a jugful. Whut you got to say, sir, 'bout takin' up gran'ma 'bout the Rev'lution War? I want it quick, an' I want it squar', up an' down."

Riley looked up humbly, and seemed trying to find words adequate to express his remorse for obstructing transmission of the events of that historic age.

"Frank."

The sound was low; for Mrs. Hood's voice, like her husband's, was in inverse ratio to her size. But it had this peculiarity: the lower it sounded, the more it meant sometimes to convey. She merely called her husband's name, and paused in the doorway. He winced. He had never quarreled with his wife. He loved her too well for that. Then he knew that she dearly loved his grandmother, always treating her respectfully and affectionately. He winced; but this served to enrage him more towards Riley, whom Mrs. Hood, as he well knew, had never upheld in anything approaching insolent behavior. During the remainder of this tripartite conference the boy never opened his mouth, Mrs. Hood spoke only to Mr. Hood, and he only to Riley. Stiffening himself yet more, and setting his chair so that his back was squarely towards the doorway, the accuser proceeded:

"Yes, sir; lemme hear 'bout your conterdictin' o' gran'ma 'bout the Rev'lution War, that everybody, exceptin' of you, an' not a-exceptin' o' your own blessed mothers, acknowledge to her a-knowin' more 'bout them times than anybody in this whole settlement, er anywhar around; an' it's left for you, you little—"

"Frank," said his wife, lowly, almost suppliantly, from behind, "it were only that gran'ma she insisted that Guilford Court-House were in Virginny, an' Riley—an' the child say he done it polite—he corrected gran'ma, an' he say that sister Patsy say she think he were right in a-sayin' it were in North Callina."

Mr. Hood slid himself down somewhat in his chair, threw back his head, stretched out his legs, letting them rest wide apart on his heels, and looked scornfully at his son for several moments.

"Riley Hood," he then broke forth, "wuz *you* thar? I must supposen you wuz, an' that you had the layin' off of Old Virginny, an' North Callina to boot."

"Oh no, Frank; Riley, you know, if you'll rec'lect a minute, is thes twelve year old; an' this was in the Rev'lution War, before the child were borned, or, as to that, me an' you uther."

"I'd s'pose then, sir, nobody could never of *altered* them lines."

"But then, Franky—"

These beginning words were almost inaudible. Now the softer her words the more difficult, as Mr. Hood knew from experience, to maintain a cause to which she was opposed, and he saw the importance of becoming yet more indignant and magisterial.

"Ho, yes, sir; it's *Franky* now, is it, sir? you impident—"

"Oh no, Franky; by no means. It ain't Riley. The child have too much respects of his father to call him *that*, as he know well enough he better have. It's me, an' I was goin' on to say that when gran'ma—an' bless her heart, *she* know how *I* love *her*—but when she went to put Yorktown, whar the British give up, right thar by Danville, an' make the Jeems River, an' the Staunton, *an'* the Roanoke all a-empt'in' clos't to whar she lived an' intoo one another—"

"You inconsidible or'nary!" cried Mr. Hood, in profoundest, angriest disgust, "them towns an' them rivers all b'longs to you, don't they, sir? *You* built 'em, and *you* run 'em, an' you—the goodness laws of mercies! Whut *is* this generation o' boys a-comin' to?"

With a prudence commendable in the circumstances, he pocketed both hands, as if in apprehension of their seizing upon and throttling the audacious monster beneath him.

"Yes, indeed, Franky, an' when gran'ma went on to make Gener'l Washi^{n}ton whip Julus Cæsar at the Cowpens, an' the child—an' he done it respeckful—but he *told* gran'ma that Mr. Cordy say, an' *he's* a schoolmaster, you know, that Julus Cæsar were dead an' buried before Gener'l Washi^{n}ton ever even started *to* the Cowpens—"

"Aha! aha! aha!" ejaculated Mr. Hood, in rapid sequence, adroitly changing his method of attack. "I jes' now see whut's ben a-troublin' *your granduous* mind. It's gran'ma's *lies.* Ye are jealous of 'em, is ye, sir? Want 'em all for yourself, do you, sir? Needn't be a-lookin' behind me. Look straight *at* me, sir. Who wuz it denied eatin' them green May-apples ontwell they swelled you up 'ith the colic, an' you had to holler an' peach on yourself, an' your ma had to pour a cup-ful o' castor-oil an' ippercac down you, an' scall you in a tub o' hot water to boot? Who done *that?* I think it must of ben gran'ma. Who that penned up old billy-goat an' the little peach-orchid boar, an' they fit an' fit ontwell long arfter the sun sot, an' they never *did* quit twell nary one could see whar to put in his licks? Couldn't of ben nobody *but* gran'ma, as nobody *here* would own knowin' nothin' about it. Who that tried to git out o' pullin' White-Face's calf's tail through the auger-hole in Jim mule's stall, an' were tyin' a knot in it when old Aunt Peggy come on you, an' you knowed I knowed, nigger as she wuz, she weren't goin' to tell no lies fer you ner agin you? *I* wouldn't be surprisened if old Aunt Peggy weren't mistakened, an' gran'ma done that too."

"No, Franky; you whipped the child well for them, an' I were glad you did, for he deserved all he got. An' it's not that gran'ma want to tell *lies,* nor Riley want to make out she do; for he's obleeged to know, like everybody know that know gran'ma, that she have ben as straightforwards an' truth-tellin' woman as ever lived or died, twell now she's old, an' her riclection's a-failin'; an' Riley, which to my certain knowledge actuil *dote* on his gran'ma; but when she went on about Gener'l Greene comin' up of a suddent on Nepoleon Nebonaparte, why, you see, my dear Franky—"

Mr. Hood, who for some time had sat with his hands clasped behind his head, and hammering with the heel of one foot the toes of the other, groaned in anguish, rose, rushed down the steps, turned round, and, as he retreated backward, shouted, in a terrific voice:

"Riley Hood, from now out, gran'ma's lies none o' your *business,* sir. She shall tell many as she *pleases,* sir. An' sir, I give you the hick'ry ontel you can't squeal, ner squirm, ner—"

"Frank, Frank Hood!" screamed his wife, pointing towards the gate, "for gracious sake, look behind you!"

Turning, and seeing his grandma, he wheeled, rushed back to the house, through the back door, made for the field, and did not return until dusk.

The reflections of Mr. Hood during the remainder of the day were so uncomfortable that he became uncommonly fretful towards the hands. He had left his poor grandma to fight her battle alone; yet somehow his recent defeat made him feel conscious that if he had remained he would have been unable to render to her assistance of any importance. But he could not but hope that his wife, regarding the great difference between the age of her assailant and her own, especially in her own house, would be as forbearing as possible consistently with her evident resolution to protect her offspring. The points of history in dispute he knew not precisely how to regard. Being almost without any education, he did not feel himself competent to judge, though he must have some apprehension that his grandma may have mixed Cæsar and Bonaparte rather too much with the thrilling scenes that she had been relating to Riley. Later he found himself growing sorry for his wife, in spite of his knowledge of her sufficiency in ordinary contests, and he began to sympathize with her in a possible first defeat; for he loved her with all his heart.

I leave him for a while to his various ruminations.

The old lady, whose approach had been observed so late, aiding her steps with a cane whose head towered above her own, stood for a moment at the gate, seemingly much surprised at the loud cries and singular actions of her grandson. When he had fled, she slowly advanced up the walk. Like his father, Riley retreated, but only into the house. His mother met the visitor half-way.

"What Franky ben a-fussin' so about, Betsy, honey?" asked grandma. "I heerd him a-hollerin' an' a-bawlin' clean in the lane. What could of made him bile over so brash? Any o' the niggers make him mad?"

"Come in, gran'ma. Howdye? Glad to see you; *that* I am, you dear, precious gran'ma. Now you set right down in that rockin'-cheer. There, now; give me your bonnet. Warm this evenin', ain't it? 'special' walkin'. But you do look *so* well and peert, gran'ma."

"I'm mod'r't', honey, thank the good Lord. But you hain't told me whut ail Franky, an' I ken but be oneasy what make him mirate 'ith his woices so heavy, an' run back'ard so rapid."

"Franky, gran'ma, were then a-scoldin' of Riley for denyin' of some—but which the poor child is sorry enough for it, an' never meant any impidence at all; an' ef I ever see a child that love an' have respects of his gran'ma, it's him. Riley! Riley!" she called, "here's gran'ma come to see us. Weren't that good in her? Come out an' tell her howdye. But first you open the top drawer of my bureau, an' take out an' fetch here that new cap you made me make for her; an' you handle it keerful precious, an' whatever you do, don't rumple it. Yes, ma'am; an' ef you'll believe me, gran'ma, that boy, here this very mornin', thes *made* me put down my work, an' go to makin' that cap he have made me promuss to make for his gran'ma, an' he bought the meturials hisself out of the store an' paid for 'em out of his own cotton money; an' he het the iron for me, an' he set by an' watched me the whole blessed time I were at it tell I finished. Riley think a heap of his gran'ma, Riley do."

The boy soon appeared, holding modestly in his hand the new cap.

"Why, Godamighty bless the child!" exclaimed the old lady; "I don't know whut could of got *holt* o' Franky to be bawlin' that way at sech a fine boy. Franky ought to be 'shamed o' hisself, an' ef he hadn't of tuck hisself off so quick I'd of give it to him good fer doin' of it. Come here, my child, an' let gran'ma hug him." Riley accepted the embrace gratefully. "He's a smart boy, an 'll make a man, ef he lives, shore's your borned. Why, Betsy, honey, you mayn't know it about that boy, but he know a'ready right smart 'bout the Rev'lution War; an' whensonever he come to see gran'ma, gran'ma goin' to make it her business to p'int out to him more about them awful battleses. Gran'ma know all about *them*, because she were borned an' raised right thar whar they wuz fit, bless the child's heart. An' as for Franky, ef he ain't afeared to let *me* lay *my* eyes on him before I go back home to Patsy's, you tell him from me that I say I'm older'n him, an' by good rights I ought to know a good child an' a smart child when I come up 'ith him, an'— But laws me, Betsy, honey, ain't you ben married long enough to found out before now what kind o' creeters men folks is? An' that many's the time they think they got to rip an' t'ar round, an' make out like they want to break everything in a thousan' small pieces, when a 'oman, ef she'll only jes' keep her temper fer the times a-bein', an' let him do his bilin' a while by hisself, arfter while, when he's biled over, he'll swage down an' git cooled all over agin? Ef you hain't, I tell you that now, because you young, an' got your life to go through 'ith. It's the natur' o' the seck o' the nuniversal men people o' the good Lord's yeth, an' us women has to put up 'ith it the best we ken. They're borned that way, an' made that way. They don't allays mean nothin' by thar cavortin', no more'n a horse allays mean by his snortin'—why, bless my soul, thar's a rhyme—an' bless the child's heart for not a-forgittin' of his old gran'ma! Ef it don't 'mind me o' the time, an' it war when Gener'l Greene cum a-ridin' by our house—"

The narration, which there is not space to give, was listened to with deepest attention and respect. When the visitor was gone, Riley said to his mother. "Well, ma, gran'ma, for me hereafter, she may make as many histories an' jographies as she want, an' go by 'em wharsonever they'll take her. She may have the Atlantic Ocean an' the Gulf o' Mexico, both of 'em, a-empt'in' in the Jeems an' the Staunton all in one place, 'ith the Roanoke flung in to boot, an' I'll not try to hender 'em. She may even pit Gener'l Washiⁿton an' the old man Noah agin one 'nother right at the door o' the ark, for me, an' I'll stan' aside an' let 'em fight it out theirselves, her an' them."

"I think I would, if I were in your place," she answered.

When Mr. Hood came home his face had never worn a more pleasant, affectionate expression. One would have thought that it would have taken days and days to work such a change. He was extremely anxious to hear account of the last battle fought by his gran'ma, and he had come prepared in his mind, like a loyal husband, to lift up, if sorely wounded, the wife of his bosom, and comfort her to the extent of every resource he had within him. No allusion for quite a length of time was made to the visit; but he was thankful to notice the moderately cheerful responses made by his wife to his most cheerful remarks. He did not speak a word to Riley, nor seem to be even aware of his presence, during the whole evening. After the latter had gone to bed, he said, "Oh, Betsy, my dear, I thought I saw gran'ma comin' as I left for the field this evenin'."

"Yes, she were here."

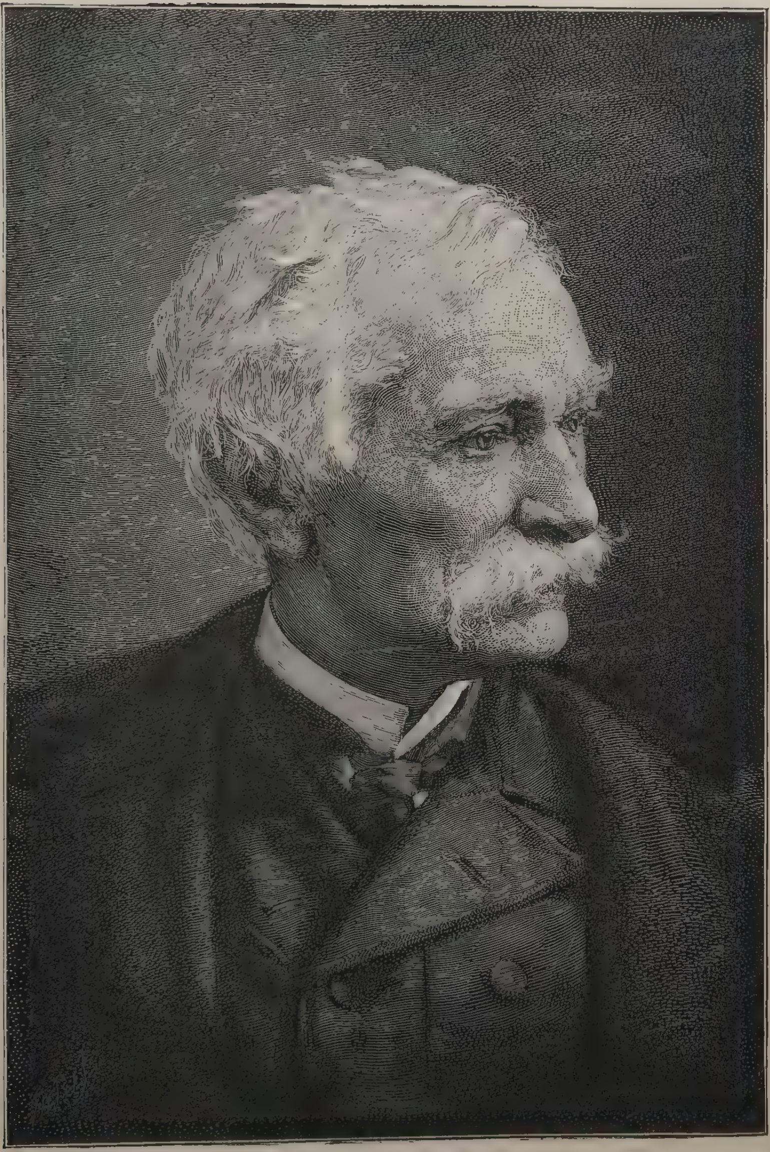
He waited for more in vain.

"Gran'ma fetch any news?" he asked, at length.

"No, not *new* news. She did tell some things not egzactly like I've heard her before about Gener'l Washiⁿton, Debonaparte, an' them, but she were mostly took up 'ith the praisin' an' huggin' of Riley, an' the expressin' her opinions about men persons that flies into vi'lent passion in their families when no 'casion for it."

When she had told him the whole story, he said, "Well, *apun* my soul! What *is* a feller to do in sech a case?"

"Why, they is nothin', Frank, ef you want to know. Nothin'. Because the' ain't nothin' to do nothin' about. Riley meant no disrespects of his gran'ma, an' which you ought to of knew, but he'll never conterdict gran'ma again, no matter how her riclections gits all mixed up, because the child don't natchel want to be thes eat *up* bodacious alive by his own father about Julus Cæsar nor nobody else. I knewed they weren't no 'casion for sech a harricane, because I knewed gran'ma,



R. M. Johnston

if she hadn't done forgot a'ready she'd forget all about it soon as she see that new cap, an' I were glad you weren't here when she let out on you."

He reflected for some time; then, in a friendly tone, said, "I sposen then gran'ma an' all thinks I ben making a cussed fool o' myself; an' I ain't shore in my own mind but whut I has."

The contradiction that he had hoped for did not come. Yet, when, after several cordial assurances of self-reproach, she kindly admitted that he was nobody but a man person, but as such he was in her opinion as good as the best of them, and to a certainty the dearest little fellow in this blessed world to her, he kissed her, kicked up his heels, and gloried in the occasion that had led to words that, coming not often, were the more welcome when they came.

Francis Orrery Ticknor.

Born in Baldwin Co., Ga., 1822. **Died** near Columbus, Ga., 1874.

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY.

[*Poems of Frank O. Ticknor, M.D.* 1879.]

THE knightliest of the knightly race
  That, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
  Alight in hearts of gold;
The kindliest of the kindly band
  That, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,
  And Raleigh round the seas;

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills
  Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
  The lily and the rose;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
  Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
  With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept!—the sons who kept
  The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
  Around their vigil fires;

But aye the "Golden Horseshoe" knights
  Their old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
  But not a knight asleep.

LITTLE GIFFEN.

OUT of the focal and foremost fire,
  Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)
Spectre! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said;
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him; and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,—
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton "learned to write."
"Dear mother," at first, of course; and then
"Dear captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnson pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight;
But none of Giffen.—He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

William Rounseville Alger.

BORN in Freetown, Mass., 1822.

ALL IS EACH, AND EACH IS ALL.

[*The Poetry of the East.* 1856.]

THE sullen mountain, and the bee that hums,
A flying joy, about its flowery base,
Each from the same immediate fountain comes,
And both compose one evanescent race.

Proud man, exulting in his strength and thought,
The torpid clod he treads beneath his way,
One parent Artist's skill alike hath wrought,
And they are brothers in their fate to-day.

There is no difference in the texture fine
That's woven through organic rock and grass,
And that which thrills man's heart in every line,
As o'er its web God's weaving fingers pass.

The timid flower that decks the fragrant field,
The daring star that tints the solemn dome,
From one propulsive force to being reeled;
Both keep one law and have a single home.

The river and the leaf, the sun and shade,
The bird and stone, the shepherds and their flocks,
Are all of one primeval substance made,—
A single key their common secret locks.

Each atom holds the boundless God concrete
Besides whose abstract Being nothing is;
Each mind, each point of dust, is God complete:—
Who knows but this, the magic key is his!

THE SOLITUDE OF OCCUPATION.

[*The Solitudes of Nature and of Man.* 1866.]

WHATEVER fills the capacity of the soul, of course, for the time, excludes everything else; and there thus results an apparent singleness and separation. Augustine, struggling in the crisis of his conversion, in the chamber of his friend Alypius, says, "I was alone even in his presence." This principle is the key to one of the marked varieties of the isolation in human life. A man with a great mission, an intense passion for some definite object, is thereby set apart from the common crowd of associates whose free impulses are ready to respond to every random appeal. He has no loose energies to spare in reaction on stray chances or incoherent claims: his whole soul is given to the one aim and its accompaniments. Sometimes an illusion, fastening in the mind, appropriates the thoughts and passions as its food, and makes the man its servant. Others laugh at his absurdity, or turn carelessly from him as an oddity. Elated with his error, fondling his idol, he heeds not their scorn or their neglect. Lost in his idiosyncratic joy or anxiety, hugging his peculiar purpose to his breast, he drifts through the frigid wilderness of society, as essentially alone as a sailor lashed to a spar on the ocean. . . . .

All discoverers or schemers of the highest order, all intense idealists and workers, are in this manner taken possession of by their destined vocation. And thenceforth they know nothing else. Conversing with their thoughts, toiling at their plans, devising methods, or imagining the results of success, they walk up and down, deaf to every foreign solicitation and to every impediment. Come what will, their task engrosses them, their fate cries out, and all else must give way. Such men are essentially alone; though it is an unresting, contentful isolation, unlike the vacant, asking isolation of unabsorbed men. Its proper type is the loneliness of a waterfall in the bosom of unreclaimed nature; or the loneliness of a beehive in a hollow oak in the heart of the untrodden forest.

We must not overlook, however, the wide difference between a solitude felt as such in pain and pining, which implies unappropriated powers, and is a condition of misery, and the solitude which is unconscious, wherein the soul is self-sufficing, its occupation leaving nothing unsupplied for the time, no wish for external sympathy or help. The latter is one of the happiest forms of life, in spite of its somewhat withdrawn and melancholy aspect. Apart from social interchanges, it may appear dreary and monotonous; but it is not so. . . . .

In fact, for solid happiness and peace, there are none more favored than those blessed with a master-passion and a monopolizing work. In the congenial employment thus secured, the earnestness of their faculties is called out and dedicated. They thus find for themselves and in themselves an independent interest, dignity, and content, together with exemption from most of the vexatious temptations by which those are beset whose enjoyment rests on precarious contingencies beyond their own power. . . . .

When we think of the astronomer in his secluded tower, in the gloom, hour by hour turning his glass on the unbreathing heaven, peering into the nebulous oceans, or following the solemn wanderers;—when we notice the lamp of some poor student, burning in his window, his shadow falling on the tattered curtain where he sits with book and pen, night after night, "out-watching the Bear and Thrice-great Hermes,"—we may fancy that he leads a tedious and depressing life. Ah, no. The august fellowship of eternal laws, the thought of God, the spirits of the great dead, kindling ideas and hopes, the lineaments of supersensual beauty, glorious plans of human improvement,—dispel his weariness, cheer every drooping faculty, illumine the bleak chamber, and make it populous with presences of grandeur and joy. The solitude is unreal, for he is absorbingly busy. He is alone, but not lonely.

When with a great company one listens to fascinating music, gradually the spell begins to work; little by little the soft wild melody penetrates the affections,—the subtle harmony steals into the inmost cells of the brain, winds in honeyed coils around every thought, until consciousness is saturated with the charm. We forget all. Distraction ceases, variety is gone. Spectators, chandeliers, theatre, disappear. The world recedes and vanishes. The soul is ravished away, captive to a strain, lost in bewilderment of bliss, its entire being concentrated in a listening act; and we are able to believe the old legend of the saint who, caught up into paradise by overhearing the song of the Blest, on awakening from his entrancement found that a thousand years had passed while he was hearkening. Such is the solitude of absorption, when it touches its climax. He is wise who endeavors to know something of its elevation and blessedness by giving his soul to those supernal realities which are worthy to take his absolute allegiance, and swallow him up. Though such an one lives in solitude, the solitude itself is inexpressibly sociable.

Michael Heilprin.

Born in Piotrkow, Poland, 1823. **Died** at Summit, N. J., 1888.

AUTHORSHIP OF THE PSALMS.

[*The Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews.* 1879.]

DAVID, whatever his vices and crimes may have been, was a great monarch. He was brave, energetic, warlike. The consolidation and aggrandizement of his kingdom was his constant aim. He employed in his service men of ability and vigor, created a powerful army, and in

Joab possessed a great general. Victory crowned his campaigns. He conquered the future capital of his country, and vanquished the Philistines, the Syrians, Moab, Edom, and Ammon. He promoted the worship of Jehovah, patronized prophets and priests, and paved the way for the erection of the temple of Zion. He founded a dynasty which reigned upward of four hundred years. When this dynasty decayed, he naturally became the great kingly hero upon whom the patriotic and pious looked back with ardent veneration. He became the model king of history, and by his standard—a partly fictitious standard—the merits of his successors were measured. His crimes were palliated. His legendary exploits and excellences were epically expanded. Creations of his successors were ascribed to him. Artistic inventions and literary productions of more refined ages than his were attributed to himself or to the singers and poets of his court. He was then not only a great conqueror and ruler: he was a poet and musical genius, an organizer of choirs and inventor of vocal instruments, a composer of hymns and religious instructor. Psalms in which really God-fearing men, on or near the tottering throne of Judah, poured out their feelings of adoration, of gratitude and hope, or of repentance, were inscribed with his name. Each successive generation added to these prayers or psalms of David, until, when the sacred literary collections of Israel were closed—centuries after the extinction of the Davidic dynasty—their number exceeded threescore and ten, according to the superscriptions.

The worthlessness of these superscriptions has been fully established. Nor was it a difficult task for criticism to do it. Not a single one of the psalms ascribed to David contains distinct allusions to events in his life. Hardly any of them agree with his character and disposition as manifested in the historical sketches of the books of Samuel. The sentiments and religious views expressed in all of them are those of a different age. Some refer clearly to times and circumstances other than his. . . . .

Yet the traditional image of David created by the main tenor of the psalms marked with his name, by a few higher traits of him discernible in the narratives of the books of Samuel, and by the systematic sanctification of his character in Chronicles, has been so powerful a check in rightly defining his place in the ethical and literary development of his nation that even such critics of our times as Ewald, Hitzig, and Schrader have still accepted his authorship of about a dozen psalms.

Among the very few accepted as Davidic . . . is Psalm xviii., mainly, it must be supposed, on account of its being also incorporated in II. Samuel; for its contents befit neither David's character nor any situation in his life. The superscription, which states it to have been sung by David on the day when Jehovah saved him "from all his enemies and from the hand of Saul," refutes itself, for there was no such day in the life of the Judean king, whose perils, *beginning* with Saul's hostility, ended only with his life; and the closing words, which speak of Jehovah's kindness to "David and his posterity," distinctly enough point to a later king of the Davidic dynasty as author. E. Meier, reviewing this and the other psalms claimed for David by Ewald, reaches the conclusion that there is not a single one in the whole collection which could be ascribed to him on good critical grounds. And the Dutch school of criticism fully indorses this view. "Probably not one of the psalms is from David's hand," says Kuenen. Oort, in showing the "impossibility" of reconciling the David of Psalms with the David of history, remarks, "The superscriptions of the psalms are entirely untrustworthy; and the poems themselves date from periods at which the Israelites had pondered far more deeply upon the nature of true piety, and cherished far other thoughts as to phenomena of spiritual life, than was the case in David's time." "It is highly probable," says Knappert, "that not one of the seventy-three psalms that bear his name is really his."

The son of Jesse being thus fairly stripped of his laurels as a psalmist, we may also presume that the psalm-like song given in the twenty-third chapter of II. Samuel does not contain "the last words of David," but words of a more righteous later king, to the beginning of which a redactor unguardedly prefixed, by way of explanation, "This is the utterance of David, the son of Jesse."

Sarah Jane Lippincott.

Born in Pompey, N. Y., 1823.

CHOOSE.

MY tender thoughts go forth, beloved,
   Upon the pleasant morning hours,
With songs of mated birds, and sighs
   From virgin hearts of opening flowers.

Full laden with love's daintiest store,
   Each smallest thought should come to thee,
As from the jasmine's hidden cell
   Flies home the richly burdened bee.

My joyous thoughts go forth, beloved,
   Upon the golden airs of noon,

With languid sweets from roses rare
  That flush and faint through ardent June.

With all the swiftness of the streams
  That fling out laughter as they run,
With all the brightness of the day,
  With all the passion of the sun.

But when along the cloud-hung west
  The purple lights grow pale and die—
When waves of sunshine roll no more,
  And all one shade the corn-fields lie—

When twilight veils the hills, and gives
  A deeper mystery to the sea—
Then, O beloved! my saddened heart
  Yearns through the distance unto thee.

And when the winds come o'er the sands
  To sweep my lonely garden through,
To bow the saintly lily's head,
  And spill the violet's cup of dew—

And when they higher mount, and beat
  The elm's long arms against the eaves,
Troubling the robin in its nest,
  And making tumult in the leaves—

Then in the dusk I seem to hear
  Strange sounds and whisperings of dread,
And every murmur in the grass
  Seems some unfriendly spirit's tread.

I shrink within the shadowed porch,
  A nameless fear oppresseth me:
Oh, then my heart, like some lost child,
  Calls through the darkness unto thee!

So, dear, of all my life of love,
  Choose thou the best and sweetest part:
The glow of day, or gloom of night;
  The pride or terror of my heart;

The glad, exultant hope that fills
  The morning with its joyous strain,
Or twilight's haunted loneliness,
  That stretches out its arms in vain.

Would sigh or carol move thee most?
  And were thy tenderest kiss bestowed
On eyes that droop with tears, or lips
  With careless laughter overflowed?

So questions, love, the foolish heart
  That would thy secret choice divine;
Yet idly questions, knowing well
  Thou canst not choose, since all is thine.

1870.

Francis Parkman.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1823.

NEW ENGLAND AND NEW FRANCE.

[*Pioneers of France in the New World.* 1865.—*Twenty-fifth Edition. Revised.* 1886.]

NEW FRANCE was all head. Under king, noble, and Jesuit, the lank, lean body would not thrive. Even commerce wore the sword, decked itself with badges of nobility, aspired to forest seigniories and hordes of savage retainers.

Along the borders of the sea an adverse power was strengthening and widening, with slow but steadfast growth, full of blood and muscle,—a body without a head. Each had its strength, each its weakness, each its own modes of vigorous life: but the one was fruitful, the other barren; the one instinct with hope, the other darkening with shadows of despair.

By name, local position, and character, one of these communities of freemen stands forth as the most conspicuous representative of this antagonism;—Liberty and Absolutism, New England and New France.

The one was the offspring of a triumphant government; the other, of an oppressed and fugitive people: the one, an unflinching champion of the Roman Catholic reaction; the other, a vanguard of the Reform. Each followed its natural laws of growth, and each came to its natural results. Vitalized by the principles of its foundation, the Puritan commonwealth grew apace. New England was preëminently the land of material progress. Here the prize was within every man's reach; patient industry need never doubt its reward; nay, in defiance of the four Gospels, assiduity in pursuit of gain was promoted to the rank of a duty, and thrift and godliness were linked in equivocal wedlock. Politically she was free; socially she suffered from that subtile and searching oppression which the dominant opinion of a free community may exercise over the members who compose it. As a whole, she grew upon the gaze of the world, a signal example of expansive energy; but she has not been fruitful in those salient and striking forms of character which often give a dramatic life to the annals of nations far less prosperous.

We turn to New France, and all is reversed. Here was a bold attempt to crush under the exactions of a grasping hierarchy, to stifle under the curbs and trappings of a feudal monarchy, a people compassed by influences of the wildest freedom,—whose schools were the forest and the sea, whose trade was an armed barter with savages, and whose daily life a lesson of lawless independence. But this fierce spirit had its vent. The story of New France is from the first a story of war: of war—for so her founders believed—with the adversary of mankind himself; war with savage tribes and potent forest commonwealths; war with the encroaching powers of Heresy and of England. Her brave, unthinking people were stamped with the soldier's virtues and the soldier's faults; and in their leaders were displayed, on a grand and novel stage, the energies, aspirations, and passions which belong to hopes vast and vague, ill-restricted powers, and stations of command.

The growth of New England was a result of the aggregate efforts of a busy multitude, each in his narrow circle toiling for himself, to gather competence or wealth. The expansion of New France was the achievement of a gigantic ambition striving to grasp a continent. It was a vain attempt. Long and valiantly her chiefs upheld their cause, leading to battle a vassal population, warlike as themselves. Borne down by numbers from without, wasted by corruption from within, New France fell at last; and out of her fall grew revolutions whose influence to this hour is felt through every nation of the civilized world.

The French dominion is a memory of the past; and when we evoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange, romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us; an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake, and glimmering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France conquered for Civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests, priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild, parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of courtly nurture, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here, with their dauntless hardihood, put to shame the boldest sons of toil.

THE VENGEANCE OF DOMINIQUE DE GOURGUES.

[*From the Same.*]

MORNING came, and the woods were thronged with warriors. Gourgues and his soldiers landed with martial pomp. In token of mutual confidence, the French laid aside their arquebuses, and the Indians their bows and arrows. Satouriona came to meet the strangers, and seated their commander at his side, on a wooden stool, draped and cushioned with the gray Spanish moss. Two old Indians cleared the spot of brambles, weeds, and grass; and, when their task was finished, the tribesmen took their places, ring within ring, standing, sitting, and crouching on the ground,—a dusky concourse, plumed in festal array, waiting with grave visages and intent eyes. Gourgues was about to speak, when the chief, who, says the narrator, had not learned French manners, anticipated him, and broke into a vehement harangue, denouncing the cruelty of the Spaniards.

Since the French fort was taken, he said, the Indians had not had one happy day. The Spaniards drove them from their cabins, stole their corn, ravished their wives and daughters, and killed their children; and all this they had endured because they loved the French. There was a French boy who had escaped from the massacre at the fort; they had found him in the woods; and though the Spaniards, who wished to kill him, demanded that they should give him up, they had kept him for his friends.

"Look!" pursued the chief, "here he is!"—and he brought forward a youth of sixteen, named Pierre Debré, who became at once of the greatest service to the French, his knowledge of the Indian language making him an excellent interpreter.

Delighted as he was at this outburst against the Spaniards, Gourgues did not see fit to display the full extent of his satisfaction. He thanked the Indians for their good-will, exhorted them to continue in it, and pronounced an ill-merited eulogy on the greatness and goodness of his King. As for the Spaniards, he said, their day of reckoning was at hand; and, if the Indians had been abused for their love of the French, the French would be their avengers. Here Satouriona forgot his dignity, and leaped up for joy.

"What!" he cried, "will you fight the Spaniards?"

"I came here," replied Gourgues, "only to reconnoitre the country and make friends with you, and then go back to bring more soldiers; but, when I hear what you are suffering from them, I wish to fall upon them this very day, and rescue you from their tyranny." All around the ring a clamor of applauding voices greeted his words.

"But you will do your part," pursued the Frenchman; "you will not leave us all the honor?"

"We will go," replied Satouriona, "and die with you, if need be."

"Then, if we fight, we ought to fight at once. How soon can you have your warriors ready to march?"

The chief asked three days for preparation. Gourgues cautioned him to secrecy, lest the Spaniards should take alarm.

"Never fear," was the answer; "we hate them more than you do."

Then came a distribution of gifts,—knives, hatchets, mirrors, bells, and beads,—while the warrior rabble crowded to receive them, with eager faces and outstretched arms. The distribution over, Gourgues asked the chiefs if there was any other matter in which he could serve them. On this, pointing to his shirt, they expressed a peculiar admiration for that garment, and begged each to have one, to be worn at feasts and councils during life, and in their graves after death. Gourges complied; and his grateful confederates were soon stalking about him, fluttering in the spoils of his wardrobe.

To learn the strength and position of the Spaniards, Gourgues now sent out three scouts; and with them went Olotoraca, Satouriona's nephew, a young brave of great renown.

The chief, eager to prove his good faith, gave as hostages his only surviving son and his favorite wife. They were sent on board the ships, while the Indians dispersed to their encampments, with leaping, stamping, dancing, and whoops of jubilation.

The day appointed came, and with it the savage army, hideous in war-paint, and plumed for battle. The woods rang back their songs and yells, as with frantic gesticulation they brandished their war-clubs and vaunted their deeds of prowess. Then they drank the black drink, endowed with mystic virtues against hardship and danger; and Gourgues himself pretended to swallow the nauseous decoction.

These ceremonies consumed the day. It was evening before the allies filed off into their forests, and took the path for the Spanish forts. The French, on their part, were to repair by sea to the rendezvous. Gourgues mustered and addressed his men. It was needless: their ardor was at fever height. They broke in upon his words, and demanded to be led at once against the enemy. François Bourdelais, with twenty sailors, was left with the ships, and Gourgues affectionately bade him farewell.

"If I am slain in this most just enterprise," he said, "I leave all in your charge, and pray you to carry back my soldiers to France."

There were many embracings among the excited Frenchmen,—many sympathetic tears from those who were to stay behind,—many messages left with them for wives, children, friends, and mistresses; and then this valiant band pushed their boats from shore. It was a hare-brained venture, for, as young Debré had assured them, the Spaniards on the River of May were four hundred in number, secure behind their ramparts.

Hour after hour the sailors pulled at the oar. They glided slowly by the sombre shores in the shimmering moonlight, to the sound of the murmuring surf and the moaning pine trees. In the gray of the morning, they came to the mouth of a river, probably the Nassau; and here a north-east wind set in with a violence that almost wrecked their boats. Their Indian allies were waiting on the bank, but for a while the gale delayed their crossing. The bolder French would lose no time, rowed through the tossing waves, and, landing safely, left their boats, and pushed into the forest. Gourgues took the lead, in breastplate and backpiece. At his side marched the young chief Olotoraca, with a French pike in his hand; and the files of arquebusemen and armed sailors followed close behind. They plunged through swamps, hewed their way through brambly thickets and the matted intricacies of the forests, and, at five in the afternoon, almost spent with fatigue and hunger, came to a river or inlet of the sea, not far from the first Spanish fort. Here they found three hundred Indians waiting for them.

Tired as he was, Gourgues would not rest. He wished to attack at daybreak, and with ten arquebusiers and his Indian guide he set out to reconnoitre. Night closed upon him. It was a vain task to struggle on, in pitchy darkness, among trunks of trees, fallen logs, tangled vines, and swollen streams. Gourgues returned, anxious and gloomy. An Indian chief approached him, read through the darkness his perturbed look, and offered to lead him by a better path along the margin of the sea. Gourgues joyfully assented, and ordered all his men to march. The Indians, better skilled in woodcraft, chose the shorter course through the forest.

The French forgot their weariness, and pressed on with speed. At dawn they and their allies met on the bank of a stream, probably Sister Creek, beyond which, and very near, was the fort. But the tide was in, and they tried in vain to cross. Greatly vexed,—for he had hoped to take the enemy asleep,—Gourgues withdrew his soldiers into the forest, where they were no sooner ensconced than a drenching rain fell, and they had much ado to keep their gun-matches burning. The light grew fast. Gourgues plainly saw the fort, the defences of which seemed slight and unfinished. He even saw the Spaniards at work within. A feverish interval elapsed, till at length the tide was out,—so far, at least, that the stream was fordable. A little higher up, a clump of trees lay between it and the fort. Behind this friendly screen the passage was begun. Each man tied his powder-flask to his steel cap, held his arquebuse above his head with one hand, and grasped his sword with the other. The channel was a bed of oysters. The sharp shells cut their feet as they waded through. But the farther bank was gained. They emerged from the water, drenched, lacerated, and bleeding, but with unabated mettle. Gourgues set them in array under cover of the trees. They stood with kindling eyes, and hearts throbbing, but not with fear. Gourgues pointed to the Spanish fort, seen by glimpses through the boughs. "Look!" he said, "there are the robbers who have stolen this land from our king; there are the murderers who have butchered our countrymen!" With voices eager, fierce, but half suppressed, they demanded to be led on.

Gourgues gave the word. Cazenove, his lieutenant, with thirty men, pushed for the fort gate; he himself, with the main body, for the glacis. It was near noon; the Spaniards had just finished their meal, and, says the narrative, "were still picking their teeth," when a startled cry rang in their ears:

"To arms! to arms! The French are coming! the French are coming!"

It was the voice of a cannoneer who had that moment mounted the rampart and seen the assailants advancing in unbroken ranks, with heads lowered and weapons at the charge. He fired his cannon among them. He even had time to load and fire again, when the light-limbed Olotoraca bounded forward, ran up the glacis, leaped the unfinished ditch, and drove his pike through the Spaniard from breast to back. Gourgues was now on the glacis, when he heard Cazenove shouting from the gate that the Spaniards were escaping on that side. He turned and led his men thither at a run. In a moment, the fugitives, sixty in all, were enclosed between his party and that of his lieutenant. The Indians, too, came leaping to the spot. Not a Spaniard escaped. All were cut down but a few, reserved by Gourgues for a more inglorious end.

Meanwhile the Spaniards in the other fort, on the opposite shore, cannonaded the victors without ceasing. The latter turned four captured guns against them. One of Gourgues's boats, a very large one, had been brought alongshore, and, entering it with eighty soldiers, he pushed for the farther bank. With loud yells, the Indians leaped into the river, which is here about three-fourths of a mile wide. Each held his bow and arrows aloft in one hand, while he swam with the other. A panic seized the garrison as they saw the savage multitude. They broke out of the fort and fled into the forest. But the French had already landed; and, throwing themselves in the path of the fugitives, they greeted them with a storm of lead. The terrified wretches recoiled; but flight was vain. The Indian whoop rang behind them, and war-clubs and arrows finished the work. Gourgues's utmost efforts saved but fifteen, not out of mercy, but from a refinement of vengeance.

The next day was Quasimodo Sunday, or the Sunday after Easter. Gourgues and his men remained quiet, making ladders for the assault on Fort San Mateo. Meanwhile the whole forest was in arms, and, far and near, the Indians were wild with excitement. They beset the Spanish fort till not a soldier could venture out. The garrison, aware of their danger, though ignorant of its extent, devised an expedient to gain information; and one of them, painted and feathered like an Indian, ventured within Gourgues's outposts. He himself chanced to be at hand, and by his side walked his constant attendant, Olotoraca. The keen-eyed young savage pierced the cheat at a glance. The spy was seized, and, being examined, declared that there were two hundred and sixty Spaniards in San Mateo, and that they believed the French to be two thousand, and were so frightened that they did not know what they were doing.

Gourgues, well pleased, pushed on to attack them. On Monday evening he sent forward the Indians to ambush themselves on both sides of the fort. In the morning he followed with his Frenchmen; and, as the glittering ranks came into view, defiling between the forest and the river, the Spaniards opened on them with culverins from a projecting bastion. The French took cover in the woods with which the hills below and behind the fort were densely overgrown. Here, himself unseen, Gourgues could survey the whole extent of the defences, and he presently descried a strong party of Spaniards issuing from their works, crossing the ditch, and advancing to reconnoitre. On this, he sent Cazenove, with a detachment, to station himself at a point well hidden by trees on the flank of the Spaniards, who, with strange infatuation, continued their advance. Gourgues and his followers pushed on through the thickets to meet them. As the Spaniards reached the edge of the open ground, a deadly fire blazed in their faces, and, before the smoke cleared, the French were among them, sword in hand. The survivors would have fled; but Cazenove's detachment fell upon their rear, and all were killed or taken.

When their comrades in the fort beheld their fate, a panic seized them. Conscious of their own deeds, perpetrated on this very spot, they could hope no mercy, and their terror multiplied immeasurably the numbers of their enemy. They abandoned the fort in a body, and fled into the woods most remote from the French. But here a deadlier foe awaited them; for a host of Indians leaped up from ambush. Then rose those hideous war-cries which have curdled the boldest blood and blanched the manliest cheek. The forest warriors, with savage ecstasy, wreaked their long arrears of vengeance, while the French hastened to the spot, and lent their swords to the slaughter. A few prisoners were saved alive; the rest were slain; and thus did the Spaniards make bloody atonement for the butchery of Fort Caroline.

But Gourgues's vengeance was not yet appeased. Hard by the fort, the trees were pointed out to him on which Menendez had hanged his captives, and placed over them the inscription, "Not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans."

Gourgues ordered the Spanish prisoners to be led thither.

"Did you think," he sternly said, as the pallid wretches stood ranged before him, "that so vile a treachery, so detestable a cruelty, against a king so potent and a nation so generous, would go unpunished? I, one of the humblest gentlemen among my king's subjects, have charged myself with avenging it. Even if the Most Christian and the Most Catholic Kings had been enemies, at deadly war, such perfidy and extreme cruelty would still have been unpardonable. Now that they are friends and close allies, there is no name vile enough to brand your deeds, no punishment sharp enough to requite them. But though you cannot suffer as you deserve, you shall suffer all that an enemy can honorably inflict, that your example may teach others to observe the peace and alliance which you have so perfidiously violated."

They were hanged where the French had hung before them; and over them was nailed the inscription, burned with a hot iron on a tablet of pine, "Not as to Spaniards, but as to Traitors, Robbers, and Murderers."

Gourgues's mission was fulfilled. To occupy the country had never been his intention; nor was it possible, for the Spaniards were still in force at St. Augustine. His was a whirlwind visitation,—to ravage, ruin, and vanish. He harangued the Indians, and exhorted them to demolish the fort. They fell to the work with eagerness, and in less than a day not one stone was left on another.

THE COUREURS-DE-BOIS.

[*The Old Régime in Canada.* 1874.—*Seventeenth Edition.* 1886.]

MONTREAL was their harboring place, and they conducted themselves much like the crew of a man-of-war paid off after a long voyage. As long as their beaver-skins lasted, they set no bounds to their riot. Every house in the place, we are told, was turned into a drinking-shop. The new-comers were bedizened with a strange mixture of French and Indian finery; while some of them, with instincts more thoroughly savage, stalked about the streets as naked as a Pottawattamie or a Sioux. The clamor of tongues was prodigious, and gambling and drinking filled the day and the night. When at last they were sober again, they sought absolution for their sins; nor could the priests venture to bear too hard on their unruly penitents, lest they should break wholly with the church and dispense thenceforth with her sacraments.

Under such leaders as Du Lhut, the *coureurs de bois* built forts of palisades at various points throughout the West and Northwest. They had a post of this sort at Detroit some time before its permanent settlement, as well as others on Lake Superior and in the valley of the Mississippi. They occupied them as long as it suited their purposes, and then abandoned them to the next comer. Michillimackinac was, however, their chief resort; and thence they would set out, two or three together, to roam for hundreds of miles through the endless meshwork of interlocking lakes and rivers which seams the northern wilderness.

No wonder that a year or two of bush-ranging spoiled them for civilization. Though not a very valuable member of society, and though a thorn in the side of princes and rulers, the *coureur de bois* had his uses, at least from an artistic point of view; and his strange figure, sometimes brutally savage, but oftener marked with the lines of a daredevil courage, and a reckless, thoughtless gayety, will always be joined to the memories of that grand world of woods which the nineteenth century is fast civilizing out of existence. At least, he is picturesque, and with his redskin companion serves to animate forest scenery. Perhaps he could sometimes feel, without knowing that he felt them, the charms of the savage nature that had adopted him. Rude as he was, her voice may not always have been meaningless for one who knew her haunts so well; deep recesses where, veiled in foliage, some wild shy rivulet steals with timid music through breathless caves of verdure; gulfs where feathered crags rise like castle walls, where the noonday sun pierces with keen rays athwart the torrent, and the mossed arms of fallen pines cast wavering shadows on the illumined foam; pools of liquid crystal turned emerald in the reflected green of impending woods; rocks on whose rugged front the gleam of sunlit waters dances in quivering light; ancient trees hurled headlong by the storm to dam the raging stream with their forlorn and savage ruin; or the stern depths of immemorial forests, dim and silent as a cavern, columned with innumerable trunks, each like an Atlas upholding its world of leaves, and sweating perpetual moisture down its dark and channelled rind; some strong in youth, some grisly with decrepit age, nightmares of strange distortion, gnarled and knotted with wens and goitres; roots intertwined beneath like serpents petrified in an agony of contorted strife; green and glistening mosses carpeting the rough ground, mantling the rocks, turning pulpy stumps to mounds of verdure, and swathing fallen trunks as, bent in the impotence of rottenness, they lie outstretched over knoll and hollow, like mouldering reptiles of the primeval world, while around, and on and through them, springs the young growth that battens on their decay,—the forest devouring its own dead. Or, to turn from its funereal shade to the light and life of the open woodland, the sheen of sparkling lakes, and mountains basking in the glory of the summer noon, flecked by the shadows of passing clouds that sail on snowy wings across the transparent azure.

Yet it would be false coloring to paint the half-savage *coureur de bois* as a romantic lover of nature. He liked the woods because they emancipated him from restraint. He liked the lounging ease of the camp-fire, and the license of Indian villages. His life has a dark and ugly side, which is nowhere drawn more strongly than in a letter written by the Jesuit Carheil to the intendant Champigny. It was at the time when some of the outlying forest posts, originally either missions or transient stations of *coureurs de bois*, had received regular garrisons. Carheil writes from Michillimackinac, and describes the state of things around him like one whom long familiarity with them had stripped of every illusion.

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.

[*Montcalm and Wolfe.* 1884.]

FOR full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St. Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The General was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robinson, afterwards professor of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" to the officers about him. Probably it was to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate—

> "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he said, as his recital ended, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec." None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.

As they neared their destination, the tide bore them in towards the shore, and the mighty wall of rock and forest towered in darkness on their left. The dead stillness was suddenly broken by the sharp "*Qui vive!*" of a French sentry, invisible in the thick gloom. "*France!*" answered a Highland officer of Fraser's regiment from one of the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland, and spoke French fluently.

"*À quel régiment?*"

"*De la Reine*," replied the Highlander. He knew that a part of that corps was with Bougainville. The sentry, expecting the convoy of provisions, was satisfied, and did not ask for the password.

Soon after, the foremost boats were passing the heights of Samos, when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him through the darkness running down to the edge of the water, within range of a pistol-shot. In answer to his questions, the same officer replied, in French: "Provision-boats. Don't make a noise; the English will hear us." In fact, the sloop-of-war *Hunter* was anchored in the stream not far off. This time, again, the sentry let them pass. In a few moments they rounded the headland above the Anse du Foulon. There was no sentry there. The strong current swept the boats of the light infantry a little below the intended landing-place. They disembarked on a narrow strand at the foot of heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. The twenty-four volunteers led the way, climbing with what silence they might, closely followed by a much larger body. When they reached the top they saw in the dim light a cluster of tents at a short distance, and immediately made a dash at them. Vergor leaped from bed and tried to run off, but was shot in the heel and captured. His men, taken by surprise, made little resistance. One or two were caught, and the rest fled.

The main body of troops waited in their boats by the edge of the strand. The heights near by were cleft by a great ravine choked with forest trees; and in its depths ran a little brook called Ruisseau St. Denis, which, swollen by the late rains, fell plashing in the stillness over a rock. Other than this no sound could reach the strained ear of Wolfe but the gurgle of the tide and the cautious climbing of his advance parties as they mounted the steeps at some little distance from where he sat listening. At length from the top came a sound of musket-shots, followed by loud huzzas, and he knew that his men were masters of the position. The word was given; the troops leaped from the boats and scaled the heights, some here, some there, clutching at trees and bushes, their muskets slung at their backs. Tradition still points out the place, near the mouth of the ravine, where the foremost reached the top. Wolfe said to an officer near him: "You can try it, but I don't think you'll get up." He himself, however, found strength to drag himself up with the rest. The narrow slanting path on the face of the heights had been made impassable by trenches and abattis; but all obstructions were soon cleared away, and then the ascent was easy. In the gray of the morning the long file of red-coated soldiers moved quickly upward, and formed in order on the plateau above.

Before many of them had reached the top, cannon were heard close on the left. It was the battery at Samos firing on the boats in the rear and the vessels descending from Cap-Rouge. A party was sent to silence it; this was soon effected, and the more distant battery at Sillery was next attacked and taken. As fast as the boats were emptied they returned for the troops left on board the vessels and for those waiting on the southern shore under Colonel Burton.

The day broke in clouds and threatening rain. Wolfe's battalions were drawn up along the crest of the heights. No enemy was in sight, though a body of Canadians had sallied from the town and moved along the strand towards the landing-place, whence they were quickly driven back. He had achieved the most critical part of his enterprise; yet the success that he coveted placed him in imminent danger. On one side was the garrison of Quebec and the army of Beauport, and Bougainville was on the other. Wolfe's alternative was victory or ruin; for if he should be overwhelmed by a combined attack, retreat would be hopeless. His feelings no man can know; but it would be safe to say that hesitation or doubt had no part in them.

He went to reconnoitre the ground, and soon came to the Plains of Abraham, so called from Abraham Martin, a pilot known as Maitre Abraham, who had owned a piece of land here in the early times of the colony. The Plains were a tract of grass, tolerably level in most parts, patched here and there with corn-fields, studded with clumps of bushes, and forming a part of the high plateau at the eastern end of which Quebec stood. On the south it was bounded by the declivities along the St. Lawrence; on the north, by those along the St. Charles, or rather along the meadows through which that lazy stream crawled like a writhing snake. At the place that Wolfe chose for his battle-field the plateau was less than a mile wide.

Thither the troops advanced, marched by files till they reached the ground, and then wheeled to form their line of battle, which stretched across the plateau and faced the city. It consisted of six battalions and the detached grenadiers from Louisbourg, all drawn up in ranks three deep. Its right wing was near the brink of the heights along the St. Lawrence; but the left could not reach those along the St. Charles. On this side a wide space was perforce left open, and there was danger of being outflanked. To prevent this, Brigadier Townshend was stationed here with two battalions, drawn up at right angles with the rest, and fronting the St. Charles. The battalion of Webb's regiment, under Colonel Burton, formed the reserve; the third battalion of Royal Americans was left to guard the landing; and Howe's light infantry occupied a wood far in the rear. Wolfe, with Monckton and Murray, commanded the front line, on which the heavy fighting was to fall, and which, when all the troops had arrived, numbered less than thirty-five hundred men.

Quebec was not a mile distant, but they could not see it; for a ridge of broken ground intervened, called Buttes-à-Neveu, about six hundred paces off. The first division of troops had scarcely come up when, about six o'clock, this ridge was suddenly thronged with white uniforms. It was the battalion of Guienne, arrived at the eleventh hour from its camp by the St. Charles. Some time after, there was hot firing in the rear. It came from a detachment of Bougainville's command attacking a house where some of the light infantry were posted. The assailants were repulsed, and the firing ceased. Light showers fell at intervals, besprinkling the troops as they stood patiently waiting the event.

Montcalm had passed a troubled night. Through all the evening the cannon bellowed from the ships of Saunders, and the boats of the fleet hovered in the dusk off the Beauport shore, threatening every moment to land. Troops lined the intrenchments till day, while the general walked the field that adjoined his headquarters till one in the morning, accompanied by the Chevalier Johnstone and Colonel Poulariez. Johnstone says that he was in great agitation, and took no rest all night. At daybreak he heard the sound of cannon above the town. It was the battery at Samos firing on the English ships. He had sent an officer to the quarters of Vaudreuil, which were much nearer Quebec, with orders to bring him word at once should anything unusual happen. But no word came, and about six o'clock he mounted and rode thither with Johnstone. As they advanced, the country behind the town opened more and more upon their sight; till at length, when opposite Vaudreuil's house, they saw across the St. Charles, some two miles away, the red ranks of British soldiers on the heights beyond.

"This is a serious business," Montcalm said, and sent off Johnstone at full gallop to bring up the troops from the centre and left of the camp. Those of the right were in motion already, doubtless by the governor's order. Vaudreuil came out of the house. Montcalm stopped for a few words with him; then set spurs to his horse, and rode over the bridge of the St. Charles to the scene of danger. He rode with a fixed look, uttering not a word.

The army followed in such order as it might, crossed the bridge in hot haste, passed under the northern rampart of Quebec, entered at the palace gate, and pressed on in headlong march along the quaint narrow streets of the warlike town: troops of Indians in scalp-locks and war-paint, a savage glitter in their deep-set eyes; bands of Canadians whose all was at stake—faith, country, and home; the colony regulars; the battalions of old France, a torrent of white uniforms and gleaming bayonets, La Sarre, Languedoc, Roussillon, Béarn,—victors of Oswego, William Henry, and Ticonderoga. So they swept on, poured out upon the plain, some by the gate of St. Louis, and some by that of St. John, and hurried, breathless, to where the banners of Guienne still fluttered on the ridge.

Montcalm was amazed at what he saw. He had expected a detachment, and he found an army. Full in sight before him stretched the lines of Wolfe: the close ranks of the English infantry, a silent wall of red, and the wild array of the Highlanders, with their waving tartans, and bagpipes screaming defiance. Vaudreuil had not come; but not the less was felt the evil of a divided authority and the jealousy of the rival chiefs. Montcalm waited long for the forces he had ordered to join him from the left wing of the army. He waited in vain. It is said that the governor had detained them, lest the English should attack the Beauport shore. Even if they did so, and succeeded, the French might defy them, could they but put Wolfe to rout on the Plains of Abraham. Neither did the garrison of Quebec come to the aid of Montcalm. He sent to Ramesay, its commander, for twenty-five field-pieces which were on the palace battery. Ramesay would give him only three, saying that he wanted them for his own defence. There were orders and counter-orders; misunderstanding, haste, delay, perplexity.

Montcalm and his chief officers held a council of war. It is said that he and they alike were for immediate attack. His enemies declare that he was afraid lest Vaudreuil should arrive and take command; but the governor was not a man to assume responsibility at such a crisis. Others say that his impetuosity overcame his better judgment; and of this charge it is hard to acquit him. Bougainville was but a few miles distant, and some of his troops were much nearer; a messenger sent by way of Old Lorette could have reached him in an hour and a half at most, and a combined attack in front and rear might have been concerted with him. If, moreover, Montcalm could have come to an understanding with Vaudreuil, his own force might have been strengthened by two or three thousand additional men from the town and the camp of Beauport; but he felt that there was no time to lose, for he imagined that Wolfe would soon be reinforced, which was impossible, and he believed that the English were fortifying themselves, which was no less an error. He has been blamed not only for fighting too soon, but for fighting at all. In this he could not choose. Fight he must, for Wolfe was now in a position to cut off all his supplies. His men were full of ardor, and he resolved to attack before their ardor cooled. He spoke a few words to them in his keen, vehement way. "I remember very well how he looked," one of the Canadians, then a boy of eighteen, used to say in his old age; "he rode a black or dark bay horse along the front of our lines, brandishing his sword, as if to excite us to do our duty. He wore a coat with wide sleeves, which fell back as he raised his arm, and showed the white linen of the wristband."

The English waited the result with a composure which, if not quite real, was at least well feigned. The three field-pieces sent by Ramesay plied them with canister-shot, and fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians fusilladed them in front and flank. Over all the plain, from behind bushes and knolls and the edge of corn-fields, puffs of smoke sprang incessantly from the guns of these hidden marksmen. Skirmishers were thrown out before the lines to hold them in check, and the soldiers were ordered to lie on the grass to avoid the shot. The firing was liveliest on the English left, where bands of sharpshooters got under the edge of the declivity, among thickets, and behind scattered houses, whence they killed and wounded a considerable number of Townshend's men. The light infantry were called up from the rear. The houses were taken and retaken, and one or more of them was burned.

Wolfe was everywhere. How cool he was, and why his followers loved him, is shown by an incident that happened in the course of the morning. One of his captains was shot through the lungs; and on recovering consciousness he saw the general standing at his side. Wolfe pressed his hand, told him not to despair, praised his services, promised him early promotion, and sent an aide-de-camp to Monckton to beg that officer to keep the promise if he himself should fall.

It was towards ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the centre, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces, which had been dragged up the heights at Anse du Foulon, fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces, the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the centre, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon-shot.

Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed: the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown, of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered; "it's all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out: "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere!" "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

Montcalm, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives towards the town. As he approached the walls a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat; two soldiers supported him, one on each side, and led his horse through the St. Louis gate. On the open space within, among the excited crowd, were several women, drawn, no doubt, by eagerness to know the result of the fight. One of them recognized him, saw the streaming blood, and shrieked, "*O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le Marquis est tué!*" "It's nothing, it's nothing," replied the death-stricken man; "don't be troubled for me, my good friends." ("*Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien; ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.*")

George Henry Boker.

BORN in Philadelphia, Penn., 1823. DIED there, 1890.

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

[*Francesca Da Rimini: A Tragedy.—Plays and Poems.* 1856.]

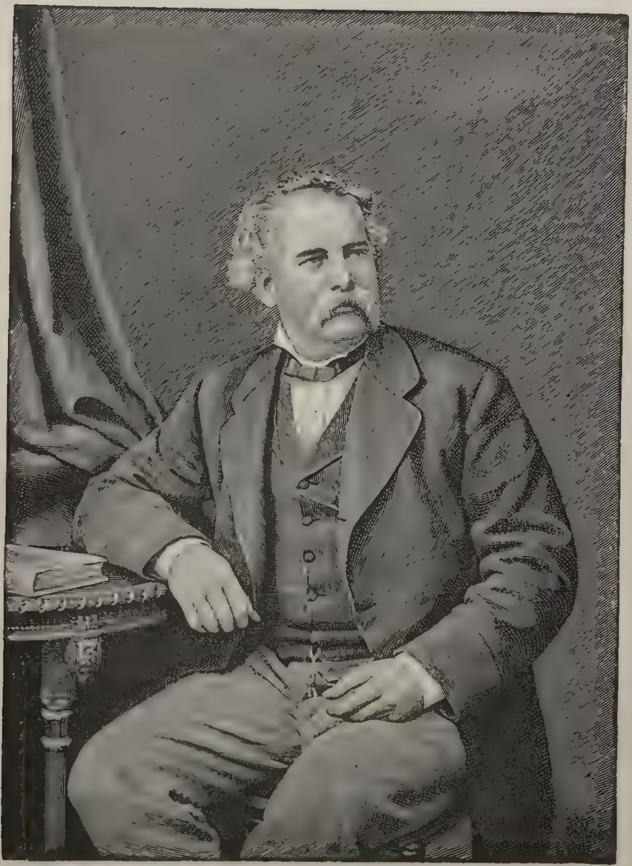
SCENE.—*Rimini. The Garden of the Castle.*

PAOLO. Our poem waits.
I have been reading while you talked with Ritta.
How did you get her off?
FRAN. By some device.
She will not come again.
PAOLO. I hate the girl:
She seems to stand between me and the light.
And now for the romance. Where left we off?
FRAN. Where Lancelot and Queen Guenevra strayed
Along the forest, in the youth of May.
You marked the figure of the birds that sang
Their melancholy farewell to the sun—
Rich in his loss, their sorrow glorified—
Like gentle mourners o'er a great man's grave.
Was it not there? No, no; 'twas where they sat
Down on the bank, by one impulsive wish
That neither uttered.
PAOLO. [*Turning over the book.*] Here it is. [*Reads.*]
"So sat
Guenevra and Sir Lancelot"—'Twere well
To follow them in that. [*They sit upon a bank.*]
FRAN. I listen: read.
Nay, do not; I can wait, if you desire.
PAOLO. My dagger frets me; let me take it off. [*Rises.*]
In thoughts of love, we'll lay our weapons by.
[*Lays aside his dagger, and sits again.*]
Draw closer: I am weak in voice to-day. [*Reads.*]
"So sat Guenevra and Sir Lancelot,
Under the blaze of the descending sun,
But all his cloudy splendors were forgot.
Each bore a thought, the only secret one,
Which each had hidden from the other's heart,
That with sweet mystery well-nigh overrun.
Anon, Sir Lancelot, with gentle start,
Put by the ripples of her golden hair,
Gazing upon her with his lips apart.
He marvelled human thing could be so fair;
Essayed to speak; but, in the very deed,
His words expired of self-betrayed despair.
Little she helped him, at his direst need,

Roving her eyes o'er hill, and wood, and sky,
Peering intently at the meanest weed;
Ay, doing aught but look in Lancelot's eye.
Then, with the small pique of her velvet shoe,
Uprooted she each herb that blossomed nigh;
Or strange wild figures in the dust she drew;
Until she felt Sir Lancelot's arm around
Her waist, upon her cheek his breath like dew.
While through his fingers timidly he wound
Her shining locks; and, haply, when he brushed
Her ivory skin, Guenevra nearly swound:
For where he touched, the quivering surface blushed,
Firing her blood with most contagious heat,
Till brow, cheek, neck, and bosom, all were flushed.
Each heart was listening to the other beat.
As twin-born lilies on one golden stalk,
Drooping with Summer, in warm languor meet,
So met their faces. Down the forest walk
Sir Lancelot looked—he looked east, west, north, south—
No soul was nigh, his dearest wish to balk:
She smiled; he kissed her full upon the mouth."
[*Kisses* FRANCESCA.]
I'll read no more! [*Starts up, dashing down the book.*]
FRAN. Paolo!
PAOLO. I am mad!
The torture of unnumbered hours is o'er,
The straining cord has broken, and my heart
Riots in free delirium! O, Heaven!
I struggled with it, but it mastered me!
I fought against it, but it beat me down!
I prayed, I wept, but Heaven was deaf to me;
And every tear rolled backward on my heart,
To blight and poison!
FRAN. And dost thou regret?
PAOLO. The love? No, no! I'd dare it all again,
Its direst agonies and meanest fears,
For that one kiss. Away with fond remorse!
Here, on the brink of ruin, we two stand;
Lock hands with me, and brave the fearful plunge!
Thou canst not name a terror so profound
That I will look or falter from. Be bold!
I know thy love—I knew it long ago—
Trembled and fled from it. But now I clasp
The peril to my breast, and ask of thee
A kindred desperation.
FRAN. [*Throwing herself into his arms.*] Take me all,—
Body and soul! The women of our clime
Do never give away but half a heart:
I have not part to give, part to withhold,
In selfish safety. When I saw thee first,
Riding alone amid a thousand men,

Sole in the lustre of thy majesty,
And Guido da Polenta said to me,
"Daughter, behold thy husband!" with a bound
My heart went forth to meet thee. He deceived,
He lied to me—ah! that's the aptest word—
And I believed. Shall I not turn again,
And meet him, craft with craft? Paolo, love,
Thou'rt dull—thou'rt dying like a feeble fire
Before the sunshine. Was it but a blaze,
A flash of glory, and a long, long night?
  PAOLO. No, darling, no! You could not bend me back;
My course is onward; but my heart is sick
With coming fears.
  FRAN. Away with them! Must I
Teach thee to love? and reinform the ear
Of thy spent passion with some sorcery
To raise the chilly dead?
  PAOLO. Thy lips have not
A sorcery to rouse me as this spell. [*Kisses her.*]
  FRAN. I give thy kisses back to thee again:
And, like a spendthrift, only ask of thee
To take while I can give.
  PAOLO. Give, give forever!
Have we not touched the height of human bliss?
And if the sharp rebound may hurl us back
Among the prostrate, did we not soar once?—
Taste heavenly nectar, banquet with the gods
On high Olympus? If they cast us, now,
Amid the furies, shall we not go down
With rich ambrosia clinging to our lips,
And richer memories settled in our hearts?
Francesca.
  FRAN. Love?
  PAOLO. The sun is sinking low
Upon the ashes of his fading pyre,
And gray possesses the eternal blue;
The evening star is stealing after him,
Fixed, like a beacon, on the prow of night;
The world is shutting up its heavy eye
Upon the stir and bustle of to-day;—
On what shall it awake?
  FRAN. On love that gives
Joy at all seasons, changes night to day,
Makes sorrow smile, plucks out the barbèd dart
Of moaning anguish, pours celestial balm
In all the gaping wounds of earth, and lulls
The nervous fancies of unsheltered fear
Into a slumber sweet as infancy's!
On love that laughs at the impending sword,
And puts aside the shield of caution: cries,
To all its enemies, "Come, strike me now!—

Now, while I hold my kingdom, while my crown
Of amaranth and myrtle is yet green,
Undimmed, unwithered; for I cannot tell
That I shall e'er be happier!" Dear Paolo
Would you lapse down from misery to death,
Tottering through sorrow and infirmity?
Or would you perish at a single blow,
Cut off amid your wildest revelry,
Falling among the wine-cups and the flowers,
And tasting Bacchus when your drowsy sense
First gazed around eternity? Come, love!
The present whispers joy to us; we'll hear
The voiceless future when its turn arrives.
PAOLO. Thou art a siren. Sing, forever sing!
Hearing thy voice, I cannot tell what fate
Thou hast provided when the song is o'er;—
But I will venture it.
FRAN. In, in, my love! [*Exeunt.*]
[PEPE *steals from behind the bushes.*]
PEPE. O, brother Lanciotto!—O, my stars!—
If this thing lasts, I simply shall go mad!
[*Laughs, and rolls on the ground.*]
O Lord! to think my pretty lady puss
Had tricks like this, and we ne'er know of it!
I tell you, Lanciotto, you and I
Must have a patent for our foolery!
"She smiled; he kissed her full upon the mouth!"—
There's the beginning, where's the end of it?
O poesy! debauch thee only once,
And thou'rt the greatest wanton in the world!
O cousin Lanciotto—ho, ho, ho! [*Laughing.*]
Can a man die of laughter? Here we sat;
Mistress Francesca so demure and calm;
Paolo grand, poetical, sublime!—
Eh! what is this? Paolo's dagger? Good!
Here is more proof, sweet cousin Broken-back.
"In thoughts of love, we'll lay our weapons by!"
[*Mimicking Paolo.*]
That's very pretty! Here's its counterpart:
In thoughts of hate, we'll pick them up again!
[*Takes the dagger.*]
Now for my soldier, now for crook-backed Mars!
Ere long all Rimini will be ablaze.
He'll kill me? Yes: what then? That's nothing new,
Except to me: I'll bear for custom's sake.
More blood will follow; like the royal sun,
I shall go down in purple. Fools for luck;
The proverb holds like iron. I must run,
Ere laughter smother me.—O, ho, ho, ho!
[*Exit, laughing.*]



Geo: H. Boker

TO ENGLAND.

LEAR and Cordelia! 'twas an ancient tale
  Before thy Shakespeare gave it deathless fame:
 The times have changed, the moral is the same.
 So like an outcast, dowerless, and pale,
Thy daughter went; and in a foreign gale
 Spread her young banner, till its sway became
 A wonder to the nations. Days of shame
 Are close upon thee: prophets raise their wail.
When the rude Cossack with an outstretched hand
 Points his long spear across the narrow sea,—
 "Lo! there is England!" when thy destiny
Storms on thy straw-crowned head, and thou dost stand
 Weak, helpless, mad, a by-word in the land,—
 God grant thy daughter a Cordelia be!

TO AMERICA.

WHAT, cringe to Europe! Band it all in one,
  Stilt its decrepit strength, renew its age,
 Wipe out its debts, contract a loan to wage
 Its venal battles—and, by yon bright sun,
Our God is false, and liberty undone,
 If slaves have power to win your heritage!
 Look on your country, God's appointed stage,
 Where man's vast mind its boundless course shall run:
For that it was your stormy coast He spread—
 A fear in winter; girded you about
 With granite hills, and made you strong and dread.
Let him who fears before the foemen shout,
 Or gives an inch before a vein has bled,
 Turn on himself, and let the traitor out!

THERE was a gay maiden lived down by the mill—
  Ferry me over the ferry—
Her hair was as bright as the waves of a rill,
When the sun on the brink of his setting stands still,
 Her lips were as full as a cherry.

A stranger came galloping over the hill—
 Ferry me over the ferry—

He gave her broad silver and gold for his will:
She glanced at the stranger, she glanced o'er the sill;
  The maiden was gentle and merry.

"O! what would you give for your virtue again?"—
  Ferry me over the ferry—
"O! silver and gold on your lordship I'd rain,
I'd double your pleasure, I'd double my pain,
  This moment forever to bury."

THE BLACK REGIMENT.

PORT HUDSON, 27 MAY, 1863.

[*Poems of the War.* 1864.]

DARK as the clouds of even,
  Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dread mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land;—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound,—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our old chains again!"
O, what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke,
Onward the bondmen broke;
Bayonet and sabre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh;
Or at the slippery brands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel,
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry,—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party shout:
They gave their spirits out;
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood.
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death.
Praying—alas! in vain!—
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty!
This was what "freedom" lent
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
O, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent
Scorn the black regiment.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY.

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

David Atwood Wasson.

Born in Brooksville, Me., 1823. **Died** at West Medford, Mass., 1887.

IDEALS.

[*Poems.* 1888.]

ANGELS of Growth, of old in that surprise
  Of your first vision, wild and sweet,
    I poured in passionate sighs
    My wish unwise
That ye descend my heart to meet—
    My heart so slow to rise.

Now thus I pray: Angelic be to hold
  In heaven your shining poise afar,
    And to my wishes bold
    Reply with cold
Sweet invitation, like a star
    Fixed in the heavens old.

Did ye descend, what were ye more than I?
  Is't not by this ye are divine—
    That, native to the sky,
    Ye cannot hie
Downward, and give low hearts the wine
    That should reward the high?

Weak, yet in weakness I no more complain
  Of your abiding in your places:
    Oh, still, howe'er my pain
    Wild prayers may rain,
Keep pure on high the perfect graces
    That stooping could but stain.

Not to content your lowness, but to lure
  And lift us to your angelhood,
    Do your surprises pure
    Dawn far and sure
Above the tumult of young blood,
    And starlike there endure.

Wait there! wait, and invite me while I climb;
  For, see, I come! but slow, but slow!
    Yet ever as your chime,
    Soft and sublime,
Lifts at my feet, they move, they go
    Up the great stair of Time.

1866.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

BORN in Cambridge, Mass., 1823.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

[*A Plea for Culture.—Atlantic Essays.* 1871.]

IT is observable that in English books and magazines everything seems written for some limited circle,—tales for those who can use French phrases, essays for those who can understand a Latin quotation. But every American writer must address himself to a vast audience, possessing the greatest quickness and common sense, with but little culture; and he must command their attention as he can. This has some admirable results; he must put some life into what he writes, or his thirty million auditors will go to sleep; he must write clearly, or they will cease to follow him; must keep clear of pedantry and unknown tongues, or they will turn to some one who can address them in English. On the other hand, these same conditions tempt one to accept a low standard of execution, to substitute artifice for art, and to disregard the more permanent verdict of more fastidious tribunals. The richest thought and the finest literary handling which America has yet produced—as of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau—reached at first but a small audience, and are but very gradually attaining a wider hold. Renan has said that every man's work is superficial, until he has learned to content himself with the approbation of a few. This is only one-half the truth; but it is the half which Americans find hardest to remember.

Yet American literature, though its full harvest be postponed for another hundred years, is sure to come to ripeness at last. Our national development in this direction, though slow, is perfectly healthy. There are many influences to retard, but none to distort. Even if the more ideal aims of the artist are treated with indifference, it is a frank indifference; there is no contempt, no jealousy, no call for petty manœuvres. No man is asked to flatter this vast audience; no man can succeed with it by flattering; it simply reserves its attention, and lets one obtain its ear if he can. When won, it is worth the winning,—generous in its confidence, noble in its rewards. There is abundant cause for strenuous effort among those who give their lives to the intellectual service of America, but there is no cause for fear. If we can only avoid incorporating superficiality into our institutions, literature will come when all is ready, and when it comes will be of the best. It is not enough to make England or France our standard. There is something in the present atmosphere of England which seems fatal to purely literary genius:

its fruits do not mature and mellow, but grow more and more acid until they drop. Give Ruskin space enough, and he grows frantic and beats the air like Carlyle. Thackeray was tinged with the same bitterness, but he was the last Englishman who could be said, in any artistic sense, to have a style; as Heine was the last German. The French seems the only prose literature of the present day in which the element of form has any prominent place; and literature in France is after all but a favored slave. This surely leaves a clear field for America.

But it is peculiarly important for us to remember that we can make no progress through affectation or spasm, but only by accepting the essential laws of art, which are the same for the whole human race. Any misconceived patronage—to call anything art merely because it interests us as being American—must react against us in the end. A certain point of culture once reached, we become citizens of the world. Art is higher than nations, older than many centuries; its code includes no local or partial provisions. No Paris Exposition is truly universal, compared with that vast gallery of Time to which nations and ages are but contributors. So far as circumstances excuse America from being yet amenable before this high tribunal, she is safe; but if she enters its jurisdiction, she must own its laws. Neither man nor nation can develop by defying traditions, but by first mastering and then remoulding them. That genius is feeble which cannot hold its own before the masterpieces of the world.

Above all other races and all other times, we should be full of hearty faith. It is but a few years since we heard it said that the age was dull and mean, and inspiration gone. A single gun-shot turned meanness to self-sacrifice, mercenary toil to the vigils of the camp and the transports of battle. It linked boyish and girlish life to new opportunities, sweeter self-devotions, more heroic endings; tied and loosed the threads of existence in profounder complications. That is all past now; but its results can never pass. The nation has found its true grandeur by war; but must retain it in peace.

Peace too has its infinite resources, after a nation has once become conscious of itself. It is impossible that human life should ever be utterly impoverished, and all the currents of American civilization now tend to its enrichment. This vast development of rudimentary intellect, this mingling of nationalities, these opportunities of books and travel, educate in this new race a thousand new susceptibilities. Then comes Passion, a hand straying freely through all the chords, and thrilling all with magic. We cannot exclude it, a forbidden guest. It re-creates itself in each generation, and bids art live. *Rouge gagne.* If the romance of life does not assert itself in safe and innocent ways, it finds its outlet with fatal certainty in guilt; as we see colorless Puritanism touched with scarlet splendor through the glass of Hawthorne. Every form of human life is romantic; every age may become classic. Lamentations, doubts, discouragements, all are wasted things. Everything is here, between these Atlantic and Pacific shores, save only the perfected utterance that comes with years. Between Shakespeare in his cradle and Shakespeare in Hamlet there was needed but an interval of time, and the same sublime condition is all that lies between the America of toil and the America of art.

THAT DROP OF NERVOUS FLUID.

[*From "The Murder of the Innocents."—Out-Door Papers.* 1863.]

IF we fail (which I do not expect, I assure you), we fail disastrously. If we succeed, if we bring up our vital and muscular developments into due proportion with our nervous energy, we shall have a race of men and women such as the world never saw. Dolorosus, when in the course of human events you are next invited to give a Fourth-of-July Oration, grasp at the opportunity, and take for your subject "Health." Tell your audience, when you rise to the accustomed flowers of rhetoric as the day wears on, that Health is the central luminary, of which all the stars that spangle the proud flag of our common country are but satellites; and close with a hint to the plumed emblem of our nation (pointing to the stuffed one which will probably be exhibited on the platform), that she should not henceforward confine her energies to the hatching of short-lived eaglets, but endeavor rather to educate a few full-grown birds.

As I take it, Nature said, some years since, "Thus far the English is my best race; but we have had Englishmen enough; now for another turning of the globe, and a further novelty. We need something with a little more buoyancy than the Englishman; let us lighten the structure even at some peril in the process. Put in one drop more of nervous fluid and make the American." With that drop, a new range of promise opened on the human race, and a lighter, finer, more highly organized type of mankind was born. But the promise must be fulfilled through unequalled dangers. With the new drop came new intoxication, new ardors, passions, ambitions, hopes, reactions, and despairs,—more daring, more invention, more disease, more insanity,—forgetfulness, at first, of the old, wholesome traditions of living, recklessness of sin and saleratus, loss of refreshing sleep and of the power of play. To surmount all this, we have got to fight the good fight, I assure you, Dolorosus. Nature is yet pledged to produce that finer type, and if we miss it, she will leave us to decay, like our predecessors,—whirl the globe over once more, and choose a new place for a new experiment.

"HEBE TURNED TO MAGDALEN."

[*Water-Lilies.—From the Same.*]

CONSIDER the lilies. All over our rural watercourses, at midsummer, float these cups of snow. They are Nature's symbols of coolness. They suggest to us the white garments of their Oriental worshippers. They come with the white roses, and prepare the way for the white lilies of the garden. The white doe of Rylstone and Andrew Marvell's fawn might fitly bathe amid their beauties. Yonder steep bank slopes down to the lakeside, one solid mass of pale pink laurel, but, once upon the water, a purer tint prevails. The pink fades into a lingering flush, and the white creature floats peerless, set in green without and gold within. That bright circle of stamens is the very ring with which the doges once wedded the Adriatic; Venice has lost it, but it dropped into the water-lily's bosom, and there it rests forever. So perfect in form, so redundant in beauty, so delicate, so spotless, so fragrant,—what presumptuous lover ever dared, in his most enamored hour, to liken his mistress to a water-lily? No human Blanche or Lilian was ever so fair as that. . . . .

After speaking of the various kindred of the water-lily, it would be wrong to leave our fragrant subject without due mention of its most magnificent, most lovely relative, at first claimed even as its twin sister, and classed as a Nymphæa. I once lived near neighbor to a Victoria Regia. Nothing in the world of vegetable existence has such a human interest. The charm is not in the mere size of the plant, which disappoints everybody, as Niagara does, when tried by that sole standard. The leaves of the Victoria, indeed, attain a diameter of six feet; the largest flowers, of twenty-three inches,—four times the size of the largest of our water-lilies. But it is not the measurements of the Victoria: it is its life which fascinates. It is not a thing merely of dimensions, nor merely of beauty, but a creature of vitality and motion. Those vast leaves expand and change almost visibly. They have been known to grow half an inch an hour, eight inches a day. Rising one day from the water, a mere clenched mass of yellow prickles, a leaf is transformed the next day to a crimson salver, gorgeously tinted on its upturned rim. Then it spreads into a raft of green, armed with long thorns, and supported by a framework of ribs and cross-pieces, an inch thick, and so substantial that the Brazil Indians, while gathering the seed-vessels, place their young children on the leaves;—*yrupe*, or water-platter, they call the accommodating plant. But even these expanding leaves are not the glory of the Victoria; the glory is in the opening of the flower.

I have sometimes looked in, for a passing moment, at the greenhouse, its dwelling-place, during the period of flowering, and then stayed for more than an hour, unable to leave the fascinating scene. After the strange flower-bud has reared its dark head from the placid tank, moving it a little, uneasily, like some imprisoned water-creature, it pauses for a moment in a sort of dumb despair. Then trembling again, and collecting all its powers, it thrusts open, with an indignant jerk, the rough calyx-leaves, and the beautiful disrobing begins. The firm, white, central cone, first so closely infolded, quivers a little, and swiftly, before your eyes, the first of the hundred petals detaches its delicate edges, and springs back, opening towards the water, while its white reflection opens to meet it from below. Many moments of repose follow,—you watch,—another petal trembles, detaches, springs open, and is still. Then another, and another, and another. Each movement is so quiet, yet so decided, so living, so human, that the radiant creature seems a Musidora of the water, and you almost blush with a sense of guilt, in gazing on that peerless privacy. As petal by petal slowly opens, there still stands the central cone of snow, a glacier, an alp, a jungfrau, while each avalanche of whiteness seems the last. Meanwhile a strange rich odor fills the air, and Nature seems to concentrate all fascinations and claim all senses for this jubilee of her darling.

So pass the enchanted moments of the evening, till the fair thing pauses at last, and remains for hours unchanged. In the morning, one by one, those white petals close again, shutting all their beauty in, and you watch through the short sleep for the period of waking. Can this bright transfigured creature appear again, in the same chaste loveliness? Your fancy can scarcely trust it, fearing some disastrous change; and your fancy is too true a prophet. Come again, after the second day's opening, and you start at the transformation which one hour has secretly produced. Can this be the virgin Victoria,—this thing of crimson passion, this pile of pink and yellow, relaxed, expanded, voluptuous, lolling languidly upon the water, never to rise again? In this short time every tint of every petal is transformed; it is gorgeous in beauty, but it is "Hebe turned to Magdalen."

DECORATION.

"MANIBUS O DATE LILIA PLENIS."

MID the flower-wreathed tombs I stand
Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades! in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest
With his colors 'round his breast?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine;
Garlands veil it; ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm,

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory,
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where Hope lay dead,

Than are hid within this tomb,
Where the untended grasses bloom;
And no stone, with feigned distress,
Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil,
Here lie buried; here in peace
Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

NEWPORT, R. I., *Decoration Day*, 1873.

THE MONARCH OF DREAMS.

[*The Monarch of Dreams.* 1887.]

> *Φάσμα δόξει δόμων ἀνάσσειν.*
> ÆSCHYLUS : *Agamemnon*, 391.

HE who forsakes the railways and goes wandering through the hill-country of New England, must adopt one rule as invariable. When he comes to a fork in the road, and is assured that both ways lead to the desired point, he must simply ask which road is the best; and, on its being pointed out, must at once take the other. Nothing can be easier than the explanation of this method. The passers-by will always recommend the new road, which keeps to the valley and avoids the hills; but the old road, deserted by the general public, ascends the steeper grades, and has a monopoly of the wider views.

Turning to the old road, you soon feel that both houses and men are, in a manner, stranded. They see very little of the world, and are under no stimulus to keep themselves in repair. You are wholly beyond the dreary sway of French roofs; and the caricatures of good Queen Anne's day are far from you. If any farm-house on the hill-road was really built within the reign of that much-abused potentate, it is probably a solid, square mansion of brick, three stories high, blackened with time, and frowning rather gloomily from some hilltop,—as essentially a part of the past as an Irish round-tower or a Scotch border-fortress. . .

It was in such a house that Francis Ayrault had finally taken up his abode, leaving behind him the old family homestead in a Rhode Island seaside town. A series of domestic cares and watchings had almost broken him down: nothing debilitates a man of strong nature like the too prolonged and exclusive exercise of the habit of sympathy. At last, when the very spot where he was born had been chosen as a site for a new railway-station, there seemed nothing more to retain him. He needed utter rest and change; and there was no one left on earth whom he profoundly loved, except a little sunbeam of a sister, the child of his father's second marriage. This little five-year-old girl, of whom he was sole guardian, had been christened by the quaint name of Hart, after an ancestor, Hart Ayrault, whose moss-covered tombstone the child had often explored with her little fingers, to trace the vanishing letters of her own name.

The two had arrived one morning from the nearest railway station to take possession of the old brick farm-house. Ayrault had spent the day in unpacking and in consultations with Cyrus Gerry,—the farmer from whom he had bought the place, and who was still to conduct all outdoor operations. The child, for her part, had compelled her old nurse

Thos. Wentworth Higginson

to follow her through every corner of the buildings. They were at last seated at an early supper, during which little Hart was too much absorbed in the novelty of wild red raspberries to notice, even in the most casual way, her brother's worn and exhausted look.

"Brother Frank," she incidentally remarked, as she began upon her second saucerful of berries, "I love you!"

"Thank you, darling," was his mechanical reply to the customary ebullition. She was silent for a time, absorbed in her pleasing pursuit, and then continued more specifically, "Brother Frank, you are the kindest person in the whole world! I am so glad we came here! May we stay here all winter? It must be lovely in the winter; and in the barn there is a little sled with only one runner gone. Brother Frank, I love you so much, I don't know what I shall do! I love you a thousand pounds, and fifteen, and eleven and a half, and more than tongue can tell besides! And there are three gray kittens,—only one of them is almost all white,—and Susan says I may bring them for you to see in the morning."

Half an hour later, the brilliant eyes were closed in slumber; the vigorous limbs lay in perfect repose; and the child slept that night in the little room inside her brother's, on the same bed that she had occupied ever since she had been left motherless. But her brother lay awake, absorbed in a project too fantastic to be talked about, yet which had really done more than anything else to bring him to that lonely house.

There has belonged to Rhode Islanders, ever since the days of Roger Williams, a certain taste for the ideal side of existence. It is the only State in the American Union where chief justices habitually write poetry, and prosperous manufacturers print essays on the Freedom of the Will. Perhaps, moreover, Francis Ayrault held something of these tendencies from a Huguenot ancestry, crossed with a strain of Quaker blood. At any rate it was there, and asserted itself at this crisis of his life. Being in a manner detached from almost all ties, he resolved to use his opportunity in a direction yet almost unexplored by man. His earthly joys being prostrate, he had resolved to make a mighty effort at self-concentration, and to render himself what no human being had ever yet been—the ruler of his own dreams.

Coming from a race of day-dreamers, Ayrault had inherited an unusual faculty of dreaming also by night; and, like all persons having an especial gift, he perhaps overestimated its importance. He easily convinced himself that no exertion of the intellect during wakeful hours can for an instant be compared with that we employ in dreams. The finest brain-structures of Shakespeare or Dante, he reasoned, are yet but such stuff as dreams are made of; and the stupidest rustic, the most untrained mind, will sometimes have, could they be but written out, visions that surpass those of these masters. . . . .

But Ayrault had been vexed, like all others, by the utter incongruity of successive dreams. This sublime navigation still waited, like that of balloon voyages, for a rudder. Dreams, he reasoned, plainly try to connect themselves. We all have the frequent experience of half-recognizing new situations or even whole trains of ideas. We have seen this view before; reached this point; struck in some way the exquisite chord of memory. When half-aroused, or sometimes even long after clear consciousness, we seem to draw a half-drowned image of association from the deep waters of the mind; then another, then another, until dreaming seems inseparably entangled with waking. Again, over nightly dreams we have at least a certain amount of negative control, sufficient to bring them to an end. . . . .

The thought had occurred to him, long since, at what point to apply his efforts for the control of his dreams. He had been quite fascinated, some time before, by a large photograph in a shop window, of the well-known fortress known as Mont Saint Michel, in Normandy. Its steepness, its airy height, its winding and returning stairways, its overhanging towers and machicolations, had struck him as appealing powerfully to that sense of the vertical, which is, for some reason or other, so peculiarly strong in dreams. We are rarely haunted by visions of plains; often of mountains. The sensation of uplifting or down-looking is one of our commonest nightly experiences. It seemed to Ayrault that by going to sleep with the vivid mental image in his brain of a sharp and superb altitude like that of Mont Saint Michel, he could avail himself of this magic, whatever it was, that lay in the vertical line. Casting himself off into the vast sphere of dreams, with the thread of his fancy attached to this fine image, he might risk what would next come to him; as a spider anchors his web and then floats away on it. In the silence of the first night at the farmhouse,—a stillness broken only by the answering cadence of two whippoorwills in the neighboring pine-wood, —Ayrault pondered long over the beautiful details of the photograph, and then went to sleep.

That night he was held, with the greatest vividness and mastery, in the grasp of a dream such as he had never before experienced. He found himself on the side of a green hill, so precipitous that he could only keep his position by lying at full length, clinging to the short soft grass, and imbedding his feet in the turf. There were clouds about him: he could see but a short distance in any direction, nor was any sign of a human being within sight. He was absolutely alone upon the dizzy slope, where he hardly dared to look up or down, and where it took all his concentration of effort to keep a position at all. Yet there was a kind of friendliness in the warm earth; a comfort and fragrance in the crushed herbage. The vision seemed to continue indefinitely; but at last he waked and it was clear day. He rose with a bewildered feeling, and went to little Hart's room. The child lay asleep, her round face tangled in her brown curls, and one plump, tanned arm stretched over her eyes. She waked at his step, and broke out into her customary sweet asseveration, "Brother Frank, I love you!"

Dismissing the child, he pondered on his first experiment. It had succeeded, surely, in so far as he had given something like a direction to his nightly thought. He could not doubt that it was the picture of Mont Saint Michel which had transported him to the steep hillside. That day he spent in the most restless anxiety to see if the dream would come again. Writing down all that he could remember of the previous night's vision, he studied again the photograph that had so touched his fancy, and then he closed his eyes. Again he found himself—at some time between night and morning—on the same high elevation, with the clouds around him. But this time the vapors lifted, and he could see that the hill stretched for an immeasurable distance on each side, always at the same steep slope. Everywhere it was covered with human beings,—men, women, and children,—all trying to pursue various semblances of occupations; but all clinging to the short grass. Sometimes, he thought—but this was not positive—that he saw one of them lose his hold and glide downwards. For this he cared strangely little; but he waked feverish, excited, trembling. At last his effort had succeeded: he had, by an effort of will, formed a connection between two dreams. . . . .

On the following night he grasped his dream once more. Again he found himself on the precipitous slope, this time looking off through clear air upon that line of detached mountain peaks, Wachusett, Monadnock, Moosilauke, which make the southern outposts of New England hills. In the valley lay pellucid lakes, set in summer beauty,—while he clung to his perilous hold. Presently there came a change; the mountain sank away softly beneath him, and the grassy slope remained a plain. The men and women, his former companions, had risen from their reclining postures and were variously busy; some of them even looked at him, but there was nothing said. Great spaces of time appeared to pass: suns rose and set. Sometimes one of the crowd would throw down his implements of labor, turn his face to the westward, walk swiftly away, and disappear. Yet some one else would take his place, so that the throng never perceptibly diminished. Ayrault began to feel rather unimportant in all this gathering, and the sensation was not agreeable.

On the succeeding night the hillside vanished, never to recur; but the vast plain remained, and the people. Over the wide landscape the sunbeams shed passing smiles of light, now here, now there. Where these shone for a moment, faces looked joyous, and Ayrault found, with surprise, that he could control the distribution of light and shade. This pleased him; it lifted him into conscious importance. There was, however, a singular want of all human relation in the tie between himself and all these people. He felt as if he had called them into being, which indeed he had; and could annihilate them at pleasure, which perhaps could not be so easily done. Meanwhile, there was a certain hardness in his state of mind toward them; indeed, why should a dreamer feel patience or charity or mercy toward those who exist but in his mind? Ayrault at any rate felt none; the sole thing which disturbed him was that they sometimes grew a little dim, as if they might vanish and leave him unaccompanied. When this happened, he drew with conscious volition a gleam of light over them, and thereby refreshed their life. They enhanced his weight in the universe: he would no more have parted with them than a Highland chief with his clansmen.

For several nights after this he did not dream. Little Hart became ill and his mind was preoccupied. He had to send for physicians, to give medicine, to be up with the child at night. . . . Then, with the rapidity of childish convalescence, she grew well again; and he found with joy that he could resume the thread of his dream-life.

Again he was on his boundless plain, with his circle of silent allies around him. Suddenly they all vanished, and there rose before him, as if built out of the atmosphere, a vast building, which he entered. It included all structures in one,—legislative halls where men were assembled by hundreds, waiting for him; libraries, where all the books belonged to him, and whole alcoves were filled with his own publications; galleries of art, where he had painted many of the pictures, and selected the rest. Doors and corridors led to private apartments; lines of obsequious servants stood for him to pass. There seemed no other proprietor, no guests; all was for him; all flattered his individual greatness. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was painfully alone. Then he began to pass eagerly from hall to hall, seeking an equal companion, but in vain. Wherever he went, there was a trace of some one just vanished,—a book laid down, a curtain still waving. Once he fairly came, he thought, upon the object of his pursuit; all retreat was cut off, and he found himself face to face with a mirror that reflected back to him only his own features. They had never looked to him less attractive.

Ayrault's control of his visions became plainly more complete with practice, at least as to their early stages. He could lie down to sleep with almost a perfect certainty that he should begin where he left off. Beyond this, alas! he was powerless. Night after night he was in the same palace, but always differently occupied, and always pursuing, with unabated energy, some new vocation. Sometimes the books were at his command, and he grappled with whole alcoves; sometimes he ruled a listening senate in the halls of legislation; but the peculiarity was, that there were always menials and subordinates about him, never an equal. One night, in looking over these obsequious crowds, he made a startling discovery. They either had originally, or were acquiring, a strange resemblance to one another, and to some person whom he had somewhere seen. All the next day, in his waking hours, this thought haunted him. The next night it flashed upon him that the person whom they all so closely resembled, with a likeness that now amounted to absolute identity, was himself.

From the moment of this discovery, these figures multiplied; they assumed a mocking, taunting, defiant aspect. The thought was almost more than he could bear, that there was around him a whole world of innumerable and uncontrollable beings, every one of whom was Francis Ayrault. As if this were not sufficient, they all began visibly to duplicate themselves before his eyes. The confusion was terrific. Figures divided themselves into twins, laughing at each other, jeering, running races, measuring heights, actually playing leap-frog with one another. Worst of all, each one of these had as much apparent claim to his personality as he himself possessed. He could no more retain his individual hold upon his consciousness than the infusorial animalcule in a drop of water can know to which of its subdivided parts the original individuality attaches. It became insufferable, and by a mighty effort he waked.

The next day, after breakfast, old Susan sought an interview with Ayrault, and taxed him roundly with neglect of little Hart's condition. Since her former illness she never had been quite the same; she was growing pale and thin. As her brother no longer played with her, she only moped about with her kitten, and talked to herself. It touched Ayrault's heart. He took pains to be with the child that day, carried her for a long drive, and went to see her Guinea hen's eggs. That night he kept her up later than usual, instead of hurrying her off as had become his wont; he really found himself shrinking from the dream-world he had with such effort created. The most timid and shy person can hardly hesitate more about venturing among a crowd of strangers than Francis Ayrault recoiled, that evening, from the thought of this mob of intrusive persons, every one of whom reflected his own image. Gladly would he have undone the past, and swept them all away forever. But the shrinking was all on one side: the moment he sank to sleep, they all crowded upon him, laughing, frolicking, claiming detestable intimacy. No one among strangers ever longed for a friendly face, as he, among these intolerable duplicates, longed for the sight of a stranger. It was worse yet when the images grew smaller and smaller, until they had shrunk to a pin's length. He found himself trying with all his strength of will to keep them at their ampler size, with only the effect that they presently became no larger than the heads of pins. Yet his own individuality was still so distributed among them that it could not be distinguished from them; but he found himself merged in this crowd of little creatures an eighth of an inch long. . . . .

Having long since fallen out of the way of action, or at best grown satisfied to imagine enterprises and leave others to execute them, he now, more than ever, drifted on from day to day. There had been a strike at the neighboring manufacturing village, and there was to be a public meeting, at which he was besought, as a person not identified with either party, to be present, and throw his influence for peace. It touched him, and he meant to attend. He even thought of a few things, which, if said, might do good; then forgot the day of the meeting, and rode ten miles in another direction. Again, when at the little post-office one day, he was asked by the postmaster to translate several letters in the French language, addressed to that official, and coming from an unknown village in Canada. They proved to contain anxious inquiries as to the whereabouts of a handsome young French girl, whom Ayrault had occasionally met driving about in what seemed doubtful company. His sympathy was thoroughly aroused by the anxiety of the poor parents, from whom the letters came. He answered them himself, promising to interfere in behalf of the girl; delayed, day by day, to fulfil the promise; and, when he at last looked for her, she was not to be found. Yet, while his power of efficient action waned, his dream-power increased. His little people were busier about him than ever, though he controlled them less and less. He was Gulliver bound and fettered by Lilliputians.

But a more stirring appeal was on its way to him. The storm of the Civil War began to roll among the hills; regiments were recruited, camps were formed. The excitement reached the benumbed energies of Ayrault. Never, indeed, had he felt such a thrill. The old Huguenot pulse beat strongly within him. For days, and even nights, these thoughts possessed his mind, and his dreams utterly vanished. Then there was a lull in the excitement; recruiting stopped, and his nightly habit of confusing visions set in again with dreary monotony. Then there was a fresh call for troops. An old friend of Ayrault's came to a neighboring village, and held a noonday meeting in one of the churches to recruit a company. Ayrault listened with absorbed interest to the rousing appeal, and, when recruits were called for, was the first to rise. It turned out that the matter could not be at once consummated, as the proper papers were not there. Other young men from the neighborhood followed Ayrault's example, and it was arranged that they should all go to the city for regular enlistment the next day. All that afternoon was spent in preparations, and in talking with other eager volunteers, who seemed to look to Ayrault as their head. It was understood, they told him, that he would probably be an officer in the company. He felt himself a changed being; he was as if floating in air, and ready to swim off to some new planet. What had he now to do with that pale dreamer who had nourished his absurd imaginings until he had barely escaped being controlled by them? When they crossed his mind it was only to make him thank God for his escape. He flung wide the windows of his chamber. He hated the very sight of the scene where his proud vision had been fulfilled, and he had been Monarch of Dreams. No matter: he was now free, and the spell was broken. Life, action, duty, honor, a redeemed nation, lay before him; all entanglements were cut away.

That evening there went through the little village a summons that opened the door of every house. A young man galloped out from the city, waking the echoes of the hills with his somewhat untutored bugle-notes, as he dashed along. Riding from house to house of those who had pledged themselves, he told the news. There had been a great defeat; reënforcements had been summoned instantly; and the half-organized regiment, undrilled, unarmed, not even uniformed, was ordered to proceed that night to the front, and replace in the forts round Washington other levies that were a shade less raw. Every man desiring to enlist must come instantly; yet, as before daybreak the regiment would pass by special train on the railway that led through the village, those in that vicinity might join it at the station, and have still a few hours at home. They were hurried hours for Ayrault, and toward midnight he threw himself on his bed for a moment's repose, having left strict orders for his awakening. He gave not one thought to his world of visions; had he done so, it would have only been to rejoice that he had eluded them forever.

Let a man at any moment attempt his best, and his life will still be at least half made up of the accumulated results of past action. Never had Ayrault seemed so absolutely safe from the gathered crowd of his own delusions: never had they come upon him with a power so terrific. Again he was in those stately halls which his imagination had so laboriously built up; again the mob of unreal beings came around him, each more himself than he was. Ayrault was beset, encircled, overwhelmed; he was in a manner lost in the crowd of himself. . . . . .

In the midst of this tumultuous dreaming, came confused sounds from without. There was the rolling of railway wheels, the scream of locomotive engines, the beating of drums, the cheers of men, the report and glare of fireworks. Mingled with all, there came the repeated sound of knocking at his own door, which he had locked, from mere force of habit, ere he lay down. The sounds seemed only to rouse into new tumult the figures of his dream. These suddenly began to increase steadily in size, even as they had before diminished; and the waxing was more fearful than the waning. From being Gulliver among the Lilliputians, Ayrault was Gulliver in Brobdingnag. Each image of himself, before diminutive, became colossal: they blocked his path; he actually could not find himself, could not tell which was he that should arouse himself in their vast and endless self-multiplication. He became vaguely conscious, amidst the bewilderment, that the shouts in the village were subsiding, the illuminations growing dark; and the train with its young soldiers was again in motion, throbbing and resounding among the hills, and bearing the lost opportunity of his life away—away—away.

"SINCE CLEOPATRA DIED."

"Since Cleopatra died
I have lived in such dishonor, that the world
Doth wonder at my baseness."

"SINCE Cleopatra died!" Long years are past,
In Antony's fancy, since the deed was done.
Love counts its epochs, not from sun to sun,
But by the heart-throb. Mercilessly fast
Time has swept onward since she looked her last
On life, a queen. For him the sands have run
Whole ages through their glass, and kings have won
And lost their empires o'er earth's surface vast
Since Cleopatra died. Ah! Love and Pain
Make their own measure of all things that be.
No clock's slow ticking marks their deathless strain;
The life they own is not the life we see;
Love's single moment is eternity;
Eternity, a thought in Shakespeare's brain.

1888.

A SONG OF DAYS.

O RADIANT summer day
Whose air, sweet air, steals on from flower to flower,
Could'st thou not yield one hour
When the glad heart says "This alone is May"?

O passionate earthly love
Whose tremulous pulse beats on to life's best boon,

Could'st thou not give one noon,
One noon of noons, all other bliss above ?

O solemn human life
Whose nobler longings bid all conflict cease,
Grant but one day's deep peace
Beyond the utmost rumor of all strife.

For if no joy can stay,
Let it at least yield one consummate bloom,
Or else there is no room
To find delight in love or life or May.

1887.

EVERY WOMAN'S RIGHT.

[*Common Sense about Women.* 1882.]

AS the older arguments against woman suffrage are abandoned, we hear more and more of the final objection, that the majority of women have not yet expressed themselves on the subject. It is common for such reasoners to make the remark, that if they knew a given number of women—say fifty, or a hundred, or five hundred—who honestly wished to vote, they would favor it. Produce that number of unimpeachable names, and they say that they have reconsidered the matter, and must demand more,—perhaps ten thousand. Bring ten thousand, and the demand again rises. "Prove that the majority of women wish to vote, and they shall vote."—"Precisely," we say: "give us a chance to prove it by taking a vote;" and they answer, "By no means."

And, in a certain sense, they are right. It ought not to be settled that way,—by dealing with woman as a class, and taking the vote. The agitators do not merely claim the right of suffrage for her as a class: they claim it for each individual woman, without reference to any other. Class legislation—as Mary Ann in Bret Harte's "Lothaw" says of Brook Farm—"is a thing of the past." If there is only one woman in the nation who claims the right to vote, she ought to have it. . . .

Our community does not refuse permission for women to go unveiled till it is proved that the majority of women desire it; it does not even ask that question: if one woman wishes to show her face, it is allowed. If a woman wishes to travel alone, to walk the streets alone, the police protects her in that liberty. She is not thrust back into her house with the reproof, "My dear madam, at this particular moment the overwhelming majority of women are in-doors: prove that they all wish to come out, and you shall come." On the contrary, she comes forth at her own sweet will: the policeman helps her tenderly across the street, and waves back with imperial gesture the obtrusive coal-cart. Some of us claim for each individual woman, in the same way, not merely the right to go shopping, but to go voting; not merely to show her face, but to show her hand.

There will always be many women, as there are many men, who are indifferent to voting. For a time, perhaps always, there will be a larger percentage of this indifference among women. But the natural right to a share in the government under which one lives, and to a voice in making the laws under which one may be hanged,—this belongs to each woman as an individual; and she is quite right to claim it as she needs it, even though the majority of her sex still prefer to take their chance of the penalty, without perplexing themselves about the law. The demand of every enlightened woman who asks for the ballot—like the demand of every enlightened slave for freedom—is an individual demand; and the question whether they represent the majority of their class has nothing to do with it. For a republic like ours does not profess to deal with classes, but with individuals; since "the whole people covenants with each citizen, and each citizen with the whole people, for the common good," as the constitution of Massachusetts says.

WAITING FOR THE BUGLE.

WE wait for the bugle; the night-dews are cold,
The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old,
The field of our bivouac is windy and bare,
There is lead in our joints, there is frost in our hair.
The future is veiled and its fortunes unknown
As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown.

At the sound of that bugle each comrade shall spring
Like an arrow released from the strain of the string.
The courage, the impulse of youth shall come back
To banish the chill of the drear bivouac,
And sorrows and losses and cares fade away
When that life-giving signal proclaims the new day.

Though the bivouac of age may put ice in our veins,
And no fibre of steel in our sinew remains;
Though the comrades of yesterday's march are not here,
And the sunlight seems pale and the branches are sere,
Though the sound of our cheering dies down to a moan,
We shall find our lost youth when the bugle is blown.

1888.

Elizabeth Drew Barstow Stoddard.

BORN in Mattapoisett, Mass., 1823.

MERCEDES.

UNDER a sultry, yellow sky,
On the yellow sand I lie;
The crinkled vapors smite my brain,
I smoulder in a fiery pain.

Above the crags the condor flies,—
He knows where the red gold lies,
He knows where the diamonds shine:
If I knew, would she be mine?

Mercedes in her hammock swings,—
In her court a palm-tree flings
Its slender shadow on the ground,
The fountain falls with silver sound.

Her lips are like this cactus cup,—
With my hand I crush it up,
I tear its flaming leaves apart:—
Would that I could tear her heart!

Last night a man was at her gate;
In the hedge I lay in wait;
I saw Mercedes meet him there,
By the fire-flies in her hair.

I waited till the break of day,
Then I rose and stole away;
But left my dagger in her gate:—
Now she knows her lover's fate.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

I FEEL the breath of the summer night,
Aromatic fire;
The trees, the vines, the flowers are astir
With tender desire.

The white moths flutter about the lamp,
Enamored with light;
And a thousand creatures softly sing
A song to the night.

But I am alone, and how can I sing
Praises to thee?
Come, Night! unveil the beautiful soul
That waiteth for me.

UNRETURNING.

NOW all the flowers that ornament the grass,
Wherever meadows are and placid brooks,
Must fall—the "glory of the grass" must fall.
Year after year I see them sprout and spread—
The golden, glossy, tossing buttercups,
The tall, straight daisies and red clover globes,
The swinging bellwort and the blue-eyed blade,
With nameless plants as perfect in their hues—
Perfect in root and branch, their plan of life,
As if the intention of a soul were there:
I see them flourish as I see them fall!

But he, who once was growing with the grass,
And blooming with the flowers, my little son,
Fell, withered—dead, nor has revived again!
Perfect and lovely, needful to my sight,
Why comes he not to ornament my days?
The barren fields forget their barrenness,
The soulless earth mates with these soulless things,
Why should I not obtain my recompense?
The budding spring should bring, or summer's prime,
At least a vision of the vanished child,
And let his heart commune with mine again,
Though in a dream—his life was but a dream;
Then might I wait with patient cheerfulness—
That cheerfulness which keeps one's tears unshed
And blinds the eyes with pain—the passage slow
Of other seasons, and be still and cold
As the earth is when shrouded in the snow,
Or passive, like it, when the boughs are stripped
In autumn, and the leaves roll everywhere.

And he should go again; for winter's snows,
And autumn's melancholy voice, in winds,
In waters, and in woods, belong to me—
To me, a faded soul; for, as I said,
The sense of all his beauty—sweetness—comes
When blossoms are the sweetest; when the sea,
Sparkling and blue, cries to the sun in joy,
Or, silent, pale, and misty waits the night,
Till the moon, pushing through the veiling cloud,

Hangs naked in its heaving solitude:
When feathery pines wave up and down the shore,
And the vast deep above holds gentle stars,
And the vast world beneath hides him from me!

A WRECK ON THE WHITE FLAT.

[*Temple House. A Novel.* 1867.—*Republished,* 1888.]

THOUGH the storm raged the next morning, as storm had not raged for years, Argus remained in the green room, and pored over the book of plays, so well remembered by Virginia. About noon Mat Sutcliffe burst in, with his tarpaulin jammed over his head, and carrying an immense spy-glass in a canvas case. His tidings did not astonish Argus. A vessel putting into the bay the night before had dragged her anchors and struck on the White Flat; her flag was flying from the rigging, and there were men there; it being low water when she struck, her quarter deck might afford temporary safety, provided the cold did not increase and freeze the crew to death.

"What is the town doing, Mat?" asked Roxalana.

"A great many people are out doing nothing. They are on the wharves, on the top of King's Hill, the hair blowing off their heads, and, I believe, there's a gang along shore somewhere," he replied.

"No boat can live if put out," said Argus. "How low down the bar did the vessel drive on?"

"As near to Bass Headland as can be. If the wind would chop round, somebody might get out there."

"So the sailors must drown," cried Tempe, notwithstanding she had put her fingers in her ears, not to hear. "I'll shut myself up in the cellar till it is all over."

"I thought," continued Mat, looking hard at Argus, "it might be best to look at the shingle below here; the ice is about gone there. If we could start under the lee of Bass Headland a boat might slant—"

Argus gave such a shrug and grimace that Mat suddenly stopped, and without another word abruptly left the room.

"Argus," said Roxalana, with great composure, "I shall not get you a mouthful of dinner to-day."

"I trust you will consent to do your share in disposing of the poor corpses," added Tempe sharply.

For reply, Argus rose, book in hand, opened the shutter of the window towards the quay, sat down by it, and went on with his comedy. . . . .

Mat came in late in the afternoon, with as little ceremony as before, and said roughly to Argus, "You are wanted."

"I won't go."

"Captain, if we don't get across within twelve hours, every soul on board that vessel now will be in hell."

"I supposed so."

"She's bilged, and the White Flat begins to hug her. It's flood tide, and the waves must be washing the main deck; a few hours of that work will settle their hash."

"What's doing with the life-boat?"

"The loons have tried to launch her, but there's something wrong, and they are trying to tinker her up. The will of folks is good enough, but they can't get out there,—that's the long and short on't. Bill Bayley swore he'd go out alone; his cock-boat swamped, first thing, and they had to throw him a rope. He swore at the man who threw it,—at the boat,—at the bay,—the wreck,—and the Almighty, and then he cried. I never liked Bill so well."

Mat spit into the fire furiously, and stumped round the room, a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other, his trousers settling over the hips in spite of his tight leather belt. He was growing frantic with excitement.

Argus laughed.

Mat made an energetic, beseeching motion towards the door; he would have put up his soul for sale for the sake of seeing Argus move with the intention he wished to inspire him with. Argus turned back his sleeves, baring a snow-white wrist, and abstractedly felt his pulse and the muscles of his arms.

"Push ahead," he said.

"Aye, aye, sir," Mat shouted, turning very pale, and lurching towards the door.

"Stop; where is Roxalana?"

"Roxalana!" Mat shouted.

"What is it, Mat?" she answered, coming with a bottle.

"Yes; give us a dram, old girl," continued Mat, utterly oblivious of the proprieties.

Argus laughed again, and asked for his Mackintosh.

"Now then," said Mat, having swallowed nearly a tumbler of brandy. Argus drank a little, and poured the rest of the bottle into a flask which he buttoned inside his coat. Tempe ran down to the door as they passed out, and Argus looking back called out:

"Where is your crape veil, Tempe?"

"Where the courage of Kent is,—shut up in a band-box," she answered.

Roxalana, after gazing at her a moment, took her by the arm, and dragged her into the green room.

"I believe," she said, in a breathless undertone, "that you are possessed sometimes. Do you know that your uncle Argus may have gone for his shroud?"

"Was that why he inquired for the veil?"

"Could you choose no other moment to express your insensibility? Are you never to be anything but a child?"

"Mother, you must be crazy. You don't mean to say that you are going to protest against the Gates character,—as *I* represent it?"

Roxalana said no more, but went her way, feeling a painful excitement. She replenished the fires, hung kettles of water over them, collected blankets, cordials, and liquors, and then went to the kitchen to bake bread.

Twilight brought Mary Sutcliffe and her youngest boys. Dumping them in a corner of the kitchen as if they were sacks, and threatening them with a whipping if they moved, she rolled up her sleeves, and said that she thought the fathers of families had better stay at home, instead of risking themselves to save nobody knew who. Another boat had started since Mat had got under way, and she guessed the wreck would turn out to be a great cry and little wool; she did not think there would be much drowning this time. She wondered if the good folks in Kent had stirred themselves,—your religious Drakes, and your pious Brandes, and the rest of the church.

"Hold your tongue, Mary Sutcliffe," ordered Tempe.

Then Mary whimpered, sobbed, and shrieked, declaring she had known all along she should never set eyes on Mat Sutcliffe again, who was well enough, considering what he was. And who else would have done what he was doing? and she gloried in his spunk. Drying her eyes with her fat hands, and shaking out her apron, she begged Roxalana to let her make the bread, and put the house to rights,—in case there were bodies coming in.

"Do, Mrs. Gates," she pleaded; "I feel as strong as a giant to-night; I can wrestle with any amount of work."

"If you will stop whining, Mary, I will accept your services; for, to tell the truth, my head is not very clear just now; I am afraid I may spoil something."

"Likely as not," replied Mary; "go right into your sitting-room, sit down in your own chair, and you'll come to. It won't do for you, of all persons, to be upset, Mrs. Gates."

Roxalana was quite ready to act upon Mary's suggestion. Death was near, and she felt it. After dark Mary began to walk about,—to the alley, and into the garden, and report what she saw and heard. She ran down to the quay once, but came back scared and subdued at the sight of the angry solitude of the hoarse, black sea, though she shook her impotent fist at it with indignation.

Roxalana felt a relief when Virginia Brande came down from the Forge, enveloped in a plaid cloak. She had ventured at last to come by the path, the moment she heard that Captain Gates was making an attempt to get to the wreck. Her mother was so frightened and ill about it, that Chloe and herself were obliged to make representations of the necessity for help in Kent from every hand and heart, before she consented to spare her. The Forge was deserted; her father had gone into town with the intention of offering a reward to the man who should first reach the wreck. Mary Sutcliffe, hearing this, cried:

"And I suppose old Drake has offered as much again,—hasn't he? Wouldn't I like to see Mr. Mat Sutcliffe Esquire handling that reward? I wish somebody would pay me for doing my duty. I'd put the money right into the contribution box at Mr. Brande's church. Oh, yes, don't I see myself doing it."

"Mary," said Virginia, "you are talking nonsense. Please find some hair-pins; mine must have dropped along the path."

She removed the cloak-hood, and her hair tumbled in a mass down her shoulders; she could have hid herself in it.

"Goodness me!" cried Mary, "what splendid hair you've got; I never thought of it before. It is as black as the sky was just now on the quay."

"Have you been to the quay?" asked Roxalana. "Do content yourself within doors. Where is Tempe? . . . Tell her that Virginia Brande is here."

Tempe fell into a fit of weeping and laughing the moment she saw Virginia, which was ended by a dead faint.

At last the boat was launched. Argus and Mat were afloat; so much was gained, and Argus thought the danger was preferable to the labor they had undergone in getting ready to risk their lives. The gloomy twilight, spreading from the east, dropped along the shore, while they were dragging, pushing, and lifting the boat over the shingle, slush, and into the opposing sea.

"Hell-bent be it!" said Mat, apostrophizing the waves, "if you say so. You are not alone, my friends."

Mat seemed a part of the storm; his spirits were in a wild commotion, his clothes were torn and soggy with brine, and his hands were gashed and bloody. Argus had lost his cap, and broken his oar; he bound his head with Mat's woolen comforter, jammed his shoulder against the gunwale, and used the shortened oar with much composure. They did not make much headway; the boat appeared to be riding in all directions in the roar and foam of the sea; darkness pressed upon them, and shut them between the low-hanging sky and the shaking plain of water. In the midst of his silent, measured, energetic action the thoughts of Argus drifted idly back to the trifling events of his life; a new and surprising charm was added to them; they were as bright, quiet, and warm as the golden dust of a summer sunset which touches everything as it vanishes.

Mat swore at the top of his voice, that the wind was more nor'ard, and it would be an even chance about beating back—or not. Argus looked up, and saw a circular break in the clouds, but said nothing.

"By the crucifix," cried Mat, throwing himself forward, "I heard a yell. Where away are we? We are shoaling!"

Argus plunged his hands into the water from the stern sheets; it felt like the wrinkled, hideous flesh of a monster, trying to creep away.

"We are under lee, or there is a lull, for the water don't break," he said.

"If the moon was out we should see the White Flat. I reckon we are on the tongue of the bar, and the vessel has struck below. Her hull must be sunk ten feet by this time, and her shrouds and spars are washed off; that yell will not be heard again."

"Damn 'em," said Mat savagely, "if they have drowned afore ever we could reach 'em, I'll take 'em dead, carry every mother's son of 'em to Kent, and bury 'em against their wills."

The endless, steady-going rockers which slid under them from the bay outside tossed the boat no longer; the wind ceased to smite their faces, but tore overhead and ripped the clouds apart. The moon rolled out, and to the right they saw the ghastly, narrow crest of the White Flat. A mass of spume on their left which hissed madly proved what Argus had said, that they were close to the end of the bar. Within the limits of the moonlight they saw nothing. In the bewildering, darkling illumination of the shattering water around them they were alone.

"If she's parted," continued Mat, "something might wash this way; her gear at least. I'd like to catch a cabin door, or an article to that effect; it might come handy."

Argus did not hear him, for he was overboard. Missing him, Mat gave way for a moment; he felt the keel shove resisting sand, and remained passive, merely muttering, "I'm blasted, but she may drive."

Argus had seen, or thought he had, to the right of the boat, some object dipping in and out of the water and making towards them. He met it coming sideways, where the water was just below his breast: missed a hold of it, struggled for it, the shifting bottom impeding his footway, and the water battling against his head and arms, till rearing itself up and stranding on the beach, he stumbled and fell beside it exhausted.

Raising himself on his hands and knees, he brought his face close to two persons, a man and a woman, fastened together by the embrace of death. The woman's face was upturned; its white oval, wet and glistening, shed a horrid light; the repeated blows of the murderous waves had tangled and spread her long hair over her. Tears of rage rushed into Argus's eyes when he saw that it had been half torn from its roots. Her arms were round the man's head; her hands clutched his temples; his face was so tightly pressed into her bosom that Argus instinctively believed he was still alive in a stifled swoon. *She* was dead. Take her lover away from that breast of stone, Argus, let him not see those open lips—no longer the crimson gates to the fiery hours of his enjoyment, nor let him feel those poor bruised fingers clenching his brain; those delicate stems of the will are powerless to creep round his heart! May Satan of the remorseless deep alone be destined to know and remember the last hour of this woman's passion, despair, and sacrifice!

Argus rose to his feet, wondering why he saw so clearly, and possessed with an idea which was a mad one, perhaps, but which allied him, in greatness of soul, to the woman before him. He was still confused, and had forgotten where Mat and the boat were, but Mat had seen his dark figure rising against the sky, and was ploughing through the sand with the intention of remonstrating with Argus, on the impossibility of ever getting it off again. But when he came up behind him, there was something in his attitude—a familiar one—which imposed his respectful attention. Mat bent over the bodies silently, and touched them with his foot.

"She is dead?" interrogated Argus.

"Never will be more so."

"This man is alive. Lift his head. I am out of breath. The wind is going down, and we can run him back easy."

"It may raly be called pleasant. *There now I have got you, safe enough from her.* God! She put on shirt and trousers to jump overboard with him, swapping deaths, and getting nothing to boot. He is limber; give me the brandy and let's warm up the boy."

"Here," said Argus, in a suppressed voice, "pour it down, quick. Have you a lashing? I should like to put her out of sight; one of the ballast stones will do. Help me to carry her to the other side of the bar; the deep water will cover her."

Mat pretended to be too busy to hear.

"Crazier than ever," he muttered. "I might have known his damned crankiness would bile out somewhere."

Argus wrapped the poor girl in his Mackintosh, and staggered towards

Elizabeth Stoddard

the boat carrying her; there was no help against it, and Mat rose to his assistance. In a moment or two she was buried in the grave she had so terribly resisted.

The gale was nearly spent, and Mat ventured to hoist the sail. Argus tumbled the still insensible man into the boat by the head and heels, and they ran across the harbor, landing at the quay below the house. Mary was there before the boat was tied to a spile.

"How are you off for elbow-grease?" cried Mat. "Put the lantern down, and jump in; here's a bundle for you to take up to the house. Capen and I are clean gone, I tell you. I've lost the rims of my ears, and expect to leave a few toes in these 'ere boots when I pull em off. Come, quick."

Without a word she lifted the man from the bottom of the boat, and, with Mat's help, clambered up the wharf, and took him into the house. Tempe ran shrieking when she saw him stretched on the floor before the fire, in the greenroom. Roxalana sat rigid, nailed to her chair, incapable of motion at the sight; Virginia and Mary were collected. Mat adroitly peeled off a portion of his wet clothes, and told Mary to rub him like damnation. It was a long time before he gave sign of life. At the first choking breath Mat poured some brandy over his face and neck; he rose galvanically to a sitting posture, and fell back again, to all appearance dead. But Mat declared he was all right, and went out to change his own wet clothes for dry ones. Virginia looked up at Argus, convinced herself that the man was saved.

"Take care of me, if you please," he said. "I want two bottles of brandy, and a dry shirt. How are you, Roxalana?"

At the sound of his voice she turned in her chair. Mat returned with his arms full of clothes for Argus, and asked her if she would be good enough to step out with Virginia, and go to bed. There wasn't any use in praying now, for they were back. Not one of them thought of the unhappy crew, all lost, except one who laid before them.

"That 'ere Virginia," said Mat, when she and Roxalana had gone, and he was watching the man's eyelids, "is as mealy a gal as I ever saw in my life. She's cool, and smooth, and soft. She beat Moll in rubbing. Hullo! his eyes are open. Look here, Spaniard, you belong to us. Drink this, my lad, and let me hold you up. So—all right, young un. . . . Hark ye—he's off in a regular, natural sleep, ain't he?"

ON THE CAMPAGNA.

STOP on the Appian Way,
In the Roman Campagna,—
Stop at my tomb,
The tomb of Cecilia Metella.
To-day as you see it
Alaric saw it, ages ago,
When he, with his pale-visaged Goths,
Sat at the gates of Rome,
Reading his Runic shield.
Odin! thy curse remains!

Beneath these battlements
My bones were stirred with Roman pride,
Though centuries before my Romans died:
Now my bones are dust; the Goths are dust,
The river-bed is dry where sleeps the king,
My tomb remains!

When Rome commanded the earth
Great were the Metelli:
I was Metellus' wife;
I loved him—and I died.
Then with slow patience built he this memorial:
Each century marks his love.

Pass by on the Appian Way
The tomb of Cecilia Metella;
Wild shepherds alone seek its shelter,
Wild buffaloes tramp at its base.
Deep is its desolation,
Deep as the shadow of Rome!

John Randolph Thompson.

Born in Richmond, Va., 1823. Died in New York, N. Y., 1873.

ASHBY.

[*The Southern Amaranth. Edited by Sallie A. Brock.* 1869.]

TO the brave all homage render;
Weep, ye skies of June!
With a radiance pure and tender,
Shine, O saddened moon;

"Dead upon the field of glory,"
Hero fit for song and story,
Lies our bold dragoon.

Well they learned, whose hands have slain him,
Braver, knightlier foe
Never fought 'gainst Moor or Paynim—
Rode at Templestowe:
With a mien how high and joyous,
'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us
Went he forth, we know.

Nevermore, alas! shall sabre
Gleam around his crest;
Fought his fight, fulfilled his labor,
Stilled his manly breast;
All unheard sweet nature's cadence,
Trump of fame and voice of maidens;
Now he takes his rest.

Earth, that all too soon hath bound him,
Gently wrap his clay!
Linger lovingly around him,
Light of dying day!
Softly fall, ye summer showers;
Birds and bees, among the flowers
Make the gloom seem gay.

Then, throughout the coming ages,—
When his sword is rust,
And his deeds in classic pages—
Mindful of her trust
Shall Virginia, bending lowly,
Still a ceaseless vigil holy
Keep above his dust.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

TWO armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain—now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which, eve and morn,
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up, with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream with burnished glow
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew,
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugles sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;

All silent now the Yankees stood,
  And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
  That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
  The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees,
  As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
  The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
  Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
  His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
  In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
  And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
  Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
  Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines,
  That bright, celestial creature,
Who still, 'mid war's embattled lines,
  Gave this one touch of Nature.

James Mathews Legaré.

Born in Charleston, S. C., 1823. Died at Aiken, S. C., 1859.

TO A LILY.

[*Orta-Undis, and Other Poems.* 1847.]

GO bow thy head in gentle spite,
  Thou lily white.
For she, who spies thee waving here,
With thee in beauty can compare
As day with night.

Soft are thy leaves and white: Her arms
Boast whiter charms.
Thy stem prone bent with loveliness
Of maiden grace possesseth less;
Therein she charms.

Thou in thy lake dost see
Thyself:—So she
Beholds her image in her eyes
Reflected. Thus did Venus rise
From out the sea.

Inconsolate, bloom not again,
Thou rival vain
Of her whose charms have thine outdone:
Whose purity might spot the sun,
And make thy leaf a stain.

Robert Collyer.

Born in Keighley, Yorkshire, England, 1823.

UNDER THE SNOW.

[*Treasures New and Old. Edited by Alice L. Williams.* 1884.]

IT was Christmas Eve in the year fourteen,
And, as ancient dalesmen used to tell,
The wildest winter they ever had seen,
With the snow lying deep on moor and fell,

When Wagoner John got out his team,
Smiler and Whitefoot, Duke and Gray,
With the light in his eyes of a young man's dream,
As he thought of his wedding on New Year's Day

To Ruth, the maid with the bonnie brown hair,
And eyes of the deepest, sunniest blue,
Modest and winsome, and wondrous fair,
And true to her troth, for her heart was true.

"Thou's surely not going!" shouted mine host;
"Thou'll be lost in the drift, as sure as thou's born;
Thy lass winnot want to wed wi' a ghost,
And that's what thou'll be on Christmas morn.

"It's eleven long miles from Skipton toon
To Blueberg hooses 'e Washburn dale:

Thou had better turn back and sit thee doon,
And comfort thy heart wi' a drop o' good ale."

Turn the swallows flying south,
Turn the vines against the sun,
Herds from rivers in the drouth,
Men must dare or nothing 's done.

So what cares the lover for storm or drift,
Or peril of death on the haggard way?
He sings to himself like a lark in the lift,
And the joy in his heart turns December to May.

But the wind from the north brings a deadly chill
Creeping into his heart, and the drifts are deep,
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blueberg hill.
He is weary and falls in a pleasant sleep,

And dreams he is walking by Washburn side,
Walking with Ruth on a summer's day,
Singing that song to his bonnie bride,
His own wife now forever and aye.

Now read me this riddle, how Ruth should hear
That song of a heart in the clutch of doom
Steal on her ear, distinct and clear
As if her lover was in the room.

And read me this riddle, how Ruth should know,
As she bounds to throw open the heavy door,
That her lover was lost in the drifting snow,
Dying or dead, on the great wild moor.

"Help! help!" "Lost! lost!"
Rings through the night as she rushes away,
Stumbling, blinded and tempest-tossed,
Straight to the drift where her lover lay.

And swift they leap after her into the night,
Into the drifts by Blueberg hill,
Ridsdale and Robinson, each with a light,
To find her there holding him white and still.

"He was dead in the drift, then,"
I hear them say,
As I listen in wonder,
Forgetting to play,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

"Nay, nay, they were wed!" the dalesman cried,
"By Parson Carmalt o' New Year's Day;
Bless ye! Ruth were me great-great grandsire's bride,
And Maister Frankland gave her away."

"But how did she find him under the snow?"
They cried with a laughter touched with tears.
"Nay, lads," he said softly, "we never can know—
"No, not if we live a hundred years.

"There's a sight o' things gan
To the making o' man."
Then I rushed to my play
With a whoop and away,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

James Roberts Gilmore.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1823.

JOHN JORDAN, THE SCOUT.

[*The Atlantic Monthly.* 1865.]

THE dispatch was written on tissue paper, rolled into the form of a bullet, coated with warm lead, and put into the hand of the Kentuckian. He was given a carbine, a brace of revolvers, and the fleetest horse in his regiment, and, when the moon was down, started on his perilous journey. He was to ride at night, and hide in the woods or in the houses of loyal men in the daytime.

It was pitch-dark when he set out; but he knew every inch of the way, having travelled it often, driving mules to market. He had gone twenty miles by early dawn, and the house of a friend was only a few miles beyond him. The man himself was away; but his wife was at home, and she would harbor him till nightfall. He pushed on, and tethered his horse in the timber; but it was broad day when he rapped at the door, and was admitted. The good woman gave him breakfast, and showed him to the guest-chamber, where, lying down in his boots, he was soon in a deep slumber.

The house was a log cabin in the midst of a few acres of deadening—ground from which trees have been cleared by girdling. Dense woods were all about it; but the nearest forest was a quarter of a mile distant, and should the scout be tracked, it would be hard to get away over this open space, unless he had warning of the approach of his pursuers. The woman thought of this, and sent up the road, on a mule, her whole worldly possessions, an old negro, dark as the night, but faithful as the sun in the heavens. It was high noon when the mule came back, his heels striking fire, and his rider's eyes flashing, as if ignited from the sparks the steel had emitted.

"Dey'm comin', Missus!" he cried,—"not haff a mile away,—twenty secesh,—ridin' as ef de debil wus arter 'em!"

She barred the door, and hastened to the guest-chamber.

"Go," she cried, "through the winder,—ter the woods! They'll be here in a minnit."

"How many is thar?" asked the scout.

"Twenty,—go,—go at once,—or you'll be taken!"

The scout did not move; but, fixing his eyes on her face, he said:

"Yes, I yere 'em. Thar's a sorry chance for my life a'ready. But, Rachel, I've thet about me thet's wuth more'n my life,—thet, may-be, 'll save Kaintuck. If I'm killed, wull ye tuck it ter Cunnel Cranor, at Paris?"

"Yes, yes, I will. But go; you've not a minnit to lose, I tell you."

"I know, but will ye swar it,—swar ter tuck this ter Cunnel Cranor 'fore th' Lord thet yeres us?"

"Yes, yes, I will," she said, taking the bullet. But horses' hoofs were already sounding in the door-yard. "It's too late," cried the woman. "Oh, why did you stop to parley?"

"Never mind, Rachel," answered the scout. "Don't tuck on. Tuck ye keer o' th' dispatch. Valu' it loike yer life,—loike Kaintuck. The Lord's callin' fur me, and I'm a'ready."

But the scout was mistaken. It was not the Lord, but a dozen devils at the door-way.

"What does ye want?" asked the woman, going to the door.

"The man as come from Garfield's camp at sun-up,—John Jordan, from the head o' Baine," answered a voice from the outside.

"Ye karn't hev him fur th' axin'," said the scout. "Go away, or I'll send some o' ye whar the weather is warm, I reckon."

"Pshaw!" said another voice,—from his speech one of the chivalry. "There are twenty of us. We'll spare your life, if you give up the dispatch; if you don't, we'll hang you higher than Haman."

The reader will bear in mind that this was in the beginning of the war, when swarms of spies infested every Union camp, and treason was only a gentlemanly pastime, not the serious business it has grown to be since traitors are no longer dangerous.

"I've nothin' but my life that I'll guv up," answered the scout; "and ef ye tuck thet, ye'll hev ter pay the price,—six o' yourn."

"Fire the house!" shouted one.

"No, don't do that," said another. "I know him,—he's cl'ar grit,—he'll die in the ashes; and we won't git the dispatch."

This sort of talk went on for half an hour; then there was a dead silence, and the woman went to the loft, whence she could see all that was passing outside. About a dozen of the horsemen were posted around the house; but the remainder, dismounted, had gone to the edge of the woods, and were felling a well-grown sapling, with the evident intention of using it as a battering-ram to break down the front door.

The woman, in a low tone, explained the situation; and the scout said:

"It 'r' my only chance. I must run fur it. Bring me yer red shawl, Rachel."

She had none, but she had a petticoat of flaming red and yellow. Handling it as if he knew how such articles can be made to spread, the scout softly unbarred the door, and, grasping the hand of the woman, said:

"Good-bye, Rachel. It 'r' a right sorry chance; but I may git through. Ef I do, I'll come ter night; ef I don't, git ye the dispatch ter the Cunnel. Good-bye."

To the right of the house, midway between it and the woods, stood the barn. That way lay the route of the scout. If he could elude the two mounted men at the doorway, he might escape the other horsemen; for they would have to spring the barn-yard fences, and their horses might refuse the leap. But it was foot of man against leg of horse, and "a right sorry chance."

Suddenly he opened the door, and dashed at the two horses with the petticoat. They reared, wheeled, and bounded away like lightning just let out of harness. In the time that it takes to tell it, the scout was over the first fence, and scaling the second; but a horse was making the leap with him. The scout's pistol went off, and the rider's earthly journey was over. Another followed, and his horse fell mortally wounded. The rest made the circuit of the barn-yard, and were rods behind when the scout reached the edge of the forest. Once among those thick laurels, nor horse nor rider can reach a man, if he lies low, and says his prayer in a whisper.

The Rebels bore the body of their comrade back to the house, and said to the woman:

"We'll be revenged for this. We know the route he'll take, and will have his life before to-morrow; and you—we'd burn your house over your head, if you were not the wife of Jack Brown."

Brown was a loyal man, who was serving his country in the ranks of Marshall. Thereby hangs a tale, but this is not the time to tell it. Soon the men rode away, taking the poor woman's only wagon as a hearse for their dead comrade.

Night came, and the owls cried in the woods in a way they had not cried for a fortnight. "T'whoot! t'whoot!" they went, as if they thought there was music in hooting. The woman listened, put on a dark mantle, and followed the sound of their voices. Entering the woods, she crept in among the bushes, and talked with the owls as if they had been human.

"They know the road ye'll take," she said; "ye must change yer route. Here ar' the bullet."

"God bless ye, Rachel!" responded the owl, "ye'r' a true 'ooman!"—and he hooted louder than before, to deceive pursuers, and keep up the music.

"Ar' yer nag safe?" she asked.

"Yes, and good for forty mile afore sun-up."

"Well, here ar' suthin' ter eat: ye'll need it. Good-bye, and God go wi' ye!"

"He'll go wi' ye, fur He loves noble wimmin."

Their hands clasped, and then they parted, he to his long ride; she to the quiet sleep of those who, out of a true heart, serve their country.

Augustine Joseph Hickey Duganne.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1823. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1884.

BETHEL.

WE mustered at midnight, in darkness we formed,
And the whisper went round of a fort to be stormed;
But no drum-beat had called us, no trumpet we heard,
And no voice of command but our colonel's low word—
"*Column! Forward!*"

And out, through the mist and the murk of the morn,
From the beaches of Hampton our barges were borne;
And we heard not a sound, save the sweep of the oar,
Till the word of our colonel came up from the shore—
"*Column! Forward!*"

With hearts bounding bravely and eyes all alight,
As ye dance to soft music, so trod we that night;
Through the aisles of the greenwood, with vines overarched,
Tossing dew-drops like gems from our feet, as we marched—
"*Column! Forward!*"

As ye dance with the damsels to viol and flute,
So we skipped from the shadows and mocked their pursuit;
But the soft zephyrs chased us, with scents of the morn,
As we passed by the hay-fields and green waving corn—
"*Column! Forward!*"

For the leaves were all laden with fragrance of June,
And the flowers and the foliage with sweets were in tune;
And the air was so calm, and the forest so dumb,
That we heard our own heart-beats like taps of a drum—
"*Column! Forward!*"

Till the lull of the lowlands was stirred by a breeze,
And the buskins of morn brushed the tops of the trees,
And the glintings of glory that slid from her track
By the sheen of our rifles were gayly flung back—
"*Column! Forward!*"

And the woodlands grew purple with sunshiny mist,
And the blue-crested hill-tops with rose-light were kissed,
And the earth gave her prayers to the sun in perfumes,
Till we marched as through gardens, and trampled on blooms—
"*Column! Forward!*"

Ay! trampled on blossoms, and seared the sweet breath
Of the greenwood with low-brooding vapors of death;
O'er the flowers and the corn we were borne like a blast,
And away to the forefront of battle we passed—
"*Column! Forward!*"

For the cannon's hoarse thunder roared out from the glades.
And the sun was like lightning on banners and blades,
When the long line of chanting Zouaves, like a flood,
From the green of the woodlands rolled, crimson as blood—
"*Column! Forward!*"

While the sound of their song, like the surge of the seas,
With the "Star-Spangled Banner" swelled over the leas;
And the sword of Duryea, like a torch, led the way,
Bearing down on the batteries of Bethel that day—
"*Column! Forward!*"

Through green-tasseled cornfields our columns were thrown,
And like corn by the red scythe of fire we were mown;
While the cannon's fierce ploughings new-furrowed the plain,
That our blood might be planted for Liberty's grain—
"*Column! Forward!*"

Oh! the fields of fair June have no lack of sweet flowers,
But their rarest and best breathe no fragrance like ours;
And the sunshine of June, sprinkling gold on the corn,
Hath no harvest that ripeneth like Bethel's red morn—
"*Column! Forward!*"

When our heroes, like bridegrooms, with lips and with breath
Drank the first kiss of Danger and clasped her in death;
And the heart of brave Winthrop grew mute with his lyre,
When the plumes of his genius lay moulting in fire—
"*Column! Forward!*"

Where he fell shall be sunshine as bright as his name,
And the grass where he slept shall be green as his fame;
For the gold of the pen and the steel of the sword
Write his deeds, in his blood, on the land he adored—
"*Column! Forward!*"

And the soul of our comrade shall sweeten the air,
And the flowers and the grass-blades his memory upbear;
While the breath of his genius, like music in leaves,
With the corn-tassels whispers, and sings in the sheaves—
"*Column! Forward!*"

1861.

George Horatio Derby.

BORN in Dedham, Mass., 1823. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1861.

MUSICAL REVIEW EXTRAORDINARY.

[*Phœnixiana, or, Sketches and Burlesques, by John Phœnix.* 1855.]

THE PLAINS. ODE SYMPHONIE PAR JABEZ TARBOX.

THIS glorious composition was produced at the San Diego Odeon, on the 31st of June, ult., for the first time in this or any other country, by a very full orchestra (the performance taking place immediately after supper), and a chorus composed of the entire "Sauer Kraut-Verein," the "Wee Gates Association," and choice selections from the "Gyascutus" and "Pike-harmonic" societies. The solos were rendered by Herr Tuden Links, the recitations by Herr Von Hyden Schnapps, both performers being assisted by Messrs. John Smith and Joseph Brown, who held their coats, fanned them, and furnished water during the more overpowering passages.

"The Plains" we consider the greatest musical achievement that has been presented to an enraptured public. Like Waterloo among battles, Napoleon among warriors, Niagara among falls, and Peck among senators, this magnificent composition stands among Oratorios, Operas, Musical Melodramas and performances of Ethiopian Serenaders, peerless and unrivalled. *Il frappe toute chose parfaitement froide.*

"It does not depend for its success" upon its plot, its theme, its school or its master, for it has very little if any of them, but upon its soul-subduing, all-absorbing, high-faluting effect upon the audience, every member of which it causes to experience the most singular and exquisite sensations. Its strains at times remind us of those of the old master of the steamer *McKim*, who never went to sea without being unpleasantly affected,—a straining after effect, he used to term it. Blair in his lecture on beauty, and Mill in his treatise on logic (p. 31), have alluded to the feeling which might be produced in the human mind by something of this transcendentally sublime description, but it has remained for M. Tarbox, in the production of The Plains, to call this feeling forth.

The symphonie opens upon the wide and boundless plains in longitude 115° W., latitude 35° 21′ 03″ N., and about sixty miles from the west bank of Pitt River. These data are beautifully and clearly expressed by a long (topographically) drawn note from an E flat clarionet. The sandy nature of the soil, sparsely dotted with bunches of cactus and artemisia, the extended view, flat and unbroken to the horizon, save by the rising smoke in the extreme verge, denoting the vicinity of a Pi Utah village, are represented by the bass drum. A few notes on the piccolo call the attention to a solitary antelope, picking up mescal beans in the foreground. The sun, having an altitude of 36° 27′, blazes down upon the scene in indescribable majesty. "Gradually the sounds roll forth in a song" of rejoicing to the God of Day:

"Of thy intensity
And great immensity
Now then we sing;
Beholding in gratitude
Thee in this latitude,
Curious thing";

Which swells out into "Hey Jim along, Jim along Josey," then *descrescendo mas o menos, poco pocita,* dies away and dries up.

Suddenly we hear approaching a train from Pike County, consisting of seven families, with forty-six wagons, each drawn by thirteen oxen; each family consists of a man in butternut-colored clothing driving the oxen; a wife in butternut-colored clothing riding in the wagon, holding a butternut baby, and seventeen butternut children running promiscuously about the establishment; all are barefooted, dusty, and smell unpleasantly. (All these circumstances are expressed by pretty rapid fiddling for some minutes, winding up with a puff from the ophicleide, played by an intoxicated Teuton with an atrocious breath—it is impossible to misunderstand the description.) Now rises o'er the plains, in mellifluous accents, the grand Pike County Chorus:

"Oh we'll soon be thar
In the land of gold,
Through the forest old,
O'er the mounting cold,
With spirits bold—
Oh, we come, we come,
And we'll soon be thar.
Gee up Bolly! Whoo up! whoo haw!

The train now encamp. The unpacking of the kettles and mess-pans, the unyoking of the oxen, the gathering about the various camp-fires, the frizzling of the pork, are so clearly expressed by the music, that the most untutored savage could readily comprehend it. Indeed, so vivid and lifelike was the representation, that a lady sitting near us involuntarily exclaimed aloud, at a certain passage, "*Thar, that pork's burning!*" and it was truly interesting to watch the gratified expression of her face when, by a few notes of the guitar, the pan was removed from the fire, and the blazing pork extinguished.

This is followed by the beautiful *aria:*

"O! marm, I want a pancake!"

Followed by that touching *recitative:*

"Shet up, or I will spank you!"

To which succeeds a grand *crescendo* movement, representing the flight of the child with the pancake, the pursuit of the mother, and the final arrest and summary punishment of the former, represented by the rapid and successive strokes of the castanet.

The turning in for the night follows; and the deep and stertorous breathing of the encampment is well given by the bassoon, while the sufferings and trials of an unhappy father with an unpleasant infant are touchingly set forth by the *cornet à piston.*

Part Second—The night attack of the Pi Utahs; the fearful cries of the demoniac Indians; the shrieks of the females and children; the rapid and effective fire of the rifles; the stampede of the oxen; their recovery and the final repulse; the Pi Utahs being routed after a loss of thirty-six killed and wounded, while the Pikes lose but one scalp (from an old fellow who wore a wig, and lost it in the scuffle), are faithfully given, and excite the most intense interest in the minds of the hearers; the emotions of fear, admiration, and delight succeeding each other in their minds with almost painful rapidity. Then follows the grand chorus:

"Oh! we gin them fits,
The Ingen Utahs,
With our six-shooters—
We gin 'em pertickuler fits."

After which, we have the charming recitative of Herr Tuden Links, to the infant, which is really one of the most charming gems in the performance:

"Now, dern your skin, *can't* you be easy?"

Morning succeeds. The sun rises magnificently (octavo flute)—breakfast is eaten—in a rapid movement on three sharps; the oxen are caught and yoked up—with a small drum and triangle; the watches, purses, and other valuables of the conquered Pi Utahs are stored away in a camp-kettle, to a small movement on the piccolo, and the train moves on, with the grand chorus:

"We'll soon be thar,
Gee up Bolly! Whoo up! whoo haw!"

The whole concludes with the grand hymn and chorus:

"When we die we'll go to Benton,
Whup! Whoo haw!
The greatest man that e'er land saw,
Gee!
Who this little airth was sent on
Whup! Whoo haw!
To tell a 'hawk from a hand-saw!'
Gee!"

The immense expense attending the production of this magnificent work; the length of time required to prepare the chorus; the incredible number of instruments destroyed at each rehearsal, have hitherto prevented M. Tarbox from placing it before the American public, and it has remained for San Diego to show herself superior to her sister cities of the Union, in musical taste and appreciation, and in high-souled liberality, by patronizing this immortal prodigy, and enabling its author to bring it forth in accordance with his wishes and its capabilities. We trust every citizen of San Diego and Vallecetos will listen to it ere it is withdrawn; and if there yet lingers in San Francisco one spark of musical fervor, or a remnant of taste for pure harmony, we can only say that the *Southerner* sails from that place once a fortnight, and that the passage money is but forty-five dollars.

Edward Pollock.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1823. Died in San Francisco, Cal., 1858.

OLIVIA.

[*Poems.* 1876.]

WHAT are the long waves singing so mournfully evermore?
What are they singing so mournfully as they weep on the sandy shore?
"Olivia, oh, Olivia!"—what else can it seem to be?
"Olivia, lost Olivia, will never return to thee!"
"Olivia, lost Olivia!"—what else can the sad song be?—
"Weep and mourn, she will not return, she cannot return, to thee!"

And strange it is when the low winds sigh, and strange when the loud winds blow,
In the rustle of trees, in the roar of the storm, in the sleepiest streamlet's flow,
Forever, from ocean or river, ariseth the same sad moan,—
"She sleeps; let her sleep; wake her not. It were best she should rest, and alone."
Forever the same sad requiem comes up from the sorrowful sea,
For the lovely, the lost Olivia, who cannot return to me.

Alas! I fear 'tis not in the air, or the sea, or the trees,—that strain:
I fear 'tis a wrung heart aching, and the throb of a tortured brain;
And the shivering whisper of startled leaves, and the sob of the waves as they roll,—
I fear they are only the echo of the song of a suffering soul,—
Are only the passionless echo of the voice that is ever with me:
"The lovely, the lost Olivia will never return to thee!"

I stand in the dim gray morning, where once I stood, to mark,
Gliding away along the bay, like a bird, her white-winged bark;
And when through the Golden Gate the sunset radiance rolled,
And the tall masts melted to thinnest threads in the glowing haze of gold,
I said, "To thine arms I give her, O kind and shining sea,
And in one long moon from this June eve you shall let her return to me."

But the wind from the far spice islands came back, and it sang with a sigh,—
"The ocean is rich with the treasure it has hidden from you and the sky."
And where, amid rocks and green sea-weed, the storm and the tide were at war,
The nightly-sought waste was still vacant when I looked to the cloud and the star;
And soon the sad wind and dark ocean unceasingly sang unto me,
"The lovely, the lost Olivia will never return to thee!"

Dim and still the landscape lies, but shadowless as heaven,
For the growing morn and the low-west moon on everything shine even;
The ghosts of the lost have departed, that nothing can ever redeem,
And Nature, in light, sweet slumber, is dreaming her morning dream.
'Tis morn and our Lord has awakened, and the souls of the blessed are free.
Oh, come from the caves of the ocean! Olivia, return unto me!

What thrills me? What comes near me? Do I stand on the sward alone?
Was that a light wind, or a whisper? a touch, or the pulse of a tone?
Olivia! whose spells from my slumber my broken heart sway and control,
At length bring'st thou death to me, dearest, or rest to my suffering soul?
No sound but the psalm of the ocean: "Bow down to the solemn decree,—
The lovely, the lost Olivia will never return to thee!"

And still are the long waves singing so mournfully evermore;
Still are they singing so mournfully as they weep on the sandy shore,—
"Olivia, lost Olivia!" so ever 'tis doomed to be,—
"Olivia, lost Olivia will never return to thee!"
"Olivia, lost Olivia!"—what else could the sad song be?—
"Weep and mourn, she will not return,—she cannot return to thee!"

Charles Carleton Coffin.

BORN in Boscawen, N. H., 1823.

AN AMERICAN COLONEL.

[*Four Years of Fighting.* 1866.]

WHEN the army began a forward movement in pursuit of Bragg, General Gillmore issued an order, known as General Order No. 5, which reads as follows:

"All contrabands, except officers' servants, will be left behind when the army moves to-morrow morning. Public transportation will in no case be furnished to officers' servants.

"Commanders of regiments and detachments will see this order promptly enforced."

Among the regiments of the division was the Twenty-Second Wisconsin, Colonel Utley, an officer who had no sympathy with slavery. He had a cool head and a good deal of nerve. He had read the Proclamation of President Lincoln, and made up his mind to do what was right, recognizing the President as his Commander-in-Chief, and not the State of Kentucky. There were negroes accompanying his regiment, and he did not see fit to turn them out. Three days later he received the following note:

October 18*th*, 1862.

COLONEL: You will at once send to my headquarters the four contrabands, John, Abe, George, and Dick, known to belong to good and loyal citizens. They are in your regiment, or were this morning.

Your obedient servant,
Q. A. GILLMORE, Brigadier-General.

Colonel Utley, instead of sending the men, replied:

"Permit me to say, that I recognize your authority to command me in all military matters pertaining to the military movements of the army. I do not look upon this as belonging to that department. I recognize no authority on the subject of delivering up contrabands save that of the President of the United States.

"You are, no doubt, conversant with that Proclamation, dated Sept. 22, 1862, and the law of Congress on the subject. In conclusion, I will say, that I had nothing to do with their coming into camp, and shall have nothing to do with sending them out."

The note was despatched to division headquarters. Soon after an officer called upon Colonel Utley.

"You are wanted, sir, at General Gillmore's quarters."

Colonel Utley made his appearance before General Gillmore.

"I sent you an order this evening."

"Yes, sir, and I refused to obey it."

"I intend to be obeyed, sir. I shall settle this matter at once. I shall repeat the order in the morning."

"General, to save you the trouble and folly of such a course, let me say that I shall not obey it."

The Colonel departed. Morning came, but brought no order for the delivery of the contrabands to their former owner.

As the regiment passed through Georgetown, a large number of slaves belonging to citizens of that place fled from their masters, and found shelter in the army. Some of the officers who had less nerve than Colonel Utley gave them up, or permitted the owners to come and take them. A Michigan regiment marching through the town had its lines entered by armed citizens, who forcibly took away their slaves. Colonel Utley informed the inhabitants that any attempt to take contrabands from his lines would be resisted.

"Let me say to you, gentlemen," he said to a delegation of the citizens, "that my men will march with loaded muskets, and if any attempt is made upon my regiment, I shall sweep your streets with fire, and close the history of Georgetown. If you seriously intend any such business, I advise you to remove the women and children."

The regiment marched the next morning with loaded muskets. The citizens beheld their negroes sheltered and protected by a forest of gleaming bayonets, and wisely concluded not to attempt the recovery of the uncertain property.

The day after its arrival in Nicholasville, a large, portly gentleman, lying back in an elegant carriage, rode up to the camp, and making his appearance before the Colonel, introduced himself as Judge Robertson, Chief Justice of the State of Kentucky.

"I am in pursuit of one of my boys, who I understand is in this regiment," he said.

"You mean one of your slaves, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. Here is an order from the General, which you will see directs that I may be permitted to enter the lines and get the boy," said the judge, with great dignity.

"I do not permit any civilian to enter my lines for any such purpose," said the Colonel.

The Judge sat down, not greatly astonished, for the reputation of the Twenty-Second Wisconsin, as an abolition regiment, was well established. He began to argue the matter. He talked of the compromises of the Constitution, and proceeded to say:

"I was in Congress, sir, when the Missouri Compromise was adopted, and voted for it; but I am opposed to slavery, and I once wrote an essay on the subject, favoring emancipation."

"Well, sir, all that may be. If you did it from principle, it was commendable; but your mission here to-day gives the lie to your professions. I don't permit negro-hunters to go through my regiment; but I will see if I can find the boy, and if he is willing to go I will not hinder him."

The Colonel went out and found the negro Joe, a poor, half-starved, undersized boy, nineteen years old. He told his story. He belonged to the Judge, who had let him to a brutal Irishman for $50 a year. He had been kicked and cuffed, starved and whipped, till he could stand it no longer. He went to the Judge and complained, but had been sent back only to receive a worse thrashing for daring to complain. At last he took to the woods, lived on walnuts, green corn, and apples, sleeping among the corn-shucks and wheat-stacks till the army came. There were tears in Joe's eyes as he rehearsed his sufferings.

The Colonel went back to the Judge.

"Have you found him?"

"I have found a little yellow boy, who says that he belongs to a man in Lexington. Come and see him."

"This man claims you as his property, Joe; he says that you ran away and left him," said the Colonel.

"Yes, sah, I belongs to him," said Joe, who told his story again in a plain, straightforward manner, showing a neck scarred and cut by the whip.

"You can talk with Joe, sir, if you wish," said the Colonel.

"Have not I always treated you well?" the Judge asked.

"No, massa, you hasn't," was the square, plump reply.

"How so?"

"When I came to you and told you I couldn't stand it any longer, you said, 'Go back, you dog!'"

"Did not I tell you that I would take you away?"

"Yes, massa, but you never did it."

The soldiers came round and listened. Joe saw that they were friends. The Judge stood speechless a moment.

"Joe," said the Colonel, "are you willing to go home with your master?"

"No, sah, I isn't."

"Judge Robertson, I don't think you can get that boy. If you think you can, there he is; try it. I shall have nothing to do with it," said the Colonel, casting a significant glance around to the soldiers who had gathered about them.

The Judge saw that he could not lay hands upon Joe. "I'll see whether there is any virtue in the laws of Kentucky," he said, with great emphasis.

"Perhaps, Judge, it will be as well for you to leave the camp. Some of my men are a little excitable on the subject of slavery."

"You are a set of nigger-stealers," said the Judge, losing his temper.

"Allow me to say, Judge, that it does not become you to call us nigger-stealers. You talk about nigger-stealing—you who live on the sweat and blood of such creatures as Joe! Your dwellings, your churches, are built from the earnings of slaves, beaten out of them by brutal overseers. You hire little children out to brutes,—you clothe them in rags,—you hunt them with hounds,—you chain them down to toil and suffering! You call us thieves because we have given your Joe food and protection! Sir, I would rather be in the place of Joe than in that of his oppressor!" was the indignant outburst of the Colonel.

"Well, sir, if that is the way you men of the North feel, the Union never can be saved—never! You must give up our property."

"Judge, allow me to tell you what sort of Unionism I have found in Kentucky. I have not seen a half-dozen who did not damn the President. You may put all the pure Unionism in Kentucky in one scale, and a ten-pound nigger baby in the other, and the Unionism will kick the beam. Allow me to say, further, that if the perpetuity or restoration of the Union depends upon my delivering to you with my own hands that little half-starved dwarf of a slave, the Union may be cast into hell with all the nations that forget God!"

"The President's Proclamation is unconstitutional. It has no bearing on Kentucky. I see that it is your deliberate intention to set at naught the laws," said the Judge, turning away and walking to General Gillmore's headquarters.

"You are wanted at the General's headquarters," said an aid, soon after, to Colonel Utley.

The Colonel obeyed the summons, and found there not only Judge Robertson, but several fine old Kentucky gentlemen; also Colonel Coburn, the commander of the brigade, who agreed with General Gillmore in the policy then current. Colonel Coburn said:

"The policy of the commanding generals, as I understand it, is simply this: that persons who have lost slaves have a right to hunt for them anywhere in the State. If a slave gets inside of the lines of a regiment, the owner has a right to enter those lines, just as if no regiment was there, and take away the fugitive at his own pleasure."

"Precisely so. The Proclamation has no force in this State," said the Judge.

"I regret that I am under the necessity of differing in opinion from my commanding officers, to whom I am ready at all times to render strict *military* obedience, but (the Colonel raised his voice) *I reverse the Kentucky policy!* I hold that the regiment stands precisely as though there were no slavery in Kentucky. We came here as free men, from a free State, at the call of the President, to uphold a free government. We have nothing to do with slavery. The Twenty-Second Wisconsin, while I have the honor to command it, will never be a regiment of nigger-catchers. I will not allow civilians to enter my lines at pleasure; it is unmilitary. Were I to permit it, I should be justly amenable to a court-martial. Were I to do it, spies might enter my lines at all times and depart at pleasure."

There was silence. But Judge Robertson was loath to go away without his flesh and blood. He made one more effort. "Colonel, I did not come to your lines as a spy, but with an order from your General. Are you willing that I should go and get my boy?"

The Colonel reflected a moment.

"Yes, sir, and I will remain here. I told you before that I should have nothing to do with it."

"Do you think that the men will permit me to take him?"

"I have no orders to issue to them in the matter; they will do just as they please."

"Will you send the boy into some other regiment?"

This was too much for the Colonel. He could no longer restrain his indignation. Looking the Judge squarely in the face, he vented his anger in scathing words.

The Judge departed, and at the next session of the Court, Colonel Utley was indicted for man-stealing; but he has not yet been brought to trial. The case is postponed till the day of Judgment, when a righteous verdict will be rendered.

The Judge returned to Lexington, called a public meeting, at which he made a speech, denouncing the Twenty-Second Wisconsin as an abolition regiment, and introducing resolutions declaring that the Union never could be restored if the laws of the State of Kentucky were thus set at defiance. This from the Judge, while his son was in the Rebel service, fighting against the Union.

But the matter was not yet over. A few days later, the division containing the Twenty-Second Wisconsin, commanded by General Baird, *vice* Gillmore, was ordered down the river. It went to Louisville, followed by the slave-hunters, who were determined to have their negroes.

Orders were issued to the colonels not to take any contrabands on board the boats, and most of them obeyed. Colonel Utley issued no orders.

A citizen called upon him and said:

"Colonel, you will have trouble in going through the city unless you give up the negroes in your lines."

The regiment was then on its march to the wharf.

"They have taken all the negroes from the ranks of the other regiments, and they intend to take yours."

The Colonel turned to his men and said, quietly, "Fix bayonets."

The regiment moved on through the streets, and reached the Gault House, where the slaveholders had congregated. A half-dozen approached the regiment rather cautiously, but one bolder than the rest sprang into the ranks and seized a negro by the collar.

A dozen bayonets came down around him, some not very gently. He let go his hold and sprang back again quite as quickly as he entered the lines.

There was a shaking of fists and muttered curses, but the regiment passed on to the landing, just as if nothing had happened.

General Granger, who had charge of the transportation, had issued orders that no negro should be allowed on the boats without free papers.

General Baird saw the negroes on the steamer, and approaching Colonel Utley, said:

"Why, Colonel, how is this? Have all these negroes free papers?"

"Perhaps not all, but those who haven't *have declared their intentions!*" said the Colonel.

The Twenty-Second took transportation on the steamer *Commercial.* The captain of the boat was a Kentuckian, who came to Colonel Utley in great trepidation, saying: "Colonel, I can't start till those negroes are put on shore. I shall be held responsible. My boat will be seized and libeled under the laws of the State."

"I can't help that, sir; the boat is under the control and in the employ of the government. I am commander on board, and you have nothing to do but to steam up and go where you are directed. Otherwise I shall be under the necessity of arresting you."

The captain departed and began his preparations. But now came the sheriff of Jefferson County with a writ. He wanted the bodies of George, Abraham, John, and Dick, who were still with the Twenty-Second. They were the runaway property of a fellow named Hogan, who a few days before had figured in a convention held at Frankfort, in which he introduced a series of Secession resolutions.

"I have a writ for your arrest, but I am willing to waive all action on condition of your giving up the fugitives which you are harboring contrary to the peace and dignity of the State," said the sheriff.

"I have other business to attend to just now. I am under orders from my superiors in command to proceed down the river without any delay, and must get the boat under way," said the Colonel, bowing politely.

"But, Colonel, you are aware of the consequences of deliberately setting at defiance the laws of a sovereign State," said the sheriff.

"Are you all ready there?" said the Colonel, not to the sheriff, but to the officer of the day who had charge of affairs.

"Yes, sir."

"Then cast off."

The game of bluff had been played between the Twenty-Second Wisconsin and the State of Kentucky, and Wisconsin had won.

The sheriff jumped ashore. There were hoarse puffs from the steam-pipes, the great wheels turned in the stream, the *Commercial* swung from her moorings, and the soldiers of Wisconsin floated down the broad Ohio with the stars and stripes waving above them.

Caroline Atherton Mason.

Born in Marblehead, Mass., 1823.

RECONCILIATION.

IF thou wert lying, cold and still and white,
In death's embraces, O mine enemy!
I think that if I came and looked on thee
I should forgive; that something in the sight
Of thy still face would conquer me, by right
Of death's sad impotence, and I should see
How pitiful a thing it is to be
At feud with aught that's mortal.

So, to-night,
My soul, unfurling her white flag of peace,—
Forestalling that dread hour when we may meet,
The dead face and the living,—fain would cry
Across the years, "Oh, let our warfare cease!
Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet;
Let there be peace between us ere we die."

1881.

William Morris Hunt.

Born in Brattleboro, Vt., 1824. **Died** at Appledore, Isles of Shoals, N. H., 1879.

WITH BRUSH IN HAND.

[*W. M. Hunt's Talks on Art. Jotted down and Edited by Helen M. Knowlton. First Series.* 1875. *Second Series.* 1883.]

WHY draw more than you see? We must sacrifice in drawing as in everything else.

You thought it needed more work. It needs less. You don't get mystery because you are too conscientious! When a bird flies through the air you see no feathers! Your eye would require more than one focus: one for the bird, another for the feathers. You are to draw not reality, but the appearance of reality!

In your sketches keep the first vivid impression! Add no details that shall weaken it! Look first for the big things!

1st. Proportions!
2d. Values—or masses of light and shade.
3d. Details that will not spoil the beginnings!

You can always draw as well as you know how to. I flatter myself that I know and feel more than I express on canvas; but I know that it is not so.

This doing things to suit people! They'll hate you, and you won't suit them. Most of us live for the critic, and he lives on us. He don't sacrifice himself. He gets so much a line for writing a criticism. If the birds should read the newspapers they would all take to changing their notes. The parrots would exchange with the nightingales, and what a farce it would be!

Work as long as you know what to do. Not an instant longer!

Be carefully careless!

Avoid certain petty, trivial details which people call "finish." They are of the nature of things with which one would confuse a child, deceive a fly, or amuse an idiot!

The struggle of one color with another produces color.

I tell you it's no joke to paint a portrait! I wonder that I am not more timid when I begin! I feel almost certain that I can do it. It seems very simple. I don't think of the time that is sure to come, when I almost despair; when the whole thing seems hopeless. Into the painting of every picture that is worth anything, there comes, sometime, this period of despair!

I have disliked pictures so much that I afterwards found were good, that I want to hint to you that you may, some day, want an outlet from the opinions you now hold.

The fact is, we must take, in the works of these men, what you call *faults*, and ask ourselves if they were not perhaps *qualities.*

What a time has been made over Michael Angelo's "Moses," with his horns! Michael Angelo felt that *Moses must have horns!* To represent him he must have something more than a man with a full beard, and you must accept these horns just as you would a word which some poet had felt the need of, and had coined. As Michael Angelo was the greatest creator that ever worked in art, hadn't we better decide that we'll wait fifteen minutes before passing judgment upon him, or upon what he did?

The painter knows what is necessary in literature better than the *littérateur* knows what is needful in painting. Shakespeare could not paint with brushes as well as I can write a poem. A painter is necessarily a poet; but a poet is not a painter. Emerson can describe a forest in words better than I can; but I can make one in paint better than he. If he is a full man he will understand both; and if I am a full man I can understand his description as well as my own.

That's where Cambridge is short! Such knowledge counts for nothing. They forget the song that painting has sung, and listen only to Homer. A Greek professor who doesn't know what Greek Art is, isn't a Greek scholar. I don't know just what Greek was a ruler during a certain period, but I have some literary science and *ensemble.* Ignorant as I am, I know more about Homer than a Greek professor can know about Pheidias. He might tell me when he was born. Well, a rat was born about that time.

Emerson says, "It is better to write a poor poem than a good criticism."

True. And I had rather paint a poor picture than write a good criticism. It is the critics that make us so timid. You don't quite dare to paint as you see and feel. You can't get rid of the thought of what people will say of your work. That's why you struggle so hard for form.

But you must not work for that alone. That is what the academies, the world over, are striving for; and when they get it, what is it worth?

Don't mind what your friends say of your work. In the first place, they all think you're an idiot; in the next place, they expect great things of you; in the third place, they wouldn't know if you did a good thing. Until we come to study Art, we are not aware of the ignorance there is about it. Artists have to create their audiences. They have to do their own work and educate the public at the same time. Nobody cared for Corot's pictures at first. He had to teach people how to like them. The same with Raphael. His pictures were not understood; but he went on painting, and in time he was appreciated.

I like painting on panel for a change from canvas, and on rough canvas for a change from smooth. Anything to keep you from a "way" of doing things. After you have been painting for fun for a while, it's good to do some hard digging. And the reverse is true as well.

Why are you doing that?

"You told me to, the other day."

Well, I didn't tell you to do so forever.

If you are determined to paint, you won't mind what kind of things you use to paint with. I remember when I sketched that ploughing-scene I had only a butter-box for a palette, a brush or two, and a palette-knife. For rubbing in a velvet coat, sometimes nothing works better than the palm of your hand.

Get your mind off of your work for a minute, and then go at it like a cataract.

Perfect simplicity of expression! In this country only martyrs attain to it. Abraham Lincoln had it. John Brown had it. I saw the latter refuse oysters once at a party, because "he was not hungry." I said to a friend,—and Brown was not celebrated then, not having been hanged!—"There's something remarkable about that man! Did you ever know a man to refuse oysters at a party because he was not hungry?" He did not take champagne, because he was "not thirsty." Held the glass as you would hold a doll for a baby. Was not going to gorge himself,—a man with such a destiny and such a work before him!

Here is a photograph of my "Bather," which you may call Youth, or Summer, going forth, seeming to walk miraculously on the surface of the water, but supported by a power which has reached firm footing;

balancing himself gracefully, it may be a long, long time, but never getting anywhere until he has made his dive into the Unknown.

I was thinking of this subject of Eternity the other night, when I looked at the moon, and saw, before it, a church-spire, a finger pointing upward into space. Next the spire, the moon. Beyond the moon, a fixed star. Next—what? Eternity.

A ripple closes over us.

John Foster Kirk.

BORN in Fredericton, N. B., 1824.

"TO THE CREDIT OF MY LORD OF BURGUNDY."

[*History of Charles the Bold.* 1863-68.]

ACCOUNTS of the battle of Grandson fill but a small space in the Swiss chronicles and documents; but descriptions of the booty are given with a harrowing minuteness which we do not propose to imitate. Tents, wagons, stores, cannon, richly-painted banners,—whatever the routed army might have been expected to leave,—were captured in extraordinary profusion. But all these formed the least valuable portion of the spoil. Intending to hold his court in Savoy and to dazzle the Italian powers with his magnificence, the duke had brought with him the paraphernalia of his chapel and table, habiliments and regalia used on occasions of state. The precious articles which Philip the Good had passed his life in accumulating, and which the art of Flanders had been employed in fashioning or embellishing, had become the property of the poorest and rudest of all races. Among the costliest prizes were an immense reliquary of sculptured gold inlaid with large gems, embracing many pieces of statuary, and containing more than eighty distinct objects pertaining to the history of Christ; the sword of state, its hilt so thickly studded with diamonds, rubies, and pearls, all of great size, that there was scarcely space for a hair to be laid between them; the velvet cap from the front of which flashed the largest diamond then in Europe, set in gold, with pendent pearls; two other diamonds little inferior in value, with a great number of smaller ones, and various other jewels and precious stones; the great seal, of solid gold, weighing a pound; between three and four hundredweight of silver and silver-gilt goblets and cups; gorgeous tapestries, illuminated manuscripts, dresses of silk, satin, and cloth of gold, and wagon-loads of silver coin.

It has been often related and readily believed that the Swiss, all unused to luxury and splendor, tossed, tore, and trampled upon this treasure with the ignorance of savages; that they mistook diamonds for glass and gold for copper, cut up tapestries and embroidered robes to patch their homespun doublets and hose, threw away priceless jewels as worthless baubles, or parted with them to foreigners for trifling sums. It is true they were ignorant in such matters; but their ignorance was of a kind which led them to put not an under but an over estimate on the value. Gilt articles were supposed at first to be of solid gold. Jewels which it was wished to dispose of were rated at prices far beyond what the world could be induced to give. No private appropriation of the smallest object was permitted in the camp; and if any took place,—as was indeed strongly suspected and as it is natural to suppose,—it could only have been done with the greatest secrecy, and with little opportunity for selling or bartering. The keenest search was instituted: every soldier was put upon his oath; the authorities continued for a long time afterwards to prosecute close inquiries. Inventories were drawn up; skilled appraisers were collected; the distribution was the work of years, gave rise to civil commotions, and was attended with punctilious forms, in some cases with solemn ceremonies.

Nor has the history of that great spoil been suffered to fall into oblivion. Books have been written on the subject. The art of the painter and engraver has commemorated the workmanship of the jeweller and embroiderer. The three great diamonds have been traced in their passage through successive hands from court to court. One now glitters in the papal tiara; another is deposited in the treasury of Vienna; the third, after returning to India, where it is supposed to have belonged originally to the Great Mogul, has been recently brought back to Europe, and now, we believe, awaits a purchaser. Switzerland has preserved many of the bulkier but not less interesting objects. In its churches, arsenals, and other public buildings, the Burgundian tapestries, banners, cannon, and suits of armor, still attract the attention of visitors and the study of antiquarians.

For our own part, while looking at these trophies or turning over the leaves of the time-stained lists in which they are enumerated, we have been reminded of other relics and another inventory. The "little ivory comb," the "pair of bride's gloves," the "agnus enchased with silver," the "necklace with ten little paternosters of amber," picked up among the ashes of Dinant and duly entered to the credit of "my lord of Burgundy"—was there no connection between those memorials of humble joy, of modest love, of ruined homes, and these remains of fallen pride and grandeur? Yes, without doubt! though it be one which history, that tracks the diamond from hand to hand, is incapable of tracing.

Annie Chambers Ketchum.

Born in Scott Co., Ky., 1824.

SEA-WEEDS.

[*Lotos-Flowers.* 1877.]

FRIEND of the thoughtful mind and gentle heart,
Beneath the citron-tree—
Deep calling to my soul's profounder deep—
I hear the Mexique Sea.

White through the night rides in the spectral surf
Along the spectral sands,
And all the air vibrates, as if from harps
Touched by phantasmal hands.

Bright in the moon the red pomegranate-flowers
Lean to the yucca's bells,
While with her chrism of dew sad Midnight fills
The milk-white asphodels.

Watching all night—as I have done before—
I count the stars that set,
Each writing on my soul some memory deep
Of pleasure or regret;

Till, wild with heartbreak, toward the east I turn,
Waiting for dawn of day;
And chanting sea, and asphodel, and star,
Are faded, all away.

Only within my trembling, trembling hands—
Brought unto me by thee—
I clasp these beautiful and fragile things,
Bright sea-weeds from the sea.

Fair bloom the flowers beneath these northern skies,
Pure shine the stars by night,
And grandly sing the grand Atlantic waves
In thunder-throated might;

Yet, as the sea-shell in her chambers keeps
The murmur of the sea,
So the deep echoing memories of my home
Will not depart from me.

Prone on the page they lie, these gentle things,
As I have seen them cast

Like a drowned woman's hair along the sands
When storms were overpast;

Prone, like mine own affections, cast ashore
In battle's storm and blight.
Would they could die, like sea-weed! Bear with me,
But I must weep to-night.

Thomas Starr King.

BORN in New York, N. Y., 1824. DIED in San Francisco, Cal., 1864.

THE BUSINESS AND GLORY OF ETERNITY.

[*Sermon on the Future Life.* 1854.—*Christianity and Humanity.* 1877.]

OUR views of the future life are thin and unpractical and impotent because we do keep off from all speculation about it. How poor, almost barren, has the Christian imagination been in its conceptions, I will not say of the details, but of the principles and the objects of that future world! The imagery of the judgment-seat of Christ, which the New Testament in one or two instances suggests, has been expanded and verified by the rhetoric and poetry of the Church, so that it has filled up all the space into which the eye of the spirit can pierce beyond the grave, so that a solemn gloom rests over the world to come. Or when the timid fancy has ventured at all into pictures or conjectures of the occupations of that sphere, it has not strayed beyond the hints of the Apocalypse, of the songs of the hundred and forty-four thousand elders, and the harps and the golden phials full of odors, and the white robes, and the palms in their hands. The conception of heaven as an immeasurable singing-school, and its business a never-ending and monotonous chant directly in the blaze of God's holiness, has little to attract the hearty thought of strong men towards it; and I seriously believe that it is the poverty of imagination in the Church as to the conditions, the duties, and the joys of the future world, which accounts in a large measure for the little care there is about it,—for the undertone of feeling which I know exists in many breasts, that an eternal life, according to the modes of presentation in the Church, is not worth having and would be insufferably tedious.

Now as to the external details, it may do no good, and therefore we may have no right to speculate—I mean as to where the spiritual world is, whether we shall have visible organizations or not, and what sized beings we shall be. But as to the essential conditions and occupations of that world, I hold that we have a right to think about it, and that we ought to, and that very much of the practical power of the future life over us consists in the kind of speculation we entertain, the quality of the musings we indulge. If we think of it only now and then as a state where final retribution shall be executed upon souls for their good or evil in this life, it will simply affect us now and then with a spasm of fear, but our inmost reverence will not be stimulated and fed. If we conceive of it as a vast stretching kingdom of haze off beyond our horizon, where ghosts live, it will have an influence upon our lives about as great as such an expanse of mist would have upon the orbit of the solid earth. We must make it in our imagination what the spirit of Christianity would have us make it,—a world for the exercise of the great powers of our humanity, and therefore a world more real, more intense, more vital and moral, than this plane of existence. We must think of its occupations and business as appealing to and attesting the distinguishing faculties of our manhood and womanhood; then it will be a reality, a glorious, solemn, and practical reality to us. . . .

I have spoken of the great faculties of our nature as passing into the future to be educated, but I have not ranked them. Of course the highest is love, and the order of the future seems most clear and most impressive to my mind when I think that we shall go to our places there according to our love rather than our wisdom. It will be part of our business to become acquainted with God outwardly by the intellect; but the great law of life will be more fully manifest there than even here, that our joy shall consist in the quality of our affections, in our sympathy and our charity. Though we have the gift of prophecy and understand all mystery and all knowledge, and though we have all faith so that we could remove mountains, and have not charity, we shall be nothing. Glorious will it be, no doubt, in that world of substance to be surrounded with the splendors of God's thought, to have the privilege of free range whithersoever taste may lead through the domains of infinite art, to enjoy the possibilities of reception from the highest created intellects; but our bliss, the nectar of the soul, will flow from our consecration, our openness to the love of God, and our desire of service to his most needy ones.

For, brethren, let us associate also with the future the business and the glory of practical service. All degrees of spirits float into that realm of silence. Ripe and unripe, mildewed, cankered, stunted, as well as stately and strong and sound, they are garnered for the eternal state by death. Is Christ, whose life was sympathy and charity upon the earth, busy in no ministries of instruction and redemption there? Has Paul no missionary zeal and no heart of pity for the Antiochs and the

Corinths that darken and pollute the eternal spaces? Has Loyola lost his ambition to bring the heathen hearts to the knowledge of Jesus? Will not the thousands of the merciful who have found it their joy here to collect the outcasts under healthier influence, to kindle the darkened mind, to clothe the shivering forms of destitution, to carry comfort to sick-beds, and cheer into desolate homes,—will not the divine brothers and sisters of charity, who are the glory of this life, find some call and some exercise for their Christlike sympathy in that world; in that world which is colonized by millions of the heathen and the unfortunate, the sin-sick, the polluted, and the ignorant, every year? Oh, doubt not, brethren, that the highest in Heaven are the helpers, the spirits of charity, the glorified Samaritans who penetrate into all the abysses of evil with their aid and their hope. Doubt not that there will be ample opportunities for the exercise of our divinest faculties, and that we are prepared for its joys just as we are furnished with sympathies, educated on the earth by the blessings and the cheer they have scattered among the wastes.

George William Curtis.

Born in Providence, R. I., 1824.

THE NEW LIVERY.

[*The Potiphar Papers.* 1853.]

THE Gnus, and Crœsuses, and Silkes, and the Settum Downes, have their coats of arms, and crests, and liveries, and I am not going to be behind, I tell you. Mr. P. ought to remember that a great many of these families were famous before they came to this country, and there is a kind of interest in having on your ring, for instance, the same crest that your ancestor two or three centuries ago had upon her ring. One day I was quite wrought up about the matter, and I said as much to him.

"Certainly," said he, "certainly; you are quite right. If I had Sir Philip Sidney to my ancestor, I should wear his crest upon my ring, and glory in my relationship, and I hope I should be a better man for it. I wouldn't put his arms upon my carriage, however, because that would mean nothing but ostentation. It would be merely a flourish of trumpets to say that I was his descendant, and nobody would know that, either, if my name chanced to be Boggs. In my library I might hang a copy of the family escutcheon as a matter of interest and curiosity to myself, for I'm sure I shouldn't understand it. Do you suppose Mrs.

Gnu knows what *gules argent* are? A man may be as proud of his family as he chooses, and, if he have noble ancestors, with good reason. But there is no sense in parading that pride. It is an affectation, the more foolish that it achieves nothing—no more credit at Stewart's—no more real respect in society. Besides, Polly, who were Mrs. Gnu's ancestors, or Mrs. Crœsus's, or Mrs. Settum Downe's? Good, quiet, honest, and humble people, who did their work, and rest from their labor. Centuries ago, in England, some drops of blood from 'noble' veins may have mingled with the blood of their forefathers; or even, the founder of the family name may be historically famous. What then? Is Mrs. Gnu's family ostentation less absurd? Do you understand the meaning of her crest, and coats of arms, and liveries? Do you suppose she does herself? But in forty-nine cases out of fifty, there is nothing but a similarity of name upon which to found all this flourish of aristocracy."

My dear old Pot is getting rather prosy, Carrie. So, when he had finished that long speech, during which I was looking at the lovely fashion-plates in Harper, I said:

"What colors do you think I'd better have?"

He looked at me with that singular expression, and went out suddenly, as if he were afraid he might say something.

He had scarcely gone before I heard:

"My dear Mrs. Potiphar, the sight of you is refreshing as Hermon's dew."

I colored a little; Mr. Cheese says such things so softly. But I said good morning, and then asked him about liveries, etc.

He raised his hand to his cravat (it was the most snowy lawn, Carrie, and tied in a splendid bow).

"Is not this a livery, dear Mrs. Potiphar?"

And then he went off into one of those pretty talks, in what Mr. P. calls "the language of artificial flowers," and wound up by quoting Scripture—"Servants, obey your masters."

That was enough for me. So I told Mr. Cheese that, as he had already assisted me in colors once, I should be most glad to have him do so again. What a time we had, to be sure, talking of colors, and cloths, and gaiters, and buttons, and knee-breeches, and waistcoats, and plush, and coats, and lace, and hatbands, and gloves, and cravats, and cords, and tassels, and hats. Oh! it was delightful. You can't fancy how heartily the Rev. Cream entered into the matter. He was quite enthusiastic, and at last he said, with so much expression: "Dear Mrs. Potiphar, why not have a *chasseur?*"

I thought it was some kind of French dish for lunch, so I said:

"I am so sorry, but we haven't any in the house."

"Oh," said he, "but you could hire one, you know."

George William Curtis

Then I thought it must be a musical instrument—a panharmonicon, or something of that kind, so I said in a general way:

"I'm not very, very fond of it."

"But it would be so fine to have him standing on the back of the carriage, his plumes waving in the wind, and his lace and polished belts flashing in the sun, as you whirled down Broadway."

Of course I knew then that he was speaking of those military gentlemen who ride behind carriages, especially upon the continent, as Margaret tells me, and who, in Paris, are very useful to keep the savages and wild beasts at bay in the *Champs Elysées*, for you know they are intended as a guard.

But I knew Mr. P. would be firm about that, so I asked Mr. Cheese not to kindle my imagination with the *chasseur.*

We concluded finally to have only one full-sized footman, and a fat driver.

"The corpulence is essential, dear Mrs. Potiphar," said Mr. Cheese. "I have been much abroad; I have mingled, I trust, in good, which is to say, Christian society: and I must say, that few things struck me more upon my return than that the ladies who drive very handsome carriages, with footmen, etc., in livery, should permit such thin coachmen upon the box. I really believe that Mrs. Settum Downe's coachman doesn't weigh more than a hundred and thirty pounds, which is ridiculous. A lady might as well hire a footman with insufficient calves, as a coachman who weighs less than two hundred and ten. That is the minimum. Besides, I don't observe any wigs upon the coachmen. Now, if a lady set up her carriage with the family crest and fine liveries, why, I should like to know, is the wig of the coachman omitted, and his cocked hat also? It is a kind of shabby, half-ashamed way of doing things—a garbled glory. The cock-hatted, knee-breeched, paste-buckled, horse-hair-wigged coachman is one of the institutions of the aristocracy. If we don't have him complete, we somehow make ourselves ridiculous. If we do have him complete, why, then?"—

Here Mr. Cheese coughed a little, and patted his mouth with his cambric. But what he said was very true. I *should* like to come out with the wig, I mean upon the coachman; it would so put down the Settum Downes. But I'm sure old Pot wouldn't have it. He lets me do a great deal. But there is a line which I feel he won't let me pass. I mentioned my fears to Mr. Cheese.

"Well," he said, "Mr. Potiphar may be right. I remember an expression of my carnal days about 'coming it too strong,' which seems to me to be applicable just here."

After a little more talk, I determined to have red plush breeches, with a black cord at the side—white stockings—low shoes, with large buckles

—a yellow waistcoat, with large buttons—lappels to the pockets—and a purple coat, very full and fine, bound with gold lace—and the hat banded with a full gold rosette. Don't you think that would look well in Hyde Park? And, darling Carrie, why shouldn't we have in Broadway what they have in Hyde Park?

When Mr. P. came in, I told him all about it. He laughed a good deal, and said, "What next?" So I am not sure he would be so very hard upon the wig. The next morning I had appointed to see the new footman, and, as Mr. P. went out he turned and said to me: "Is your footman coming to-day?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well," said he, "don't forget the calves. You know that everything in the matter of livery depends upon the calves."

And he went out laughing silently to himself, with—actually, Carrie—a tear in his eye.

But it was true, wasn't it? I remember in all the books and pictures how much is said about the calves. In advertisements, etc., it is stated that none but well-developed calves need apply; at least it is so in England, and, if I have a livery, I am not going to stop half way. My duty was very clear. When Mr. Cheese came in, I said I felt awkward in asking a servant about his calves, it sounded so queerly. But I confessed that it was necessary.

"Yes, the path of duty is not always smooth, dear Mrs. Potiphar. It is often thickly strewn with thorns," said he, as he sank back in the *fauteuil*, and put down his *petit verre* of *Marasquin.*

Just after he had gone, the new footman was announced. I assure you, although it is ridiculous, I felt quite nervous. But when he came in, I said calmly:

"Well, James, I am glad you have come."

"Please ma'am, my name is Henry," said he.

I was astonished at his taking me up so, and said decidedly:

"James, the name of my footman is always James. You may call yourself what you please, I shall always call you James."

The idea of the man's undertaking to arrange my servants' names for me!

Well, he showed me his references, which were very good, and I was quite satisfied. But there was the terrible calf business that must be attended to. I put it off a great while, but I had to begin.

"Well, James!" and there I stopped.

"Yes, ma'am," said he.

"I wish—yes—ah!" and there I stopped again.

"Yes, ma'am," said he.

"James, I wish you had come in knee-breeches."

"Ma'am?" said he, in great surprise.

"In knee-breeches, James," repeated I.

"What be they, ma'am? What for, ma'am?" said he, a little frightened, as I thought.

"Oh! nothing, nothing; but—but—"

"Yes, ma'am," said James.

"But—but I want to see—to see—"

"What, ma'am?" said James.

"Your legs," gasped I; and the path *was* thorny enough, Carrie, I can tell you. I had a terrible time explaining to him what I meant, and all about the liveries, etc. Dear me! what a pity these things are not understood; and then we should never have this trouble about explanations. However, I couldn't make him agree to wear the livery. He said:

"I'll try to be a good servant, ma'am, but I cannot put on those things and make a fool of myself. I hope you won't insist, for I am very anxious to get a place."

Think of his dictating to me! I told him that I did not permit my servants to impose conditions upon me (that's one of Mrs. Crœsus's sayings), that I was willing to pay him good wages and treat him well, but that my James must wear my livery. He looked very sorry, said that he should like the place very much—that he was satisfied with the wages, and was sure he should please me, but he could not put on those things. We were both determined, and so parted. I think we were both sorry; for I should have to go all through the calf-business again, and he lost a good place.

However, Caroline, dear, I have my livery and my footman, and am as good as anybody. It's very splendid when I go to Stewart's to have the red plush, and the purple, and the white calves springing down to open the door, and to see people look, and say: "I wonder who that is?" And everybody bows so nicely, and the clerks are so polite, and Mrs. Gnu is melting with envy on the other side, and Mrs. Crœsus goes about, saying: "Dear little woman, that Mrs. Potiphar, but so weak! Pity, pity!" And Mrs. Settum Downe says: "Is that the Potiphar livery? Ah, yes. Mr. Potiphar's grandfather used to shoe my grandfather's horses (as if to be useful in the world were a disgrace—as Mr. P. says), and young Downe, and Boosey, and Timon Crœsus, come up and stand about so gentlemanly, and say: "Well, Mrs. Potiphar, are we to have no more charming parties this season?" and Boosey says, in his droll way: "Let's keep the ball a-rolling!" That young man is always ready with a witticism. Then I step out, and James throws open the door, and the young men raise their hats, and the new crowd says: "I wonder who that is!" and the plush, and purple, and calves spring up behind, and I drive home to dinner.

SPRING SONG.

A BIRD sang sweet and strong
In the top of the highest tree:
He said "I pour out my heart in song
For the summer that soon shall be!"

But deep in the shady wood,
Another bird sang "I pour
My heart on the solemn solitude,
For the springs that return no more."

OUR COUSIN THE CURATE.

[*Prue and I.* 1856.]

PRUE loves to listen when I speak of the romance of his life, and I do not wonder. For my part, I find in the best romance only the story of my love for her, and often as I read to her, whenever I come to what Titbottom calls "the crying part," if I lift my eyes suddenly, I see that Prue's eyes are fixed on me with a softer light by reason of their moisture.

Our cousin the curate loved, while he was yet a boy, Flora, of the sparkling eyes and the ringing voice. His devotion was absolute. Flora was flattered, because all the girls, as I said, worshipped him; but she was a gay, glancing girl, who had invaded the student's heart with her audacious brilliancy, and was half surprised that she had subdued it. Our cousin—for I never think of him as *my* cousin, only—wasted away under the fervor of his passion. His life exhaled as incense before her. He wrote poems to her, and sang them under her window, in the summer moonlight. He brought her flowers and precious gifts. When he had nothing else to give, he gave her his love in a homage so eloquent and beautiful that the worship was like the worship of the wise men. The gay Flora was proud and superb. She was a girl, and the bravest and best boy loved her. She was young, and the wisest and truest youth loved her. They lived together, we all lived together, in the happy valley of childhood. We looked forward to manhood as island-poets look across the sea, believing that the whole world beyond is a blest Araby of spices.

The months went by, and the young love continued. Our cousin and Flora were only children still, and there was no engagement. The elders looked upon the intimacy as natural and mutually beneficial. It would help soften the boy and strengthen the girl; and they took for granted that softness and strength were precisely what were wanted. It is a great pity that men and women forget that they have been children. Parents are apt to be foreigners to their sons and daughters. Maturity is the gate of Paradise, which shuts behind us; and our memories are gradually weaned from the glories in which our nativity was cradled.

The months went by, the children grew older, and they constantly loved. Now Prue always smiles at one of my theories; she is entirely sceptical of it; but it is, nevertheless, my opinion, that men love most passionately, and women most permanently. Men love at first and most warmly; women love last and longest. This is natural enough; for nature makes women to be won, and men to win. Men are the active, positive force, and, therefore, they are more ardent and demonstrative.

I can never get farther than that in my philosophy, when Prue looks at me, and smiles me into scepticism of my own doctrines. But they are true, notwithstanding.

My day is rather past for such speculations; but so long as Aurelia is unmarried, I am sure I shall indulge myself in them. I have never made much progress in the philosophy of love; in fact, I can only be sure of this one cardinal principle, that when you are quite sure two people cannot be in love with each other, because there is no earthly reason why they should be, then you may be very confident that you are wrong, and that they are in love, for the secret of love is past finding out. Why our cousin should have loved the gay Flora so ardently was hard to say; but that he did so, was not difficult to see.

He went away to college. He wrote the most eloquent and passionate letters; and when he returned in vacations, he had no eyes, ears, nor heart for any other being. I rarely saw him, for I was living away from our early home, and was busy in a store—learning to be book-keeper—but I heard afterward from himself the whole story.

One day when he came home for the holidays, he found a young foreigner with Flora—a handsome youth, brilliant and graceful. I have asked Prue a thousand times why women adore soldiers and foreigners. She says it is because they love heroism and are romantic. A soldier is professionally a hero, says Prue, and a foreigner is associated with all unknown and beautiful regions. I hope there is no worse reason. But if it be the distance which is romantic, then, by her own rule, the mountain which looked to you so lovely when you saw it upon the horizon, when you stand upon its rocky and barren side, has transmitted its romance to its remotest neighbor. I cannot but admire the fancies of girls which make them poets. They have only to look upon a dull-eyed, ignorant, exhausted *roué*, with an impudent moustache, and they surrender to Italy, to the tropics, to the splendors of nobility, and a court life—and—

"Stop," says Prue, gently; "you have no right to say 'girls' do so, because some poor victims have been deluded. Would Aurelia surrender to a blear-eyed foreigner in a moustache?"

Prue has such a reasonable way of putting these things!

Our cousin came home and found Flora and the young foreigner conversing. The young foreigner had large, soft, black eyes, and the dusky skin of the tropics. His manner was languid and fascinating, courteous and reserved. It assumed a natural supremacy, and you felt as if here were a young prince travelling before he came into possession of his realm.

It is an old fable that love is blind. But I think there are no eyes so sharp as those of lovers. I am sure there is not a shade upon Prue's brow that I do not instantly remark, nor an altered tone in her voice that I do not instantly observe. Do you suppose Aurelia would not note the slightest deviation of heart in her lover, if she had one? Love is the coldest of critics. To be in love is to live in a crisis, and the very imminence of uncertainty makes the lover perfectly self-possessed. His eye constantly scours the horizon. There is no footfall so light that it does not thunder in his ear. Love is tortured by the tempest the moment the cloud of a hand's size rises out of the sea. It foretells its own doom; its agony is past before its sufferings are known.

Our cousin the curate no sooner saw the tropical stranger, and marked his impression upon Flora, than he felt the end. As the shaft struck his heart, his smile was sweeter, and his homage even more poetic and reverential. I doubt if Flora understood him or herself. She did not know, what he instinctively perceived, that she loved him less. But there are no degrees in love; when it is less than absolute and supreme, it is nothing. Our cousin and Flora were not formally engaged, but their betrothal was understood by all of us as a thing of course. He did not allude to the stranger; but as day followed day, he saw with every nerve all that passed. Gradually—so gradually that she scarcely noticed it—our cousin left Flora more and more with the soft-eyed stranger, whom he saw she preferred. His treatment of her was so full of tact, he still walked and talked with her so familiarly, that she was not troubled by any fear that he saw what she hardly saw herself. Therefore, she was not obliged to conceal anything from him or from herself; but all the soft currents of her heart were setting toward the West Indian. Our cousin's cheek grew paler, and his soul burned and wasted within him. His whole future—all his dream of life—had been founded upon his love. It was a stately palace built upon the sand, and now the sand was sliding away. I have read somewhere, that love will sacrifice everything but itself. But our cousin sacrificed his love to the happiness of his mistress. He ceased to treat her as peculiarly his own. He made no claim in word or manner that everybody might not have made. He did not refrain from seeing her, or speaking of her as of all his other friends; and, at length, although no one could say how or when the change had been made, it was evident and understood that he was no more her lover, but that both were the best of friends.

He still wrote to her occasionally from college, and his letters were those of a friend, not of a lover. He could not reproach her. I do not believe any man is secretly surprised that a woman ceases to love him. Her love is a heavenly favor won by no desert of his. If it passes, he can no more complain than a flower when the sunshine leaves it.

Before our cousin left college, Flora was married to the tropical stranger. It was the brightest of June days, and the summer smiled upon the bride. There were roses in her hand and orange flowers in her hair, and the village church bell rang out over the peaceful fields. The warm sunshine lay upon the landscape like God's blessing, and Prue and I, not yet married ourselves, stood at an open window in the old meeting-house, hand in hand, while the young couple spoke their vows. Prue says that brides are always beautiful, and I, who remember Prue herself upon her wedding-day—how can I deny it? Truly, the gay Flora was lovely that summer morning, and the throng was happy in the old church. But it was very sad to me, although I only suspected then what now I know. I shed no tears at my own wedding, but I did at Flora's, although I knew she was marrying a soft-eyed youth whom she dearly loved, and who, I doubt not, dearly loved her.

Among the group of her nearest friends was our cousin the curate. When the ceremony was ended, he came to shake her hand with the rest. His face was calm, and his smile sweet, and his manner unconstrained. Flora did not blush—why should she?—but shook his hand warmly, and thanked him for his good wishes. Then they all sauntered down the aisle together; there were some tears with the smiles among the other friends; our cousin handed the bride into her carriage, shook hands with the husband, closed the door, and Flora drove away.

I have never seen her since; I do not even know if she be living still. But I shall always remember her as she looked that June morning, holding roses in her hand, and wreathed with orange flowers. Dear Flora! it was no fault of hers that she loved one man more than another: she could not be blamed for not preferring our cousin to the West Indian: there is no fault in the story, it is only a tragedy.

Our cousin carried all the collegiate honors—but without exciting jealousy or envy. He was so really the best, that his companions were anxious he should have the sign of his superiority. He studied hard, he thought much, and wrote well. There was no evidence of any blight upon his ambition or career, but after living quietly in the country for some time, he went to Europe and travelled. When he returned, he resolved to study law, but presently relinquished it. Then he collected materials for a history, but suffered them to lie unused. Somehow the mainspring was gone. He used to come and pass weeks with Prue and me. His coming made the children happy, for he sat with them, and talked and played with them all day long, as one of themselves. They had no quarrels when our cousin the curate was their playmate, and their laugh was hardly sweeter than his as it rang down from the nursery. Yet sometimes, as Prue was setting the tea-table, and I sat musing by the fire, she stopped and turned to me as we heard that sound, and her eyes filled with tears.

He was interested in all subjects that interested others. His fine perception, his clear sense, his noble imagination, illuminated every question. His friends wanted him to go into political life, to write a great book, to do something worthy of his powers. It was the very thing he longed to do himself; but he came and played with the children in the nursery, and the great deed was undone. Often, in the long winter evenings, we talked of the past, while Titbottom sat silent by, and Prue was busily knitting. He told us the incidents of his early passion—but he did not moralize about it, nor sigh, nor grow moody. He turned to Prue, sometimes, and jested gently, and often quoted from the old song of George Withers, I believe:

"If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?"

But there was no flippancy in the jesting; I thought the sweet humor was no gayer than a flower upon a grave.

I am sure Titbottom loved our cousin the curate, for his heart is as hospitable as the summer heaven. It was beautiful to watch his courtesy toward him, and I do not wonder that Prue considers the deputy book-keeper the model of a high-bred gentleman. When you see his poor clothes, and thin, gray hair, his loitering step, and dreamy eye, you might pass him by as an inefficient man; but when you hear his voice always speaking for the noble and generous side, or recounting, in a half-melancholy chant, the recollections of his youth; when you know that his heart beats with the simple emotion of a boy's heart, and that his courtesy is as delicate as a girl's modesty, you will understand why Prue declares that she has never seen but one man who reminded her of our especial favorite, Sir Philip Sidney, and that his name is Titbottom.

At length our cousin went abroad again to Europe. It was many years ago that we watched him sail away, and when Titbottom, and Prue, and I, went home to dinner, the grace that was said that day was a fervent prayer for our cousin the curate. Many an evening afterward, the children wanted him, and cried themselves to sleep calling upon his name. Many an evening still, our talk flags into silence as we sit before the fire, and Prue puts down her knitting and takes my hand, as if she knew my thoughts, although we do not name his name.

He wrote us letters as he wandered about the world. They were affectionate letters, full of observation, and thought, and description. He lingered longest in Italy, but he said his conscience accused him of yielding to the sirens; and he declared that his life was running uselessly away. At last he came to England. He was charmed with everything, and the climate was even kinder to him than that of Italy. He went to all the famous places, and saw many of the famous Englishmen, and wrote that he felt England to be his home. Burying himself in the ancient gloom of a university town, although past the prime of life, he studied like an ambitious boy. He said again that his life had been wine poured upon the ground, and he felt guilty. And so our cousin became a curate.

EGYPTIAN SERENADE.

SING again the song you sung
When we were together young—
When there were but you and I
Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,
Though I know that nevermore
Will it seem the song you sung
When we were together young.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[*From A Eulogy delivered before the Municipal Authorities of Boston, Mass.*, 18 *April*, 1884.]

PHILLIPS stood alone. He was not a Whig nor a Democrat, nor the graceful panegyrist of an undisputed situation. Both parties denounced him. He must recruit a new party. Public opinion condemned him. He must win public opinion to achieve his purpose. The tone, the method of the new orator, announced a new spirit. It was not a heroic story of the last century, nor the contention of contemporary politics; it was the unsuspected heroism of a mightier controversy that breathed and burned in his words. With no party behind him, and denouncing established order and acknowledged tradition, his speech was necessarily a popular appeal for a strange and unwelcome cause, and the condition of its success was that it should both charm and rouse the hearer, while, under cover of the fascination, the orator unfolded his argument and urged his plea. This condition the genius of the orator instinctively perceived, and it determined the character of his discourse.

He faced his audience with a tranquil mien, and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed. He spoke, and in the measured cadence of his quiet voice there was intense feeling, but no declamation, no passionate appeal, no superficial and feigned emotion. It was simple colloquy—a gentleman conversing. Unconsciously and surely the ear and heart were charmed. How was it done?—Ah! how did Mozart do it, how Raphael? The secret of the rose's sweetness, of the bird's ecstasy, of the sunset's glory—that is the secret of genius and of eloquence. What was heard, what was seen, was the form of noble manhood, the courteous and self-possessed tone, the flow of modulated speech, sparkling with matchless richness of illustration, with apt allusion, and happy anecdote and historic parallel, with wit and pitiless invective, with melodious pathos, with stinging satire, with crackling epigram and limpid humor, the bright ripples that play around the sure and steady prow of the resistless ship. Like an illuminated vase of odors, he glowed with concentrated and perfumed fire. The divine energy of his conviction utterly possessed him, and his

> "Pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in his cheek, and so distinctly wrought,
> That one might almost say his body thought."

Was it Pericles swaying the Athenian multitude? Was it Apollo breathing the music of the morning from his lips?—No, no! It was an American patriot, a modern son of liberty, with a soul as firm and as true as was ever consecrated to unselfish duty, pleading with the American conscience for the chained and speechless victims of American inhumanity. . . . .

The abolition movement was moral agitation. It was a voice crying in the wilderness. As an American movement it was reproached for holding aloof from the American political method. But in the order of time the moral awakening precedes political action. Politics are founded in compromise and expediency, and had the abolition leaders paused to parley with prejudice and interest and personal ambition, in order to smooth and conciliate and persuade, their duty would have been undone. When the alarm-bell at night has brought the aroused citizens to the street, they will organize their action. But the ringer of the bell betrays his trust when he ceases to startle. To vote was to acknowledge the

Constitution. To acknowledge the Constitution was to offer a premium upon slavery by granting more political power for every slave. It was to own an obligation to return innocent men to unspeakable degradation, and to shoot them down if, with a thousandfold greater reason than our fathers, they resisted oppression. Could Americans do this? Could honest men do this? Could a great country do this, and not learn, sooner or later, by ghastly experience, the truth which George Mason proclaimed—that Providence punishes national sins by national calamities? The Union, said Wendell Phillips, with a calmness that enchanted while it appalled—the Union is called the very ark of the American covenant; but has not idolatry of the Union been the chief bulwark of slavery, and in the words and deeds and spirit of the most vehement "Union saviours" who denounce agitation, can any hope of emancipation be descried? If, then, under the sacred charter of the Union, Slavery has grown to this stupendous height, throwing the shadow of death over the land, is not the Union as it exists the foe of Liberty, and can we honestly affirm that it is the sole surviving hope of freedom in the world? Long ago the great leaders of our parties hushed their voices, and whispered that even to speak of slavery was to endanger the Union. Is not this enough? Sons of Otis and of Adams, of Franklin and of Jay, are we ready for union upon the ruins of freedom? *Delenda Carthago! Delenda Carthago!* . . . .

Doubtless his friends, who knew that well-spring of sweet waters, his heart, and who, like him, were sealed to the service of emancipation, sometimes grieved and recoiled amazed from his terrible arraignment. He knew the penalty of his course. He paid it cheerfully. But history will record that the orator who, in that supreme exigency of liberty, pitilessly whipped by name the aiders and abettors of the crime against humanity, made such complicity in every intelligent community infinitely more arduous, and so served mankind, public virtue, and the State.

But more than this. The avowed and open opponents of the anti-slavery agitation could not justly complain of his relentless pursuit. From them he received the blows that in turn he did not spare. But others, his friends, soldiers of the same army, although in other divisions and upon a different route, marching against the same foe—did they, too, feel those shafts of fire? How many a Massachusetts man, whose name the commonwealth will canonize with his, loyal with his own fidelity to the common cause, he sometimes taunted as recreant and scourged as laggard! How many leaders in other States, statesmen beloved and revered, who in other ways than his fought the battle of liberty with firmness in the right, as God gave them to see the right, and who live in national gratitude and among the great in history forevermore, did not those dauntless lips seem sometimes cruelly to malign! "Blame not this plainness of speech," he said; "I have a hundred friends, as brave souls as God ever made, whose hearths are not as safe after honored men make such speeches." He knew that his ruthless words closed to him homes of friendship and hearts of sympathy. He saw the amazement, he heard the condemnation; but, like the great apostle preaching Christ, he knew only Humanity, and Humanity crucified. Tongue of the dumb, eyes of the blind, feet of the lame, his voice alone, among the voices that were everywhere heard and heeded, was sent by God to challenge every word or look or deed that seemed to him possibly to palliate oppression or to comfort the oppressor. Divinely commissioned, he was not, indeed, to do injustice; but the human heart is very patient with the hero who, in his strenuous and sublime conflict, if sometimes he does not clearly see and sometimes harshly judges, yet, in all his unsparing assault, deals never a blow of malice nor of envy nor of personal gratification—the warrior who grasps at no prizes for which others strive, and whose unselfish peace no laurels of Miltiades disturb. . .

But his judgment, always profoundly sincere, was it not sometimes profoundly mistaken? No nobler friend of freedom and of man than Wendell Phillips ever breathed upon this continent, and no man's service to freedom surpasses his. But before the war he demanded peaceful disunion—yet it was the Union in arms that saved Liberty. During the war he would have superseded Lincoln—but it was Lincoln who freed the slaves. He pleaded for Ireland, tortured by centuries of misrule—and while every generous heart followed with sympathy the pathos and the power of his appeal, the just mind recoiled from the sharp arraignment of the truest friends in England that Ireland ever had. I know it all; but I know also, and history will remember, that the slave Union which he denounced is dissolved; that it was the heart and conscience of the nation, exalted by his moral appeal of agitation, as well as by the enthusiasm of patriotic war, which held up the hands of Lincoln, and upon which Lincoln leaned in emancipating the slaves; and that only by indignant and aggressive appeals like his has the heart of England ever opened to Irish wrong. . . . .

I am not here to declare that the judgment of Wendell Phillips was always sound, nor his estimate of men always just, nor his policy always approved by the event. He would have scorned such praise. I am not here to eulogize the mortal, but the immortal. He, too, was a great American patriot; and no American life—no, not one—offers to future generations of his countrymen a more priceless example of inflexible fidelity to conscience and to public duty; and no American more truly than he purged the national name of its shame, and made the American flag the flag of hope for mankind.

Among her noblest children his native city will cherish him, and gratefully recall the unbending Puritan soul that dwelt in a form so gracious and urbane. The plain house in which he lived—severely plain, because the welfare of the suffering and the slave were preferred to book and picture and every fair device of art; the house to which the North Star led the trembling fugitive, and which the unfortunate and the friendless knew; the radiant figure passing swiftly through these streets, plain as the house from which it came, regal with a royalty beyond that of kings; the ceaseless charity untold; the strong, sustaining heart of private friendship; the sacred domestic affection that must not here be named; the eloquence which, like the song of Orpheus, will fade from living memory into a doubtful tale; that great scene of his youth in Faneuil Hall; the surrender of ambition; the mighty agitation and the mighty triumph with which his name is forever blended; the consecration of a life hidden with God in sympathy with man—these, all these, will live among your immortal traditions, heroic even in your heroic story. But not yours alone. As years go by, and only the large outlines of lofty American characters and careers remain, the wide republic will confess the benediction of a life like this, and gladly own that if with perfect faith, and hope assured, America would still stand and "bid the distant generations hail," the inspiration of her national life must be the sublime moral courage, the all-embracing humanity, the spotless integrity, the absolutely unselfish devotion of great powers to great public ends, which were the glory of Wendell Phillips.

EBB AND FLOW.

I WALKED beside the evening sea,
And dreamed a dream that could not be;
The waves that plunged along the shore
Said only—"Dreamer, dream no more!"

But still the legions charged the beach;
Loud rang their battle-cry, like speech;
But changed was the imperial strain:
It murmured—"Dreamer, dream again!"

I homeward turned from out the gloom,—
That sound I heard not in my room;
But suddenly a sound, that stirred
Within my very breast, I heard.

It was my heart, that like a sea
Within my breast beat ceaselessly:
But like the waves along the shore,
It said—"Dream on!" and "Dream no more!"

Charles Godfrey Leland.

BORN in Philadelphia, Penn., 1824.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

[*The Music Lesson of Confucius, and Other Poems.* 1872.]

I HAVE two friends—two glorious friends—two better could not be,
And every night when midnight tolls they meet to laugh with me.

The first was shot by Carlist thieves—ten years ago in Spain.
The second drowned near Alicante—while I alive remain.

I love to see their dim white forms come floating through the night,
And grieve to see them fade away in early morning light.

The first with gnomes in the Under Land is leading a lordly life,
The second has married a mer-maiden, a beautiful water-wife.

And since I have friends in the Earth and Sea—with a few, I trust, on high,
'Tis a matter of small account to me—the way that I may die.

For whether I sink in the foaming flood, or swing on the triple tree,
Or die in my bed, as a Christian should, is all the same to me.

AT EASE WITH THE ROMANYS.

[*The Gypsies.* 1882.]

THE American gypsies do not beg, like their English brothers, and particularly their English sisters. This fact speaks volumes for their greater prosperity and for the influence which association with a proud race has on the poorest people. Our friends at Oaklands always welcomed us as guests. On another occasion when we went there, I said to my niece, "If we find strangers who do not know us, do not speak at first in Romany. Let us astonish them." We came to a tent, before which sat a very dark, old-fashioned gypsy woman. I paused before her, and said in English:

"Can you tell a fortune for a young lady?"

"She don't want her fortune told," replied the old woman suspiciously and cautiously, or it may be with a view of drawing us on; "No, I can't tell fortunes."

At this the young lady was so astonished that, without thinking of what she was saying, or in what language, she cried:

"*Dordi! Can't tute pen dukkerin?*" (Look! Can't you tell fortunes?)

This unaffected outburst had a greater effect than the most deeply studied theatrical situation could have brought about. The old dame stared at me and at the lady as if bewildered, and cried:

"In the name of God, what kind of gypsies are you?"

"Oh! *mendui shom bori chovihani!*" cried L., laughing; "we are a great witch and a wizard, and if you can't tell me my fortune, I'll tell yours. Hold out your hand, and cross mine with a dollar, and I'll tell you as big a lie as you ever *penned* a *galderli Gorgio* (a green Gentile)."

"Well," exclaimed the gypsy, "I'll believe that you can tell fortunes or do anything! *Dordi! dordi!* but this is wonderful. Yet you're not the first Romany *rāni* (lady) I ever met. There's one in Delaware: a *boridiri* (very great) lady she is, and true Romany,—*flick o the jib te rinkeni adosta* (quick of tongue and fair of face). Well, I am glad to see you."

"Who is that talking there?" cried a man's voice from within the tent. He had heard Romany, and he spoke it, and came out expecting to see familiar faces. His own was a study, as his glance encountered mine. As soon as he understood that I came as a friend, he gave way to infinite joy, mingled with sincerest grief that he had not at hand the means of displaying hospitality to such distinguished Romanys as we evidently were. He bewailed the absence of strong drink. Would we have some tea made? Would I accompany him to the next tavern, and have some beer? All at once a happy thought struck him. He went into the tent and brought out a piece of tobacco, which I was compelled to accept. Refusal would have been unkind, for it was given from the very heart. George Borrow tells us that, in Spain, a poor gypsy once brought him a pomegranate as a first acquaintanceship token. A gypsy is a gypsy wherever you find him.

These were very nice people. The old dame took a great liking to L., and showed it in pleasant manners. The couple were both English, and liked to talk with me of the old country and the many mutual friends whom we had left behind. On another visit, L. brought a scarlet silk handkerchief, which she had bound round her head and tied under her chin in a very gypsy manner. It excited, as I anticipated, great admiration from the old dame.

"*Ah kennā tute dikks rinkeni*—now you look nice. That's the way a Romany lady ought to wear it! Don't she look just as Alfi used to look?" she cried to her husband. "Just such eyes and hair!"

Here L. took off the *diklo*, or handkerchief, and passed it round the gypsy woman's head, and tied it under her chin, saying:

"I am sure it becomes you much more than it does me. Now you look nice:

"'Red and yellow for Romany,
And blue and pink for the Gorgiee.'"

We rose to depart; the old dame offered back to L. her handkerchief, and, on being told to keep it, was greatly pleased. I saw that the way in which it was given had won her heart.

"Did you hear what the old woman said while she was telling your fortune?" asked L., after we had left the tent.

"Now I think of it, I remember that she or you had hold of my hand, while I was talking with the old man, and he was making merry with my whiskey. I was turned away, and around so that I never noticed what you two were saying."

"She *penned* your *dukkerin*, and it was wonderful. She said that she must tell it."

And here L. told me what the old *dye* had insisted on reading in my hand. It was simply very remarkable, and embraced an apparent knowledge of the past, which would make any credulous person believe in her happy predictions of the future.

"Ah, well," I said, "I suppose the *dukk* told it to her. She may be an eye-reader. A hint dropped here and there, unconsciously, the expression of the face, and a life's practice will make anybody a witch. And if there ever was a witch's eye, she has it."

"I would like to have her picture," said L., "in that *lullo diklo* (red handkerchief). She looked like all the sorceresses of Thessaly and Egypt in one, and, as Bulwer says of the Witch of Vesuvius, was all the more terrible for having been beautiful."

Some time after this we went with Britannia Lee, a-gypsying, not figuratively, but literally, over the river into New Jersey. And our first greeting, as we touched the ground, was of good omen, and from a great man, for it was Walt Whitman. It is not often that even a poet meets with three sincerer admirers than the venerable bard encountered on this occasion; so, of course, we stopped and talked, and L. had the pleasure of being the first to communicate to Bon Gaultier certain pleasant things which had recently been printed of him by a distinguished English author, which is always an agreeable task. Blessed upon the mountains, or at the Camden ferry-boat, or anywhere, are the feet of anybody who bringeth glad tidings.

"Well, are you going to see gypsies?"

"We are. We three gypsies be. By the abattoir. *Au revoir.*"

And on we went to the place where I had first found gypsies in America. All was at first so still that it seemed as if no one could be camped in the spot.

"*Se keknō adoi.*" (There's nobody there.)

"*Dordi!*" cried Britannia, "*Dikkava me o tuv te tan te wardo.* (I see a smoke, a tent, a wagon.) I declare, it is my *puro pal*, my old friend, W."

And we drew near the tent and greeted its owner, who was equally astonished and delighted at seeing such distinguished Romany *tāni rānis*, or gypsy young ladies, and brought forth his wife and three really beautiful children to do the honors. W. was a good specimen of an American-born gypsy, strong, healthy, clean, and temperate, none the worse for wear in out-of-dooring, through tropical summers and terrible winters. Like all American Romanys, he was more straightforward than most of his race in Europe. All Romanys are polite, but many of the European kind are most uncomfortably and unconsciously naïve. . . . .

"I shall never forget the first day you came to my camp," said W. to Britannia. "Ah, you astonished me then. You might have knocked me down with a feather. And I didn't know what to say. You came in a carriage with two other ladies. And you jumped out first, and walked up to me, and cried, '*Sa'shān!*' That stunned me, but I answered, '*Sa'shān.*' Then I didn't speak Romanes to you, for I didn't know but what you kept it a secret from the other two ladies, and I didn't wish to betray you. And when you began to talk it as deep as any old Romany I ever heard, and pronounced it so rich and beautiful, I thought I'd never heard the like. I thought you must be a witch."

"*Awer me shom chovihani*" (but I am a witch), cried the lady. "*Mukka men jā adrē o tan.*" (Let us go into the tent.) So we entered, and sat round the fire, and asked news of all the wanderers of the roads, and the young ladies, having filled their pockets with sweets, produced them for the children, and we were as much at home as we had ever been in any *salon;* for it was a familiar scene to us all, though it would, perhaps, have been a strange one to the reader, had he by chance, walking that lonely way in the twilight, looked into the tent and asked his way, and there found two young ladies—*bien mises*—with their escort, all very much at their ease, and talking Romany as if they had never known any other tongue from the cradle.

"What is the charm of all this?" It is that if one has a soul, and does not live entirely reflected from the little thoughts and little ways of a thousand other little people, it is well to have at all times in his heart some strong hold of nature. No matter how much we may be lost in society, dinners, balls, business, we should never forget that there is an eternal sky with stars over it all, a vast, mysterious earth with terrible secrets beneath us, seas, mountains, rivers, and forests away and around; and that it is from these and what is theirs, and not from gas-lit, stifling follies, that all strength and true beauty must come. To this life, odd as he is, the gypsy belongs, and to be sometimes at home with him by wood and wold takes us for a time from "the world." If I express myself vaguely and imperfectly, it is only to those who know not the charm of nature, its ineffable soothing sympathy—its life, its love. Gypsies, like children, feel this enchantment as the older grown do not. To them it is a song without words; would they be happier if the world brought them to know it as words without song, without music or melody? I never read a right old English ballad of sumere when the leaves are grene or the not-broune maid, with its rustling as of sprays quivering to the song of the wode-wale, without thinking or feeling deeply how those who wrote them would have been bound to the Romany. It is ridiculous to say that gypsies are not "educated" to nature and art, when, in fact, they live it. I sometimes suspect that æsthetic culture takes more true love of nature out of the soul than it inspires. One would not say anything of a wild bird or deer being deficient in a sense of that beauty of which it is a part. There are infinite grades, kinds, or varieties of feeling of nature, and every man is perfectly satisfied that his is the true one. For my own part, I am not sure that a rabbit, in the dewy grass, does not feel the beauty of nature quite as much as Mr. Ruskin, and much more than I do.

HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY.

[*Written* 1868.—*Hans Breitmann's Ballads.* 1871.]

HANS BREITMANN gife a Barty,
  Dey had biano-blayin;
I felled in lofe mit a Merican Frau,
  Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hot Haar as prown ash a pretzel,
  Her eyes vas Himmel-plue,
Und ven dey looket indo mein,
  Dey shplit mine Heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a Barty,
  I vent dere you'll pe pound!
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane
  Und vent shpinnen round und round.
De pootiest Fräulein in de Haus
  (She vayed 'pout dwo hoondert pound),
Und afery dime she gife a yoomp
  She makt de vindows sound!

Hans Breitmann gife a Barty,
  I dells you, it cost him dear;

Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
  Of foost-rate Lager Bier.
Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in
  De Deutschers gifes a sheer.
I dink dat so vine a Barty
  Nefer cūm to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a Barty;
  Dere all vas Saus und Braus;
Ven de sooper comed in, de gompany
  Did mach demselfs to Haus;
Dey ate das Brod und Gensybrūst,
  De Bratwurst und Braten fein,
Und vash das Abendessen down
  Mit four barrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a Barty;
  We all cot troonk ash bigs.
I set my Mund to a Fass of Bier
  Und empdy it oop—mit a schwigs.
Und denn I kisst Madilda Yane,
  Und she shlog me on de Kop,
Und de gompany fited mit daple-lecks
  Dill de coonshtaple made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a Barty—
  Wo ist dot Barty now?
Wo ist de lofely golden cloud
  Dot float on de moundain's prow?
Wo ist de Himmelstrahlende Stern—
  De shtar of de shpirit's Light?
All goned afay mit de Lager Bier,
  Afay—in de Ewigkeit!

Author's latest revision. 1888.

Samuel Sullivan Cox.

BORN in Zanesville, Ohio, 1824. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1889.

IN THE STREETS OF PERA.

[*Diversions of a Diplomat in Turkey.* 1887.]

WHAT with the Maltese goats, who go tinkling by to their pasturage, each "with two fair crescents of translucent horn"; what with the vocal seller of bread in the early morning; the mournful cry of the milkman, which wakes you all too early, and, sad to say, wakes the dogs of your neighborhood; the snail-seller, who howls out in some terrible jargon that he has fat, juicy snails, all alive and kicking; and that other genius who peals the Turkish words for vegetables from morning until night—these sounds are only to be heard in all their multifarious howling in Pera. I except one vegetable from my denunciation. What is there about asparagus that makes one kindly disposed toward its raiser and seller? Ah! I have it: his cry, as it is interpreted to me from the Turkish words, is:

"Little lambs, home raised, just from their milk; little lambs!"

You do not see any little lambs in his basket, neither alive nor dead. No; the lambs are the asparagus heads. They are plucked out of the very mud of the walls that once defended Constantinople through its historic crises. Why does he call them home-grown? Because they have not come from a distance, and therefore they are fresh! Another man cries:

"Here are the true sucking-lambs."

He is an artichoke-seller. Was there ever anything so Oriental? Why does he call his vegetables lambs? Is it a sign of the early history of this Ottoman shepherd race? No: lamb is the choicest term of endearment among the Orientals. Our Bible shows this. If you should go so far as to have an affectionate word with a *hanoum*, she would call you a lamb, if you did not anticipate her.

Along comes a man with a bundle of green weeds of some kind. What does he say?

"Birds don't light on it; birds don't light on it."

I ask, in my simplicity, Why does he thus advertise this ornithological fact? Birds don't light—on what?

Oh, he too is selling asparagus! The name suggests such a fairy, delicate leaf of green sprays, that the tiniest bird would break it down if it should alight upon its little stalk. This is a part of the vendible poetry of every-day life in Pera. . . . .

The butchers have something to do with enlivening the city. They have their peculiar noises. They go through the streets dangling their meats on long poles, which they carry upon their shoulders. They awake the carnivorous rapacity of the dogs. I arise early, sometimes, and look out of my window on a vacant plaza. I see the butcher bearing his pole covered with lights and livers. I am familiar with the canine prefecturate, or king-dog, of my neighborhood; for he frequently wraps himself affectionately around my legs. That dog is hungry this morning; it is dawn, and he has light enough to go for a liver. The tawny, cunning brute arouses his tribe. He moves quietly and indifferently. What does he care for the butcher or the liver! He carelessly stands on a little mound of dirt under our hotel window, so as to make a closer inspection as the butcher goes by. He sniffs the morsels. A drop of blood falls upon his cold nose. Now who, if he were a dog, could resist such a temptation? He forgets his loyalty to royalty. He is an enemy—a belligerent. His dignity descends; but he ascends. In one irrepressible moment he strips from the pole a sheep's liver. It is a game of polo; but two play at it. In vain the butcher goes to the rescue of his liver. Still, he believes in Kismet? He does not even swear. I nearly did, from my tower of observation. The butcher is bankrupt. The dog and his followers are his assignees. They have the whole concern. The members of the canine community lick their chops, after a contented meal. There was no battle that morning. The dogs in the neighborhood slept well. They even allowed several strange puppies to stray within their autonomous boundaries and to retire unscathed.

Generally speaking, the dogs which stray around the butcher-shops restrain their appetites. There is a dainty dish which you will see in all the restaurants of Constantinople, where the furnaces for cooking protrude almost upon the narrow street, and the fire flushes and warms your face day and night as you go by. This dainty dish is called "kebab." It consists of morsels of mutton with the fat on them. They are pierced with a skewer and roasted hot. They are due on demand, and never protested. It is a succulent dish. It is eaten off the skewer hot, in the dining-saloon or on the street. It constitutes a great temptation to the tawny quadruped of the quarter. He seems to be a part proprietor of the establishment, by the interest which he takes in its cooking. From the time the kebab is placed upon the spit, until consumed by the customer, the dog never takes his eyes off of it. He has the opportunity, after waiting all day—the dog, I mean, not the customer—of picking up many a stray bit of kebab. The kebab is generally served with a large, flappy, round unleavened cake, and pepper, salt, and herbs. It looks like a tempting dish, except this, that it is too greasy. "Put these on the spit and roast them like kebabs." This was said by a famous Aga of the Janizaries when he ordered the impalement and roasting of some succulent Bulgarians, whom he dearly loved—I suppose.

John Gilmary Shea.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1824.

A SPANISH-AMERICAN EPIC.

[*The First Epic of our Country.* 1886.]

OUR historians do not quote historical ballads in serious history. In Spanish literature it is different. There the narrative poem has always held a recognized position, and works of greater or less merit have come down to us, some maintaining to this day their early reputation. A melodious language easily lent itself to poetical numbers; the long struggle with the Moors called forth all knightly traits and exalted ideas, perhaps often to an extravagant point. The soldier, like Manrique, solaced his hours of inaction by chanting in verse the deeds of his ancestors or his commander. When the New World opened to the warriors of the peninsula a wide untrodden field for high emprise, strange in all its natural features, its inhabitants, its grandeur, where all was redolent of romance, the Spanish knight came with lyre and lance. Narrative poems were written in many forms, and under every possible circumstance. Some were perpetuated by the press, but an immense number still remain in manuscript, and are known to few but the literary or historic antiquarian. The highest of the poems, the only one recognized as a classic, is the Araucana of Alonso de Ercilla y Zuñiga, the work of an officer who recounted in metre the wars of the Spaniards against the unconquerable Indians of southern Chili, a theme which inspired also the Arauca Domado of Pedro de Oña, printed at Lima in 1596, and the Puren Indómito of Alvarez de Toledo, printed only in our day, but cited as an authority by historians of Chili more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

Spain thus brought to the New World her soldier narrative poets, whose rhymed chronicles the historian cannot overlook or despise, though his literary brother may treat them with scant courtesy.

Although only our southern frontier was embraced in the Spanish territory, it has its historic poems. I have seen one in print on the overthrow of the French in Florida by Menendez, probably sung as a ballad in the streets of Spanish cities; another of great length, but unpublished as yet, on the capture of Bishop Altamirano by a French pirate, his ransom and the overthrow of the Corsair; a curious poem of the last century on the seizure of Bishop Morel, at Havanna, by Lord Albemarle, and his deportation to Florida. But of all, the most curious and by far the most important is the little volume I hold in my hand:

"Historia de la Nueva Mexico. Poema Epico del Capitan Gaspar de Villagrá. En Alcala de Henares, por Luis Martinez Grade, 1610."—"The History of New Mexico. An Epic Poem by Captain Gaspar de Villagrá. Published at Alcala de Henares, by Luis Martinez Grade, 1610."

Written and printed before Henry Hudson had made widely known our beautiful harbor as it appeared to his eyes; before the self-exiled Separatists in Holland had formed any project of settling in America, this little work stands in the collection of New Mexico books between the Roman Relation of Montoya, 1603, and the Memorial of Benavides, 1630.

It is a poem in thirty-four cantos, covering, independent of the preliminary matter, two hundred and eighty-seven leaves. We cannot claim for it brilliant invention, rich poetical description, or ingenious fancy; for one of the censors of the work, Master Espinel, while admitting the correctness of the rhythm, yet, with almost brutal frankness, tells the plain, unvarnished truth on this score.

"The History of New Mexico, an heroic poem by Captain Gasper de Villagrá, contains nothing against faith and morals, it rather exalts and elevates it, to behold such a number of souls brought to Catholic truth, and the crown of Spain, with such immense toil by our Spanish race. The verse is correct (numeroso—like Pope 'he lisped in numbers'), and although devoid of inventions and the flowers of poesy (from its being a consecutive and true history), the variety of such new and extraordinary events will please and inspire people of all conditions—some to imitate, others to esteem them, and therefore it is good that it should go into the hands of all. Madrid, December 9, 1609."

But though the censor thus cruelly disappoints us at the outset, the nine odes and sonnets to the author and to the commander of the expedition, including one addressed in their name to the king, show more poetical invention and richness; even Espinel there pays compliments in verse which he avoids in prose, extolling alike the prowess and the poetry of our Captain.

The poem is dedicated to the king, and addresses him throughout; and his Majesty, in the license, styles it "a work which cost you much labor and care, both from having fought and served us in the discovery, pacification, and settlement of said New Mexico, the history whereof you treat, as well as for reducing it to a veritable history, as you have done."

If, then, we cannot claim for Villagrá's poem a rank among the classics, it is nevertheless worth study as a poem written here at such an early period, on events in which the author took part. It is devoted entirely to an American theme. This would in itself be enough to invest Villagrá's poem with interest to any one given to literary research. But as an historical work it possesses remarkable value. The harmonious prose of some writers—like Froude, for example—treats historical facts with greater poetical license than Villagrá allowed himself; and while the muse of Froude prompts him to garble documents to ensure poetic effect, our Spanish poet breaks off at times to give us an important document in solid prose. He does not make any sacrifices to the exigency of verse, and apparently suppresses no name, differing in this from the French poet Thomas, who wrote the poem "Jumonville," in which Washington plays the part of arch-fiend. The whole poem turns on his iniquity and its merited retribution; but as Washington's name defied the poet's ability to introduce it into French verse, it never once occurs in the whole poem.

Villagrá's poem is all the more important as an historical document, because it is the only one that covers the whole career of Don Juan de Oñate from the first project of the conquest of New Mexico down to the revolt of the pueblo of Acoma, and the final reduction and destruction of that city on the beetling crag. It is the only key to the early history of New Mexico. Documents of great value have been printed in Mexico and Spain; books were printed at an early day containing important matter relating to that curious cluster of Pueblo Indians before and after the Spanish conquest; but a student finds himself groping blindly in his endeavor to trace the series of events till he reads the poem of Villagrá.

Any one who has read the accounts of the conquest of New Mexico, by Oñate, either in works especially devoted to that territory, like those of Davis or Prince, or works in which the subject is treated incidentally, must have seen that these writers flounder in a most extraordinary manner as to the very date of Oñate's expedition, and betray complete ignorance as to its earlier stages. They leave you in a delightful mist of uncertainty whether the Spanish commander set out in 1591, or in some year between that and the last year of the century. Yet here was a work in print, not one of the highest rarity, written by one of the very conquistadors of New Mexico, an officer who served in the expedition and proved himself a gallant man at arms—a work in which he gives, with exact particularity, dates of events, names of officers, priests, and soldiers, names of Indian chiefs and places, till the verse reminds one of the second book of the "Iliad," or passages in Shakespeare's historical plays. It may not be poetry, but we may thank the poet for his poem.

Adeline Dutton Train Whitney.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1824.

SUNLIGHT AND STARLIGHT.

[*Pansies.* 1872.]

GOD sets some souls in shade, alone;
They have no daylight of their own:
Only in lives of happier ones
They see the shine of distant suns.

God knows. Content thee with thy night,
Thy greater heaven hath grander light.
To-day is close; the hours are small;
Thou sit'st afar, and hast them all.

Lose the less joy that doth but blind;
Reach forth a larger bliss to find.
To-day is brief: the inclusive spheres
Rain raptures of a thousand years.

A VIOLET.

GOD does not send us strange flowers every year,
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces.
The violet is here.

It all comes back: the odor, grace, and hue;
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
No blank is left, no looking-for is cheated;
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death-winter it must be.
God will not put strange signs in the heavenly places:
The old love shall look out from the old faces.
Veilchen! I shall have thee!

Alexander Winchell.

BORN in North East, Dutchess Co., N. Y., 1824.

THE MAMMOTH.

[*Sparks from a Geologist's Hammer.* 1881.]

IT is the extinct Siberian elephant which has given us the word "mammoth." It comes from the Russian *mamant*, a name applied by the native tribes to a huge beast supposed to burrow underground, and to perish whenever by chance it becomes exposed to the light. Some, however, think it is derived from the Hebrew *behemoth.*

It is impossible to refrain from speculating on the nature of the events which resulted in the burial of entire mammoths in glacier ice. That the climate in which they had lived was not tropical, like that of Africa or India, may be regarded as proved by the presence of the fur in which these animals were clothed. That it was not similar to the existing climate of northern Siberia is apparent from the consideration that such a climate would not yield the requisite supply of vegetation to sustain their existence. More especially would forest vegetation be wanting, which seems to have been designed as the main reliance for proboscidians. Northern Siberia must, therefore, have possessed a temperate climate. If the change to an arctic climate had been gradual, the herds of mammoths would probably have slowly migrated southward; or, if no actual migration occurred, the extinction of the mammoth population would have been distributed over many years, and the destruction of individuals would have taken place at temperatures which were still insufficiently rigorous to preserve their carcasses for a hundred ages. Whole herds of mammoths must have been overwhelmed by a sudden invasion of arctic weather. Some secular change produced an unprecedented precipitation of snow. We may imagine elephantine communities huddled together in the sheltering valleys and in the deep defiles of the rivers, where, on previous occasions, they had found that protection which carried them safely through wintry storms. But now the snow-fall found no pause. Like cattle overwhelmed in the gorges of Montana, the mammoths were rapidly buried. By precipitation and by drifting, fifty feet of snow, perhaps, accumulated above them. They must perish; and with the sudden change in the climate, their shroud of snow would remain wrapped about them through all the mildness of the ensuing summer. The fleecy snow would become granular; it would be névé or *firn*, as in the glacier sources of the Alps. It would finally become solid ice,—compact, clear, and sea-green in its limpid depths. It would be a glacier; and so it would travel down the gorges, down the valleys toward the frozen ocean, sweeping buried mammoths bodily in its resistless stream. Thus, in the course of ages, their mummied forms would reach a latitude more northern than that in which they had been inhumed. It may even have been the case that living mammoths lingered in the country which had witnessed the snowy burial of herds of their fellows. Some must have escaped the first great snow-deluge, and there must have been a return of sunny days, during which they could seek to resuscitate their famished bodies; and spring must have come back at last, and another hope-inspiring summer—cheering, but short and illusory. And if a secular pause in the severity of the climate ensued, a few survivors may have lingered for many years. But winter, dire and permanent, was on the march, and the record which it has left declares that the mammoth population struggled in vain against the despotism of frost, and that the empire which was set up has crumbled only under the attacks of many thousand summers. . . . .

Geological evidences of a great and somewhat sudden change of climate throughout the north temperate zone, in times geologically recent, are too familiar to require more than a mere mention. The greater part of Europe, and all America, to the latitude of 36°, were once buried beneath sheets of glacier ice. In Europe we have the evidence of the presence of man while the continental glaciers were flooding the rivers of France by their rapid dissolution. At the same time the mammoth was there. While thousands of his fellow-mammoths were lying frozen and stark in the icy cemeteries of the north, a few of the giants of a former age had chanced to dwell in latitudes which perpetual snow had not invaded. These were a part of the game which the primeval inhabitants of Europe pursued. Of his ivory they made handles for their implements and weapons. On his ivory they etched figures of the maned and shaggy proboscidian, of which neither history nor tradition has preserved the memory. The bones and teeth of the mammoth are strewed through all the cavern homes and sequestered haunts of the oldest tribes who hunted and fought upon the plains and along the valleys of Europe.

The reader will irresistibly inquire, "How many years have elapsed since Siberian elephants were encased in ice? How many since their survivors thundered through the forests of England and central Europe before the chase of the human hunter? To answer these questions we must ascertain the remoteness of the epochs of continental glaciation, and of the disappearance of the continental glaciers. These are unsolved problems in science. . . . .

The present writer is of the opinion that the geological events which have taken place since the epoch of general glaciation do not demand over ten thousand years; and he inclines to think that the pluvial epoch of western Europe may correspond with those cataclysms of Europe and Western Asia known as the deluges of Ogyges, Deucalion, Noah, and perhaps of the Great Yu in China.

William Cowper Prime.

Born in Cambridge, Washington Co., N. Y., 1825.

EVENING ON FOLLANSBEE.

[*I Go A-Fishing.* 1873.]

THE day had died most gloriously. The "sword of the sun," that had lain across the forest, was withdrawn and sheathed. There was a stillness on land and water and in the sky that seemed like the presence of an invisible majesty. Eastward, the lofty pine trees rested their green tops in an atmosphere whose massive blue seemed to sustain and support them. Westward, the rosy tints along the horizon deepened into crimson around the base of the St. Regis, and faded into black toward the north.

No sign of life, human or inhuman, was anywhere visible or audible, except within the little boat where we two floated; and peace, that peace that reigns where no man is—that peace that never dwells in the abodes of men—here held silent and omnipotent sway.

But a change was coming. The first premonition of it was a sound in the tree-tops—that sighing, soughing of the pines which you have so often heard. At all times and places it is a strange and a melancholy sound, but nowhere so much so as in the deep forest. It is at first a heavy, distant breath, like the deep respiration, or rather the expiration of many weary men—nay, rather of women, for it is gentle and low. But it rises into the sound of a great grief, the utterance of innumerable sighs; and now sobs interrupt it, and low wails of single sorrow that have no comparison with other woe, and that will not be appeased by any sympathies. . . . .

But while I listened to the wind in the pine trees, the gloom had increased, and a ripple came stealing over the water. There was a flapping of one of the lily pads as the first waves struck them; and then, as the breeze passed over us, I threw two flies on the black ripple. There was a swift rush—a sharp dash and plunge in the water. Both were struck at the instant, and then I had work before me that forbade my listening to the voices of the pines. It took five minutes to kill my fish

—two splendid specimens, weighing each a little less than two pounds. Meantime the rip had increased, and the breeze came fresh and steady. It was too dark now to see the opposite shore, and the fish rose at every cast; and when I had a half dozen of the same sort, and one that lacked only an ounce of being full four pounds, we pulled up the killeck and paddled homeward around the wooded point. The moon rose, and the scene on the lake now became magically beautiful. The mocking laugh of the loon was the only cause of complaint in that evening of splendor. Who can sit in the forest in such a night, when earth and air are full of glory—when the soul of the veriest blockhead must be elevated, and when a man begins to feel as if there were some doubt whether he is even a little lower than the angels—who, I say, can sit in such a scene, and hear that fiendish laugh of the loon, and fail to remember Eden and the Tempter? Did you ever hear that laugh? If so, you know what I mean.

That mocking laugh was in my ears as I reeled in my line, and, lying back in the bottom of the canoe, looked up at the still and glorious sky. "Oh that I could live just here forever," I said, "in this still forest home, by this calm lake, in this undisturbed companionship of earth and sky. Oh that I could leave the life of labor among men, and rest serenely here as my sun goes down the sky."

"Ho! ho! ha! ha!" laughed the loon across the lake, under the great rock of the old Indian.

Well, the loon was right; and I was, like a great many other men, mistaken in fancying a hermit's life—or, what I rather desired, a life in the country with a few friends—as preferable to life among crowds of men. There is a certain amount of truth, however, in the idea that man made cities and God made the country.

Doubtless we human creatures were intended to live upon the products of the soil, and the animal food which our strength or sagacity would enable us to procure. It was intended that each man should, for himself and those dependent on him, receive from the soil of the earth such sustenance and clothing as he could compel it to yield. But we have invented a system of covering miles square of ground with large flat stones, or piles of brick and mortar, so as to forbid the product of any article of nourishment, forbidding grass or grain or flower to spring up, since we need the space for our intercommunication with each other, in the ways of traffic and accumulating wealth, while we buy for money, in what we call markets, the food and clothing we should have procured for ourselves from our common mother earth. Doubtless all this is a perversion of the original designs of Providence. The perversion is one that sprang from the accumulation of wealth by a few, to the exclusion of the many, which, in time, resulted in the purchase of the land by the few, and the supply of food in return for articles of luxury manufactured by artisans who were not cultivators of the soil. But who would listen now to an argument in favor of a return to the nomadic style of life? I am not going to give you one, and I am not at all inclined to think it advisable for every one; but in a still, delicious evening like that, I might be pardoned for a sigh when I remembered the workman that I was, and bethought me of the lounger that I might be.

Bayard Taylor.

Born in Kennett Square, Chester Co., Penn., 1825. **Died** in Berlin, Germany, 1878.

A WOMAN.

[*The Poet's Journal.* 1862.—*Poetical Works. Household Edition.* 1883.]

SHE is a woman: therefore, I a man,
  In so much as I love her. Could I more,
Then I were more a man. Our natures ran
  Together, brimming full, not flooding o'er
The banks of life, and evermore will run
In one full stream until our days are done.

She is a woman, but of spirit brave
  To bear the loss of girlhood's giddy dreams;
The regal mistress, not the yielding slave
  Of her ideal, spurning that which seems
For that which is, and, as her fancies fall,
Smiling: the truth of love outweighs them all.

She looks through life, and with a balance just
  Weighs men and things, beholding as they are
The lives of others: in the common dust
  She finds the fragments of the ruined star:
Proud, with a pride all feminine and sweet,
No path can soil the whiteness of her feet.

The steady candor of her gentle eyes
  Strikes dead deceit, laughs vanity away;
She hath no room for petty jealousies,
  Where Faith and Love divide their tender sway.
Of either sex she owns the nobler part;
Man's honest brow and woman's faithful heart.

She is a woman, who, if Love were guide,
  Would climb to power, or in obscure content

Eng^{d} by H.B.Hall's Sons, New York

Bayard Taylor

Sit down: accepting fate with changeless pride—
  A reed in calm, in storm a staff unbent:
No pretty plaything, ignorant of life,
But Man's true mother, and his equal wife.

BEDOUIN SONG.

FROM the Desert I come to thee
  On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
  In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
  And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
  With a love that shall not die
    Till the sun grows cold,
    And the stars are old,
    And the leaves of the Judgment
      Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
  My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
  And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
  With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
  Of a love that shall not die
    Till the sun grows cold,
    And the stars are old,
    And the leaves of the Judgment
      Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
  By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
  The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
  And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
  The love that shall fade no more
    Till the sun grows cold,
    And the stars are old,
    And the leaves of the Judgment
      Book unfold!

1854.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

1856.

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah,—come in! 'Tis kind of thee
To wait until the Friends were gone, who came to comfort me.
The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows flit:
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-trees.

I think he loved the spring: not that he cared for flowers: most men
Think such things foolishness,—but we were first acquainted then,
One spring: the next he spoke his mind; the third I was his wife,
And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered life.

He was but seventy-five; I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first we met.
The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis better I should be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—than he.

We've lived together fifty years: it seems but one long day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away;
And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days to come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin,—she knew what best to say.

Then she was still: they sat awhile: at last she spoke again,
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and "Thou shalt have him, Jane!"
My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we lost:
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her crossed.
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hireling priest—
Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life's a happy one, at least.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old as I,—
Would thee believe it, Hannah? once *I* felt temptation nigh!

My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste;
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's side!
I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more fear than pride,
Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said, and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no sign;
With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life:
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah,—thee, too, hast been a wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of flowers;
The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was kind,—
'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread:
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head,
And Dinah Passmore helped us both,—'twas she stood up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin,—and now they're gone, all three!

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes best.
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest;
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see:
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm,—'twas not his call, in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.
Thee'll say her ways are not like mine,—young people now-a-days
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple tongue,
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with grace,
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely face.
And dress may be of less account: the Lord will look within:
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth: she's anxious I should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned:
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

1860.

PEACH-BLOSSOM.

NIGHTLY the hoar-frost freezes
  The young grass of the field,
Nor yet have blander breezes
  The buds of the oak unsealed:
Not yet pours out the pine
His airy resinous wine;
But over the southern slope,
In the heat and hurry of hope,
The wands of the peach-tree first
Into rosy beauty burst:
A breath, and the sweet buds ope!
A day, and the orchards bare,
Like maids in haste to be fair,
Lightly themselves adorn
With a scarf the Spring at the door
Has sportively flung before,
Or a stranded cloud of the morn!

What spirit of Persia cometh
  And saith to the buds, "Unclose!"
Ere ever the first bee hummeth,
  Or woodland wild flower blows?
What prescient soul in the sod
Garlands each barren rod
With fringes of bloom that speak
Of the baby's tender breast,
And the boy's pure lip unpressed,
And the pink of the maiden's cheek?
The swift, keen Orient so
Prophesies as of old,
While the apple's blood is cold,
Remembering the snow.

Afar, through the mellow hazes
  Where the dreams of June are stayed,
The hills, in their vanishing mazes,
  Carry the flush, and fade!
Southward they fall, and reach
To the bay and the ocean beach,
Where the soft, half-Syrian air
Blows from the Chesapeake's
Inlets and coves and creeks
On the fields of Delaware!
And the rosy lakes of flowers,
That here alone are ours,
Spread into seas that pour
Billow and spray of pink
Even to the blue wave's brink,
All down the Eastern Shore!

Pain, Doubt, and Death are over!
  Who thinks, to-day, of toil?
The fields are certain of clover,
  The gardens of wine and oil.
What though the sap of the North
Drowsily peereth forth
In the orchards, and still delays?
The peach and the poet know
Under the chill the glow,
And the token of golden days!

What fool, to-day, would rather
  In wintry memories dwell?
What miser reach to gather
  The fruit these boughs foretell?
No, no!—the heart has room
For present joy alone,
Light shed and sweetness blown,
For odor and color and bloom!
As the earth in the shining sky,
Our lives in their own bliss lie;
Whatever is taught or told,
However men moan and sigh,
Love never shall grow cold,
And Life shall never die!

1877.

THE GROTTOES OF CAPRI.

[*By-Ways of Europe.* 1869.]

I HAVE purposely left the Blue Grotto to the last, as for me it was subordinate in interest to almost all else that I saw. Still it was part of the inevitable programme. One calm day we had spent in the trip to Anacapri, and another, at this season, was not to be immediately expected. Nevertheless, when we arose on the second morning afterwards, the palm-leaves hung silent, the olives twinkled without motion, and the southern sea glimmered with the veiled light of a calm. Vesuvius had but a single peaceful plume of smoke, the snows of the Apulian Mountains gleamed rosily behind his cone, and the fair headland of Sorrento shone in those soft, elusive, aerial grays which must be the despair of a painter. It was a day for the Blue Grotto, and so we descended to the *marina.*

On the strand, girls with disordered hair and beautiful teeth offered shells and coral. We found mariners readily, and, after a little hesitation, pushed off in a large boat, leaving a little one to follow. The *tra-*

montana had left a faint swell behind it, but four oars carried us at a lively speed along the shore. We passed the ruins of the baths of Tiberius (the *Palazzo a' Mare*), and then slid into the purple shadows of the cliffs, which rose in a sheer wall five hundred feet above the water. Two men sat on a rock, fishing with poles; and the boats further off the shore were sinking their nets, the ends of which were buoyed up with gourds. Pulling along in the shadows, in less than half an hour we saw the tower of Damecuta shining aloft, above a slope of olives which descended steeply to the sea. Here, under a rough, round bastion of masonry, was the entrance to the Blue Grotto.

We were now transshipped to the little shell of a boat which had followed us. The swell rolled rather heavily into the mouth of the cave, and the adventure seemed a little perilous, had the boatmen been less experienced. We lay flat in the bottom; the oars were taken in, and we had just reached the entrance, when a high wave, rolling up, threatened to dash us against the iron portals. "Look out!" cried the old man. The young sailor held the boat back with his hands, while the wave rolled under us into the darkness beyond; then, seizing the moment, we shot in after it, and were safe under the expanding roof. At first, all was tolerably dark: I only saw that the water near the entrance was intensely and luminously blue. Gradually, as the eye grew accustomed to the obscurity, the irregular vault of the roof became visible, tinted by a faint reflection from the water. The effect increased the longer we remained; but the rock nowhere repeated the dazzling sapphire of the sea. It was rather a blue-gray, very beautiful, but far from presenting the effect given in the pictures sold at Naples. The silvery, starry radiance of foam or bubbles on the shining blue ground was the loveliest phenomenon of the grotto. To dip one's hand in the sea, and scatter the water, was to create sprays of wonderful, phosphorescent blossoms, jewels of the Sirens, flashing and vanishing garlands of the Undines.

A chamber, and the commencement of a gallery leading somewhere,—probably to the twelfth palace of Tiberius, on the headland of Damecuta,—were to be distinguished near the rear of the cavern. But rather than explore further mysteries, we watched our chance and shot out, after a full-throated wave, into the flood of white daylight. Keeping on our course around the island, we passed the point of Damecuta,—making a chord to the arc of the shore,—to the first battery, beyond which the Anacapri territory opened fairly to view. From the northern to the northwestern cape the coast sinks, like the side of an amphitheatre, in a succession of curving terraces, gray with the abundant olive. Two deep, winding ravines, like the *wadies* of Arabia, have been worn by the rainfall of thousands of years, until they have split the shore-wall down to the sea.

Looking up them, we could guess the green banks where the violets and anemones grew, and the clumps of myrtle that perfumed the sea breeze.

Broad and grand as was this view, it was far surpassed by the coast scenery to come. No sooner had we passed the pharos, and turned eastward along the southern shore of the island, than every sign of life and laborious industry ceased. The central mountain-wall, suddenly broken off as it reached the sea, presented a face of precipice a thousand feet high, not in a smooth escarpment, as on the northern side, but cut into pyramids and pinnacles of ever-changing form. Our necks ached with gazing at the far summits, piercing the keen blue deeps of air. In one place the vast gable of the mountain was hollowed into arches and grottoes, from the eaves of which depended fringes of stalactite; it resembled a Titanic cathedral in ruins. Above the orange and dove-colored facets of the cliff, the jagged topmost crest wore an ashen tint which no longer suggested the texture of rock. It seemed rather a soft, mealy substance, which one might crumble between the fingers. The critics of the realistic school would damn the painter who should represent this effect truly.

Under these amazing crags, over a smooth, sunny sea, we sped along towards a point where the boatman said we should find the Green Grotto. It lies inside a short, projecting cape of the perpendicular shore, and our approach to it was denoted by a streak of emerald fire flashing along the shaded water at the base of the rocks. A few more strokes on the oars carried us under an arch twenty feet high, which opened into a rocky cove beyond. The water being shallow, the white bottom shone like silver; and the pure green hue of the waves, filled and flooded with the splendor of the sun, was thrown upon the interior facings of the rocks, making the cavern gleam like transparent glass. The dance of the waves, the reflex of the "netted sunbeams," threw ripples of shifting gold all over this green ground; and the walls and roof of the cavern, so magically illuminated, seemed to fluctuate in unison with the tide. It was a marvelous surprise, making truth of Undine and the Sirens, Proteus and the foam-born Aphrodite. The brightness of the day increased the illusion, and made the incredible beauty of the cavern all the more startling, because devoid of gloom and mystery. It was an idyl of the sea, born of the god-lore of Greece. To the light, lisping whisper of the waves,—the sound nearest to that of a kiss,—there was added a deep, dim, subdued undertone of the swell caught in lower arches beyond; and the commencement of that fine posthumous sonnet of Keats chimed thenceforward in my ears:

"It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them *their old shadowy sound.*"

After this, although the same enormous piles of rock overhung us, there were no new surprises. The sublimity and the beauty of this southern coast had reached their climax; and we turned from it to lean over the gunwale of the boat, and watch the purple growth of sponges through the heaving crystal, as we drew into the cove of the *piccola marina.* There Augusto was waiting our arrival, the old fisher was ready with a bench, and we took the upper side of Capri.

My pen lingers on the subject, yet it is time to leave. When the day of our departure came, I wished for a *tramontana*, that we might be detained until the morrow; but no, it was a mild sirocco, setting directly towards Sorrento, and Antonio had come over, although, this time, without any prediction of a fine day. At the last fatal and prosaic moment, when the joys that are over must be paid for, we found Don Michele and Manfred as honest as they had been kind and attentive. Would we not come back some time? asked the Don. Certainly we will.

When the sail was set, and our foamy track pointed to the dear isle we were leaving, I, at least, was conscious of a slight heart-ache. So I turned once more and cried out, "*Addio Capri!*" but the stern Tiberian rocks did not respond, "*Ritornate*," and so Capri passed into memory.

AMERICA.

[*From the National Ode. Delivered in Independence Square, Philadelphia,* 4 *July,* 1876.]

FORESEEN in the vision of sages,
  Foretold when martyrs bled,
She was born of the longing of ages,
    By the truth of the noble dead
    And the faith of the living fed!
  No blood in her lightest veins
  Frets at remembered chains,
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.
  In her form and features still
  The unblenching Puritan will
  Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,
  The Quaker truth and sweetness,
 And the strength of the danger-girdled race
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.
From the homes of all, where her being began,
  She took what she gave to Man;
  Justice, that knew no station,
    Belief, as soul decreed,
  Free air for aspiration,
 Free force for independent deed!
  She takes, but to give again,

As the sea returns the rivers in rain;
And gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
 Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
 Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;
 Her France pursues some dream divine;
 Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
 Her Italy waits by the western brine;
  And, broad-based under all,
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
  As rich in fortitude
As e'er went worldward from the island-wall!
  Fused in her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite:
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan;
  'Twas glory, once, to be a Roman:
She makes it glory, now, to be a man!

THE COMBAT OF LARS AND PER.

[*Lars. A Pastoral of Norway.* 1873.]

THE two before her, face to face
Stared at each other: Brita looked at them!
All three were pale; and she, with faintest voice,
Remembering counsel of the tongues unkind,
Could only breathe: "I know not how to choose."
"No need!" said Lars: "I choose for you," said Per.
Then both drew off and threw aside their coats,
Their broidered waistcoats, and the silken scarves
About their necks; but Per growled "All!" and made
His body bare to where the leathern belt
Is clasped between the breast-bone and the hip.
Lars did the same; then, setting tight the belts,
Both turned a little: the low daylight clad
Their forms with awful fairness, beauty now
Of life, so warm and ripe and glorious, yet
So near the beauty terrible of Death.
All saw the mutual sign, and understood;
And two stepped forth, two men with grizzled hair
And earnest faces, grasped the hooks of steel
In either's belt, and drew them breast to breast,
And in the belts made fast each other's hooks.
An utter stillness on the people fell
While this was done: each face was stern and strange,
And Brita, powerless to turn her eyes,
Heard herself cry, and started: "Per, O Per!"

When those two backward stepped, all saw the flash
Of knives, the lift of arms, the instant clench
Of hands that held and hands that strove to strike:
All heard the sound of quick and hard-drawn breath,
And naught beside; but sudden red appeared,
Splashed on the white of shoulders and of arms.
Then, thighs entwined, and all the body's force
Called to the mixed resistance and assault,
They reeled and swayed, let go the guarding clutch,
And struck out madly. Per drew back, and aimed
A deadly blow, but Lars embraced him close,
Reached o'er his shoulder and from underneath
Thrust upward, while upon his ribs the knife,
Glancing, transfixed the arm. A gasp was heard:
The struggling limbs relaxed; and both, still bound
Together, fell upon the bloody floor.

Some forward sprang, and loosed, and lifted them
A little; but the head of Per hung back,
With lips apart and dim blue eyes unshut,
And all the passion and the pain were gone
Forever. "Dead!" a voice exclaimed; then she,
Like one who stands in darkness, till a blaze
Of blinding lightning paints the whole broad world,
Saw, burst her stony trance, and with a cry
Of love and grief and horror, threw herself
Upon his breast, and kissed his passive mouth,
And loud lamented: "Oh, too late I know
I love thee best, my Per, my sweetheart Per!
Thy will was strong, thy ways were masterful;
I did not guess that love might so command!
Thou wert my ruler: I resisted thee,
But blindly: Oh, come back!—I will obey."

OPENING SCENE OF "PRINCE DEUKALION."

[*Prince Deukalion: a Lyrical Drama.* 1878.]

SCENE.—*A plain, sloping from high mountains towards the sea. At the bases of the mountains lofty vaulted entrances of caverns. A ruined temple, on a rocky height.* A SHEPHERD, *asleep in the shadow of a clump of laurels: the flock scattered over the plain.*

SHEPHERD (*awaking*).

HAVE I outslept the thunder? Has the storm
Broken and rolled away? That leaden weight
Which pressed mine eyelids to reluctant sleep
Falls off: I wake; yet see not anything

As I beheld it. Yonder hang the clouds,
Huge, weary masses, leaning on the hills;
But here, where starwort grew and hyacinth,
And bees were busy at the bells of thyme,
Stare flinty shards; and mine unsandal'd feet
Bleed as I press them: who hath wrought the change?
The plain, the sea, the mountains, are the same;
And there, aloft, Demeter's pillared house,—
What!—roofless, now? Are she and Jove at strife?
And, see!—this altar to the friendly nymphs
Of field and flock, the holy ones who lift
A poor man's prayer so high the Gods may hear,—
Shivered?—Hath thunder, then, a double bolt?
They said some war of Titans was renewed,
But such should not concern us, humble men
Who give our dues of doves and yeanling lambs
And mountain honey. Let the priests in charge,
Who weigh their service with our ignorance,
Resolve the feud!—'tis they are answerable,
Not we; and if impatient Gods make woe,
We should not suffer!
                    Hark!—what strain is that,
Floating about the copses and the slopes
As in old days, when earth and summer sang?
Too sad to come from their invisible tongues
That moved all things to joy; but I will hear.

NYMPHS.

We came when you called us, we linked our dainty being
  With the mystery of beauty, in all things fair and brief:
But only he hath seen us, who was happy in the seeing,
  And he hath heard, who listened in the gladness of belief.
As a frost that creeps, ere the winds of winter whistle,
  And odors die in blossoms that are chilly to the core,
Your doubt hath sent before it the sign of our dismissal;
  We pass, ere ye speak it; we go, and come no more!

SHEPHERD.

If blight they threaten, 'tis already here;
Yet still, methinks, the sweet and wholesome grass
Will sometime spring, and softer rains wash white
My wethers' fleeces. We, Earth's pensioners,
Expect less bounty when her store is scant;
But while her life, though changed from what it was,
Feeds on the sunshine, we shall also live.

VOICES (*from underground*).

We won, through martyrdom, the power to aid;
We met the anguish and were not afraid;

Like One, we bore for you the penal pain.
Behold, your life is but a culprit's chance
To rise, renewed, from out its closing trance;
And, save its loss, there is not any gain!

SHEPHERD.

What tongues austere are these, that offer help
Of loving lives?—that promise final good,
Greater than gave the Gods, so theirs be lost?
Sad is their message, yet its sense allures,
And large the promise, though it leaves us bare.
I would I knew the secret; but, instead,
I shudder with a strange, voluptuous awe,
As when the Pythia spake: 'tis doom disguised,—
Choice offered us when term of choice is past,
And we, obedient unto them that choose,
Are made amenable! Hark,—once again!

NYMPHS.

Our service hath ceased for you, shepherds!
We fade from your days and your dreams,
With the grace that was lithe as a leopard's,
The joy that was swift as a stream's!
To the musical reeds, and the grasses;
To the forest, the copse, and the dell;
To the mist, and the rainbow that passes;
The vine, and the goblet,—farewell!
Go, drink from the fountains that flow not!—
Our songs and our whispers are dumb:
But the thing ye are doing ye know not,
Nor dream of the thing that shall come!

VOICES.

Flame hath not melted, nor did earthquake rend
The dungeons where we waited for The End,
Which coming not, we issue forth to power.
We quench vain joy with shadows of the grave;
We smite your lovely wantonness, to save;
We hang Eternity on Life's weak hour!

NYMPHS.

We wait in the breezes,
We hide in the vapors,
And linger in echoes,
Awaiting recall.

VOICES.

The word is spoken, let the judgment fall!

NYMPHS.

The heart of the lover,
The strings of the psalter,
The shapes in the marble
Our passing deplore:

VOICES.

Truth comes, and vanity shall be no more!

NYMPHS.

Not wholly we vanish;
The souls of the children,
The faith of the poets
Shall seek us, and find.

VOICES.

Dead are the things the world has left behind.

NYMPHS.

Lost beauty shall haunt you
With tender remorses;
And out of its exile
The passion return!

VOICES.

The flame shall purify, the fire shall burn!

NYMPHS.

Lift from the rivers
Your silver sandals,
From mists of the mountains
Your floating veils!—
From musky vineyard,
And copse of laurel,
The ears that listened
For lovers' tales!
Let olives ripen
And die, untended;
Leave oak and poplar,
And homeless pine!
Take shell and trumpet
From swell of surges,
And feet that glisten
From restful brine!
As the bee when twilight
Has closed the bell,—
As love from the bosom
When doubts compel,
We go: farewell!

SHEPHERD.

The strains dissolve into the hollow air,
Yet something stays,—a sense of distant woe,
As now, this hour, while the green lizards glide
Across the sun-warmed stones, and yonder bird
Prinks with deliberate bill his ruffled plumes,
Far off, in other lands, an earthquake heaved
The high-towered cities, and a darkness fell
From twisted clouds that ruin as they pass.
But, lo!—who rises yonder?—as from sleep
Rising, slow movements of a sluggish grace,
That speak her gentle, though a Titaness,
And strong, though troubled is her breadth of brow,
And eyes of strange, divine obscurity.
She sees me not: I am too mean for sight
Of such a goddess; yet, methinks, the milk
Of those large breasts might feed me into that
Which once I dreamed I should be,—lord, not slave!

Francis James Child.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1825.

EDMUND SPENSER.

[*From a Memoir in "The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser."* 1855–60.]

THE better part of Spenser's life was spent in Ireland, in what must be regarded as seclusion. Some time was given to business, some to study. Lodowick Bryskett says he was "not only perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in Philosophy, both moral and natural." Of course he was a scholar, and had a well-stored mind, but his learning has been greatly overstated. There is nothing in his poetry, or in the man, which should lead us to think that he regretted the loss of society. He was a faithful friend to Harvey, and at forty became an ardent lover; but it strikes us that his sympathies were contracted, and his affections not very active. His acquaintance seems to have lain among courtiers, scholars, and book-characters. Mankind he may have understood, for we are assured that he was versed in moral philosophy; but men he had not profoundly studied, not even his own heart. There are few, if any, traces of self-discipline, of a struggle with nature, in all his writings; which requires explanation in so contemplative a poet. He seems never to have known a great sorrow. The "atmosphere of mild melancholy" which hangs over his compositions is deceptive. It is in part an illusion produced on the reader by the habitually pensive attitude of his mind, or by the melody of his verse: we can never be merry when we hear such sweet music. Some of it is a humorous sadness, nor does it appear in any great degree to have sprung from a rooted discontent with his position and prospects in life, or with himself. His passions gave him very little trouble. He knew them in a general way, but not as a man knows his mortal enemy when he has grappled with him. He could give an outside view of any one of them, but could not depict the complex as it exists in human hearts. He had not dramatic perception or power: his men and women are mere abstractions, and, roughly speaking, they are all alike. He probably consulted well for his reputation in suppressing his juvenile comedies, for his comic vein was extremely thin, and adapted only to satire. His acquaintance with the material world was as superficial as his knowledge of character. There is a forest and there is a garden in the Fairy Queen, and his verse is thick bestrewn with flowers; but there are no traces that Nature and he had often been together. He has his primroses, his daisies and daffodils, but not the dew-filled primroses of Herrick, the mountain daisy of Burns, or the golden daffodils of Wordsworth. In connection with these peculiarities must be noticed the coldness of his temperament. If we admire his tranquil health and uniform vigor, we miss the intense nervous energy and the fine frenzy of poets compact of more fiery substance. He often affects enthusiasm, indeed, but seldom feels it. Only twice has he risen far above his ordinary calm level; in Mother Hubberd's Tale and in his Marriage Song. In the one case, disappointment, and perhaps insult, had stung him into hearty indignation; in the other, his entire being, "liver, brain, and heart," was possessed and stimulated by the new-born passion of love. Of power he exhibits no lack,—who has not felt his strength, though wielded with such grace, in the allegory of Despair?—but it is power for the most part too much diffused to produce great effects. He has few of those pregnant lines, those quintessential abridgments of thought and feeling, which, once read, stick forever in the memory, and gradually become adopted into the language itself. Three or four phrases of the sort have a currency in more elegant literature; not one has taken its place among the proverbs of the people. A similar want of concentration is the fault of his descriptions, which are often lively and splendid, seldom striking and picturesque. They do not seize on the characteristic feature of the subject, and consequently make only a vague impression on persons of ordinary imagination. His pictures are vivid without being sharply defined, and are adapted less to the focus of common vision than to that of the poetical eye, which is naturally constituted to correct such a defect.

But if Spenser's imagination was not comprehensive, precise, and bold, it was fertile, rich, and various. If he was destitute of profound passion and warm sympathy with his kind, he manifests a natural gentleness, a noble sentiment, and an exquisite moral purity, which thoroughly engage our interest and esteem. The most characteristic quality of his mind is undoubtedly sensibility to beauty. This may account for whatever want of originality there may seem to be in his compositions, and for his dealing so little with real human concerns. Such a susceptibility would lead him to repose, rather than to action; to accept readily traditions of all sorts; to stand aloof from the harsh and vulgar facts of actual life; to linger among the mellow scenes of the past and in the twilight realms of fancy; to dream over the ruins of time, obsolete institutions, and creeds outworn. Most peculiar is the modification which this faculty, combined with moral purity, gives to his love of woman. Voluptuous though this be, it is ever controlled and chastened by a predominant feeling of the beauty of holiness.

Spenser's most extraordinary power is that of language, the power of conveying impressions by sounds. It is through the ear more than the eye that he achieves his triumphs, and he makes up by his mastery over this art for many other deficiencies. The pathos of his verse affects us when his sentiments do not. In him more than in any other of our poets do music and sweet poetry agree; one of the arts is complementary to the other, and he produces some of the effects of both. No instrument known before his time was capable of expressing his deep and complex harmonies, and he invented one which many a genius has since touched skilfully, but none with the hand of the master, who, through nearly four thousand stanzas, adapted it to a great variety of subjects and proved it equal to all. If we consider that a peculiar organization is necessary for the appreciation of melody, we shall not wonder at the widely different estimate which is put upon Spenser even by persons of poetical taste. He has most justly been called "the poet's poet." Historically, nothing can be more true. Milton, Dryden, Cowley, Thomson, Pope, Gray, Southey, Keats, and we know not how many more, formed or nourished themselves on his strains. It was not so much for the visions he unveiled to their eyes as for the deep delight his music gave to ears so finely touched.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

Born in Hingham, Mass., 1825.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

[*Songs of Summer*. 1856. *The Book of the East*. 1871.—*Poems. Complete Edition*. 1880.]

THERE are gains for all our losses,
  There are balms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
  And it never comes again.

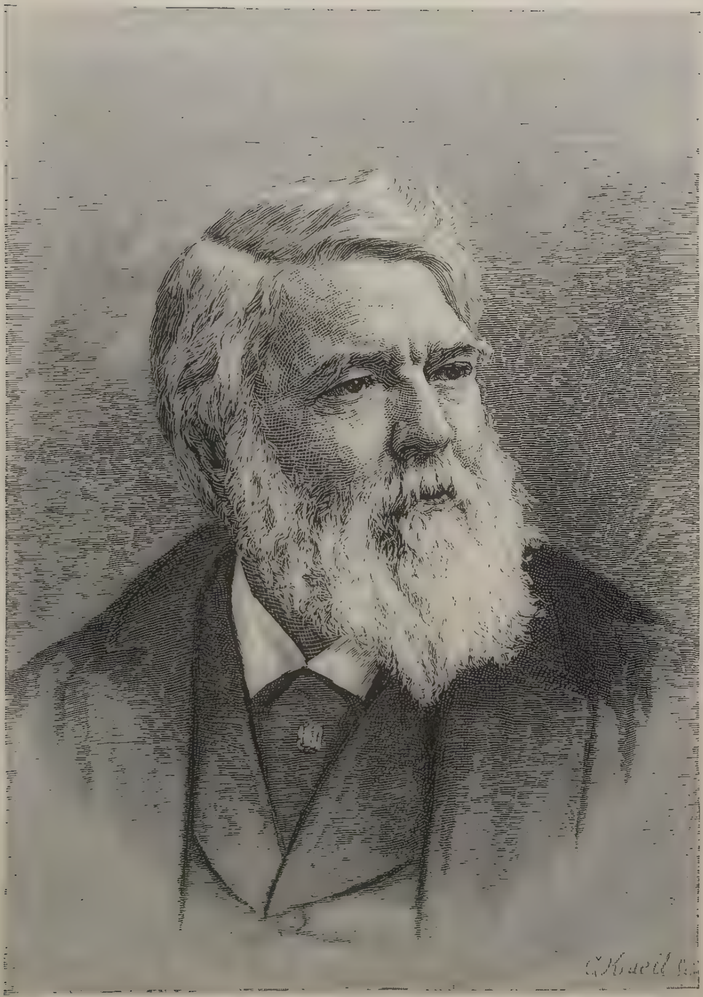
We are stronger, and are better,
  Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
  And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
  And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
  But it never comes again.

THE DIVAN.

A LITTLE maid of Astrakan,
  An idol on a silk divan;
She sits so still, and never speaks,
  She holds a cup of mine;
'Tis full of wine, and on her cheeks
  Are stains and smears of wine.

Thou little girl of Astrakan,
I join thee on the silk divan:
There is no need to seek the land,
  The rich bazaars where rubies shine;
For mines are in that little hand,
  And on those little cheeks of thine.



R. H. Stoddard

BIRDS.

BIRDS are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there daily,
But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long:
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of Song!

THE SKY IS A DRINKING-CUP.

THE sky is a drinking-cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup!

THE SHADOW.

THERE is but one great sorrow,
All over the wide, wide world;
But that in turn must come to all—
The Shadow that moves behind the pall,
A flag that never is furled.

Till he in his marching crosses
The threshold of the door,
Usurps a place in the inner room,
Where he broods in the awful hush and gloom,
Till he goes, and comes no more—

Save this there is no sorrow,
Whatever we think we feel;
But when Death comes all's over:
'Tis a blow that we never recover,
A wound that never will heal.

MISERRIMUS.

HE has passed away
From a world of strife,
Fighting the wars of Time and Life.
The leaves will fall when the winds are loud,
And the snows of winter will weave his shroud:
But he will never, ah, never know
Anything more
Of leaves or snow.

The summer-tide
Of his life was past,
And his hopes were fading, falling fast.
His faults were many, his virtues few,
A tempest with flecks of heaven's blue.
He might have soared to the gates of light,
But he built his nest
With the birds of night.

He glimmered apart
In solemn gloom,
Like a dying lamp in a haunted tomb.
He touched his lute with a magic spell,
But all his melodies breathed of hell,
Raising the Afrits and the Ghouls,
And the pallid ghosts
Of the damnèd souls.

But he lies in dust,
And the stone is rolled
Over his sepulchre dark and cold.
He has cancelled all he has done, or said,
And gone to the dear and holy Dead.
Let us forget the path he trod,
He has done with us,
He has gone to God.

PERSIA.

WE parted in the streets of Ispahan.
I stopped my camel at the city gate:
Why did I stop? I left my heart behind.

I heard the sighing of thy garden palms,
I saw the roses burning up with love,
I saw thee not: thou wert no longer there.

We parted in the streets of Ispahan.
A moon has passed since that unhappy day;
It seems an age: the days are long as years.

I send thee gifts by every caravan,
I send thee flasks of attar, spices, pearls,
I write thee loving songs on golden scrolls.

I meet the caravans when they return.
"What news?" I ask. The drivers shake their heads.
We parted in the streets of Ispahan.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

NOT as when some great Captain falls
In battle, where his Country calls,
Beyond the struggling lines
That push his dread designs

To doom, by some stray ball struck dead:
Or, in the last charge, at the head
Of his determined men,
Who *must* be victors then.

Nor as when sink the civic great,
The safer pillars of the State,
Whose calm, mature, wise words
Suppress the need of swords.

With no such tears as e'er were shed
Above the noblest of our dead
Do we to-day deplore
The Man that is no more,

Our sorrow hath a wider scope,
Too strange for fear, too vast for hope,
A wonder, blind and dumb,
That waits—what is to come!

Not more astounded had we been
If Madness, that dark night, unseen,
Had in our chambers crept,
And murdered while we slept!

We woke to find a mourning earth,
Our Lares shivered on the hearth,
The roof-tree fallen, all
That could affright, appall!

Such thunderbolts, in other lands,
Have smitten the rod from royal hands,
But spared, with us, till now,
Each laurelled Cæsar's brow.

No Cæsar he whom we lament,
A Man without a precedent,
Sent, it would seem, to do
His work, and perish, too.

Not by the weary cares of State,
The endless tasks, which will not wait,
Which, often done in vain,
Must yet be done again:

Not in the dark, wild tide of war,
Which rose so high, and rolled so far,
Sweeping from sea to sea
In awful anarchy:

Four fateful years of mortal strife,
Which slowly drained the nation's life,
(Yet for each drop that ran
There sprang an armèd man!)

Not then; but when, by measures meet,
By victory, and by defeat,
By courage, patience, skill,
The people's fixed "*We will!*"

Had pierced, had crushed Rebellion dead,
Without a hand, without a head,
At last, when all was well,
He fell, O how he fell!

The time, the place, the stealing shape,
The coward shot, the swift escape,
The wife, the widow's scream—
It is a hideous Dream!

A dream? What means this pageant, then?
These multitudes of solemn men,
Who speak not when they meet,
But throng the silent street?

The flags half-mast that late so high
Flaunted at each new victory?
(The stars no brightness shed,
But bloody looks the red!)

The black festoons that stretch for miles,
And turn the streets to funeral aisles?

(No house too poor to show
The nation's badge of woe.)

The cannon's sudden, sullen boom,
The bells that toll of death and doom,
The rolling of the drums,
The dreadful car that comes?

Cursed be the hand that fired the shot,
The frenzied brain that hatched the plot,
Thy country's Father slain
By thee, thou worse than Cain!

Tyrants have fallen by such as thou,
And good hath followed—may it now!
(God lets bad instruments
Produce the best events.)

But he, the man we mourn to-day,
No tyrant was: so mild a sway
In one such weight who bore
Was never known before.

Cool should he be, of balanced powers,
The ruler of a race like ours,
Impatient, headstrong, wild,
The Man to guide the Child.

And this *he* was, who most unfit
(So hard the sense of God to hit,)
Did seem to fill his place.
With such a homely face,

Such rustic manners, speech uncouth,
(That somehow blundered out the truth,)
Untried, untrained to bear
The more than kingly care.

Ah! And his genius put to scorn
The proudest in the purple born,
Whose wisdom never grew
To what, untaught, he knew,

The People, of whom he was one.
No gentleman, like Washington,
(Whose bones, methinks, make room,
To have him in their tomb!)

A laboring man, with horny hands,
Who swung the axe, who tilled his lands,
Who shrank from nothing new,
But did as poor men do.

One of the People! Born to be
Their curious epitome;
To share yet rise above
Their shifting hate and love.

Common his mind, (it seemed so then,)
His thoughts the thoughts of other men:
Plain were his words, and poor,
But now they will endure!

No hasty fool, of stubborn will,
But prudent, cautious, pliant still;
Who since his work was good
Would do it as he could.

Doubting, was not ashamed to doubt,
And, lacking prescience, went without:
Often appeared to halt,
And was, of course, at fault;

Heard all opinions, nothing loath,
And, loving both sides, angered both:
Was—*not* like Justice, blind,
But, watchful, clement, kind.

No hero this of Roman mould,
Nor like our stately sires of old:
Perhaps he was not great,
But he preserved the State!

O honest face, which all men knew!
O tender heart, but known to few!
O wonder of the age,
Cut off by tragic rage!

Peace! Let the long procession come,
For hark, the mournful, muffled drum,
The trumpet's wail afar,
And see, the awful car!

Peace! Let the sad procession go,
While cannon boom and bells toll slow.
And go, thou sacred car,
Bearing our woe afar!

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,
Whose loyal, sorrowing cities wait
To honor all they can
The dust of that good man.

Go, grandly borne, with such a train
As greatest kings might die to gain.

The just, the wise, the brave,
Attend thee to the grave.

And you, the soldiers of our wars,
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,
Salute him once again,
Your late commander—slain!

Yes, let your tears indignant fall,
But leave your muskets on the wall;
Your country needs you now
Beside the forge—the plough.

(When Justice shall unsheathe her brand,
If Mercy may not stay her hand,
Nor would we have it so,
She must direct the blow.)

And you, amid the master-race,
Who seem so strangely out of place,
Know ye who cometh? He
Who hath declared ye free.

Bow while the body passes—nay,
Fall on your knees, and weep, and pray!
Weep, weep—I would ye might—
Your poor black faces white!

And, children, you must come in bands,
With garlands in your little hands,
Of blue and white and red,
To strew before the dead.

So sweetly, sadly, sternly goes
The Fallen to his last repose.
Beneath no mighty dome,
But in his modest home;

The churchyard where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits him best,
There shall his grave be made,
And there his bones be laid.

And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud, with pity dumb,
And strangers far and near,
For many and many a year.

For many a year and many an age,
While History on her ample page
The virtues shall enroll
On that Paternal Soul.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

APRIL 23, 1564.

SHE sat in her eternal house,
  The sovereign mother of mankind;
Before her was the peopled world,
  The hollow night behind.

"Below my feet the thunders break,
  Above my head the stars rejoice;
But man, although he babbles much,
  Has never found a voice.

"Ten thousand years have come and gone,
  And not an hour of any day
But he has dumbly looked to me
  The things he could not say.

"It shall be so no more," she said.
  And then, revolving in her mind,
She thought: "I will create a child
  Shall speak for all his kind."

It was the spring-time of the year,
  And lo, where Avon's waters flow,
The child, her darling, came on earth
  Three hundred years ago.

There was no portent in the sky,
  No cry, like Pan's, along the seas,
Nor hovered round his baby mouth
  The swarm of classic bees.

What other children were he was,
  If more, 'twas not to mortal ken;
The being likest to mankind
  Made him the man of men.

They gossiped, after he was dead,
  An idle tale of stealing deer;
One thinks he was a lawyer's clerk;
  But nothing now is clear,

Save that he married, in his youth,
  A maid, his elder; went to town;
Wrote plays; made money; and at last
  Came back, and settled down,

A prosperous man, among his kin,
  In Stratford, where his bones repose.

And this—what can be less? is all
  The world of Shakespeare knows.

It irks us that we know no more,
  For where we love we would know all;
What would be small in common men
  In great is never small.

Their daily habits, how they looked,
  The color of their eyes and hair,
Their prayers, their oaths, the wine they drank,
  The clothes they used to wear,

Trifles like these declare the men,
  And should survive them—nay, they must;
We'll find them somewhere; if it needs,
  We'll rake among their dust!

Not Shakespeare's! He hath left his curse
  On him disturbs it: let it rest,
The mightiest that ever Death
  Laid in the earth's dark breast.

Not to himself did he belong,
  Nor does his life belong to us;
Enough he *was;* give up the search
  If he were thus, or thus.

Before he came his life was not,
  Nor left he heirs to share his powers;
The mighty Mother sent him here,
  To be her voice and ours.

To be her oracle to man;
  To be what man may be to her;
Between the maker and the made
  The best interpreter.

The hearts of all men beat in his,
  Alike in pleasure and in pain;
And he contained their myriad minds,
  Mankind in heart and brain.

Shakespeare! What shapes are conjured up
  By that one word! They come and go,
More real, shadows though they be,
  Than many a man we know.

Hamlet, the Dane, unhappy Prince
  Who most enjoys when suffering most:
His soul is haunted by itself—
  There needs no other Ghost.

The Thane, whose murderous fancy sees
  The dagger painted in the air;
The guilty King, who stands appalled
  When Banquo fills his chair.

Lear in the tempest, old and crazed,
  "Blow winds. Spit fire, singe my white head!"
Or, sadder, watching for the breath
  Of dear Cordelia—dead!

The much-abused, relentless Jew,
  Grave Prospero, in his magic isle,
And she who captived Anthony,
  The serpent of old Nile.

Imperial forms, heroic souls,
  Greek, Roman, masters of the world,
Kings, queens, the soldier, scholar, priest,
  The courtier, sleek and curled;

He knew and drew all ranks of men,
  And did such life to them impart
They grow not old, immortal types,
  The lords of Life and Art!

Their sovereign he, as she was his,
  The awful Mother of the Race,
Who, hid from all her children's eyes,
  Unveiled to him her face;

Spake to him till her speech was known,
  Through him till man had learned it; then
Enthroned him in her Heavenly House,
  The most Supreme of Men!

ADSUM.

DECEMBER 23-24. 1863.

THE Angel came by night
  (Such angels still come down),
And like a winter cloud
  Passed over London town;
Along its lonesome streets,
  Where Want had ceased to weep,
Until it reached a house
  Where a great man lay asleep;
The man of all his time
  Who knew the most of men,

The soundest head and heart,
  The sharpest, kindest pen.
It paused beside his bed,
  And whispered in his ear;
He never turned his head,
  But answered, "I am here."

Into the night they went.
  At morning, side by side,
They gained the sacred Place
  Where the greatest Dead abide.
Where grand, old Homer sits
  In godlike state benign;
Where broods in endless thought
  The awful Florentine;
Where sweet Cervantes walks,
  A smile on his grave face;
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
  The wisest of his race;
Where Goethe looks through all
  With that calm eye of his;
Where—little seen but Light—
  The only Shakespeare is!
When the new Spirit came,
  They asked him, drawing near,
"Art thou become like us?"
  He answered, "I am here."

WANDERING ALONG A WASTE.

WANDERING along a waste
  Where once a city stood,
    I saw a ruined tomb,
    And in that tomb an urn:

A sacred, funeral urn,
Without a name, or date,
    And in its hollow depth
    A little human dust.

"Whose dust is here," I asked
"In this forgotten urn?
    And where this waste now lies
    What city rose of old?"

None knows; its name is lost;
It was, and is no more.
    Gone like a wind that blew
    A thousand years ago.

Its melancholy end
Will be the end of all;
  For as it passed away
  The Universe will pass,

Its sole memorial
Some ruined World like ours;
  A solitary urn
  Full of the dust of men.

AN OLD SONG REVERSED.

"THERE are gains for all our losses."
  So I said when I was young.
If I sang that song again,
'Twould not be with that refrain,
  Which but suits an idle tongue.

Youth has gone, and hope gone with it,
  Gone the strong desire for fame.
Laurels are not for the old.
Take them, lads. Give Senex gold,
  What's an everlasting name?

When my life was in its summer
  One fair woman liked my looks:
Now that Time has driven his plough
In deep furrows on my brow,
  I'm no more in her good books.

"There are gains for all our losses?"
  Grave beside the wintry sea,
Where my child is, and my heart,
For they would not live apart,
  What has been your gain to me?

No, the words I sang were idle,
  And will ever so remain:
Death, and Age, and vanished Youth
All declare this bitter truth,
  There's a loss for every gain!

Henry Charles Lea.

BORN in Philadelphia, Penn., 1825.

A SPIRITUAL DESPOTISM.

[*A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages.* 1888.]

AS the twelfth century drew to a close, the Church was approaching a crisis in its career. The vicissitudes of a hundred and fifty years, skilfully improved, had rendered it the mistress of Christendom. History records no such triumph of intellect over brute strength as that which, in an age of turmoil and battle, was wrested from the fierce warriors of the time by priests who had no material force at their command, and whose power was based alone on the souls and consciences of men. Over soul and conscience their empire was complete. No Christian could hope for salvation who was not in all things an obedient son of the Church, and who was not ready to take up arms in its defence: and, in a time when faith was a determining factor of conduct, this belief created a spiritual despotism which placed all things within reach of him who could wield it.

This could be accomplished only by a centralized organization such as that which had gradually developed itself within the ranks of the hierarchy. The ancient independence of the episcopate was no more. Step by step the supremacy of the Roman see had been asserted and enforced, until it enjoyed the universal jurisdiction which enabled it to bend to its wishes every prelate, under the naked alternative of submission or expulsion. The papal mandate, just or unjust, reasonable or unreasonable, was to be received and implicitly obeyed, for there was no appeal from the representative of St. Peter. In a narrower sphere and subject to the pope, the bishop held an authority which, at least in theory, was equally absolute, while the humbler minister of the altar was the instrument by which the decrees of pope and bishop were enforced among the people: for the destiny of all men lay in the hands which could administer or withhold the sacraments essential to salvation.

Thus intrusted with responsibility for the fate of mankind, it was necessary that the Church should possess the powers and the machinery requisite for the due discharge of a trust so unspeakably important. For the internal regulation of the conscience it had erected the institution of auricular confession, which by this time had become almost the exclusive appanage of the priesthood. When this might fail to keep the believer in the path of righteousness, it could resort to the spiritual courts which had grown up around every episcopal seat, with an undefined jurisdiction capable almost of unlimited extension. Besides supervision over matters of faith and discipline, of marriage, of inheritance, and of usury, which belonged to them by general consent, there were comparatively few questions between man and man which could not be made to include some case of conscience involving the interpellation of spiritual interference, especially when agreements were customarily confirmed with the sanction of the oath; and the cure of souls implied a perpetual inquest over the aberrations, positive or possible, of every member of the flock. It would be difficult to set bounds to the intrusion upon the concerns of every man which was thus rendered possible, or to the influence thence derivable.

Not only did the humblest priest wield a supernatural power which marked him as one elevated above the common level of humanity, but his person and possessions were alike inviolable. No matter what crimes he might commit, secular justice could not take cognizance of them, and secular officials could not arrest him. He was amenable only to the tribunals of his own order, which were debarred from inflicting punishments involving the effusion of blood, and from whose decisions an appeal to the supreme jurisdiction of distant Rome conferred too often virtual immunity. The same privilege protected ecclesiastical property, conferred on the Church by the piety of successive generations, and covering no small portion of the most fertile lands of Europe. Moreover, the seignorial rights attaching to those lands often carried extensive temporal jurisdiction, which gave to their ghostly possessors the power over life and limb enjoyed by feudal lords.

The line of separation between the laity and the clergy was widened and deepened by the enforcement of the canon requiring celibacy on the part of all concerned in the ministry of the altar. Revived about the middle of the eleventh century, and enforced after an obstinate struggle of a hundred years, the compulsory celibacy of the priesthood divided them from the people, preserved intact the vast acquisitions of the Church, and furnished it with an innumerable army whose aspirations and ambition were necessarily restricted within its circle. The man who entered the service of the Church was no longer a citizen. He owed no allegiance superior to that assumed in his ordination. He was released from the distraction of family cares and the seduction of family ties. The Church was his country and his home, and its interests were his own. The moral, intellectual, and physical forces which, throughout the laity, were divided between the claims of patriotism, the selfish struggle for advancement, the provision for wife and children, were in the Church consecrated to a common end, in the success of which all might hope to share, while all were assured of the necessities of existence, and were relieved of anxiety as to the future.

The Church, moreover, offered the only career open to men of all ranks and stations. In the sharply-defined class distinctions of the feudal system, advancement was almost impossible to one not born within the charmed circle of gentle blood. In the Church, however much rank and family connections might assist in securing promotion to high place, yet talent and energy could always make themselves felt despite lowliness of birth. Urban II. and Adrian IV. sprang from the humblest origin; Alexander V. had been a beggar-boy; Gregory VII. was the son of a carpenter; Benedict XII., of a baker; Nicholas V., of a poor physician; Sixtus IV., of a peasant; Urban IV. and John XXII. were sons of cobblers, and Benedict XI. and Sixtus V. of shepherds; in fact, the annals of the hierarchy are full of those who rose from the lowest ranks of society to the most commanding positions. The Church thus constantly recruited its ranks with fresh blood. Free from the curse of hereditary descent, through which crowns and coronets frequently lapsed into weak and incapable hands, it called into its service an indefinite amount of restless vigor for which there was no other sphere of action, and which, when once enlisted, found itself perforce identified irrevocably with the body which it had joined. The character of the priest was indelible; the vows taken at ordination could not be thrown aside; the monk, when once admitted to the cloister, could not abandon his order unless it were to enter another of more rigorous observance. The Church Militant was thus an army encamped on the soil of Christendom, with its outposts everywhere, subject to the most efficient discipline, animated with a common purpose, every soldier panoplied with inviolability and armed with the tremendous weapons which slew the soul. There was little that could not be dared or done by the commander of such a force, whose orders were listened to as oracles of God, from Portugal to Palestine and from Sicily to Iceland. "Princes," says John of Salisbury, "derive their power from the Church, and are servants of the priesthood." "The least of the priestly order is worthier than any king," exclaims Honorius of Autun; "prince and people are subjected to the clergy, which shines superior as the sun to the moon." Innocent III. used a more spiritual metaphor when he declared that the priestly power was as superior to the secular as the soul of man was to his body; and he summed up his estimate of his own position by pronouncing himself to be the Vicar of Christ, the Christ of the Lord, the God of Pharaoh, placed midway between God and man, this side of God but beyond man, less than God but greater than man, who judges all, and is judged by none. That he was supreme over all the earth—over pagans and infidels as well as over Christians—was legally proved and universally taught by the medieval doctors. Though the power thus vaingloriously asserted was fraught with evil in many ways, yet was it none the less a service to humanity that, in those rude ages, there existed a moral force superior to high descent and martial prowess, which could remind king and noble that they must obey the law of God even when uttered by a peasant's son; as when Urban II., himself a Frenchman of low birth, dared to excommunicate his monarch, Philip I., for his adultery, thus upholding the moral order and enforcing the sanctions of eternal justice at a time when everything seemed permissible to the recklessness of power.

Yet, in achieving this supremacy, much had been of necessity sacrificed. The Christian virtues of humility and charity and self-abnegation had virtually disappeared in the contest which left the spiritual power dominant over the temporal. The affection of the populations was no longer attracted by the graces and loveliness of Christianity; submission was purchased by the promise of salvation, to be acquired by faith and obedience, or was extorted by the threat of perdition or by the sharper terrors of earthly persecution. If the Church, by sundering itself completely from the laity, had acquired the services of a militia devoted wholly to itself, it had thereby created an antagonism between itself and the people. Practically, the whole body of Christians no longer constituted the Church; that body was divided into two essentially distinct classes, the shepherds and the sheep; and the lambs were often apt to think, not unreasonably, that they were tended only to be shorn. The worldly prizes offered to ambition by an ecclesiastical career drew into the ranks of the Church able men, it is true, but men whose object was worldly ambition rather than spiritual development. The immunities and privileges of the Church and the enlargement of its temporal acquisitions were objects held more at heart than the salvation of souls, and its high places were filled, for the most part, with men in whom worldliness was more conspicuous than the humbler virtues.

This was inevitable in the state of society which existed in the early Middle Ages. While angels would have been required to exercise becomingly the tremendous powers claimed and acquired by the Church, the methods by which clerical preferment and promotion were secured were such as to favor the unscrupulous rather than the deserving. To understand fully the causes which drove so many thousands into schism and heresy, leading to wars and persecutions, and the establishment of the Inquisition, it is necessary to cast a glance at the character of the men who represented the Church before the people, and at the use which they made, for good or for evil, of the absolute spiritual despotism which had become established. In wise and devout hands it might elevate incalculably the moral and material standards of European civilization; in the hands of the selfish and depraved it could become the instrument of minute and all-pervading oppression, driving whole nations to despair.

As regards the methods of election to the episcopate, there cannot be said at this period to have been any settled and invariable rule. The ancient form of election by the clergy, with the acquiescence of the people of the diocese, was still preserved in theory, but in practice the electoral body consisted of the cathedral canons; while the confirmation required of the king, or semi-independent feudal noble, and of the pope, in a time of unsettled institutions, frequently rendered the election an empty form, in which the royal or papal power might prevail, according to the tendencies of time and place. The constantly increasing appeals to Rome, as to the tribunal of last resort, by disappointed aspirants, under every imaginable pretext, gave to the Holy See a rapidly-growing influence, which, in many cases, amounted almost to the power of appointment; and Innocent II., at the Lateran Council of 1139, applied the feudal system to the Church by declaring that all ecclesiastical dignities were received and held of the popes like fiefs. Whatever rules, however, might be laid down, they could not operate in rendering the elect better than the electors. The stream will not rise above its source, and a corrupt electing or appointing power is not apt to be restrained from the selection of fitting representatives of itself by methods, however ingeniously devised, which have not the inherent ability of self-enforcement. The oath which cardinals were obliged to take on entering a conclave—"I call God to witness that I choose him whom I judge according to God ought to be chosen"—was notoriously inefficacious in securing the election of pontiffs fitted to serve as the vicegerents of God; and so, from the humblest parish priest to the loftiest prelate, all grades of the hierarchy were likely to be filled by worldly, ambitious, self-seeking, and licentious men. The material to be selected from, moreover, was of such a character that even the most exacting friends of the Church had to content themselves when the least worthless was successful. St. Peter Damiani, in asking of Gregory VI. the confirmation of a bishop-elect of Fossombrone, admits that he is unfit, and that he ought to undergo penance before undertaking the episcopate, but yet there is nothing better to be done, for in the whole diocese there was not a single ecclesiastic worthy of the office; all were selfishly ambitious, too eager for preferment to think of rendering themselves worthy of it, inflamed with desire for power, but utterly careless as to its duties.

Under these circumstances simony, with all its attendant evils, was almost universal, and those evils made themselves everywhere felt on the character both of electors and elected. In the fruitless war waged by Gregory VII. and his successors against this all-pervading vice, the number of bishops assailed is the surest index of the means which had been found successful, and of the men who thus were enabled to represent the apostles. As Innocent III. declared, it was a disease of the

Church immedicable by either soothing remedies or fire; and Peter Cantor, who died in the odor of sanctity, relates with approval the story of a Cardinal Martin, who, on officiating in the Christmas solemnities at the Roman court, rejected a gift of twenty pounds sent him by the papal chancellor, for the reason that it was notoriously the product of rapine and simony. It was related as a supreme instance of the virtue of Peter, Cardinal of St. Chrysogono, formerly Bishop of Meaux, that he had, in a single election, refused the dazzling bribe of five hundred marks of silver. Temporal princes were more ready to turn the power of confirmation to profitable account, and few imitated the example of Philip Augustus, who, when the abbacy of St. Denis became vacant, and the provost, the treasurer, and the cellarer of the abbey each sought him secretly, and gave him five hundred livres for the succession, quietly went to the abbey, picked out a simple monk standing in a corner, conferred the dignity on him, and handed him the fifteen hundred livres.

CIVIL LAW AND THE INQUISITION.

[*From the Same.*]

ON secular jurisprudence the example of the Inquisition worked even more deplorably. It came at a time when the old order of things was giving way to the new—when the ancient customs of the barbarians, the ordeal, the wager of law, the wer-gild, were growing obsolete in the increasing intelligence of the age, when a new system was springing into life under the revived study of the Roman law, and when the administration of justice by the local feudal lord was becoming swallowed up in the widening jurisdiction of the crown. The whole judicial system of the European monarchies was undergoing reconstruction, and the happiness of future generations depended on the character of the new institutions. That in this reorganization the worst features of the imperial jurisprudence—the use of torture and the inquisitorial process—should be eagerly, nay, almost exclusively, adopted, should be divested of the safeguards which in Rome restricted their abuse, should be exaggerated in all their evil tendencies, and should, for five centuries, become the prominent characteristic of the criminal jurisprudence of Europe, may safely be ascribed to the fact that they received the sanction of the Church. Thus recommended, they penetrated everywhere along with the Inquisition; while most of the nations to whom the Holy Office was unknown maintained their ancestral customs, developing into various forms of criminal practice, harsh enough, indeed, to modern eyes, but wholly divested of the more hideous atrocities which characterized the habitual investigation into crime in other regions.

Of all the curses which the Inquisition brought in its train this, perhaps, was the greatest—that, until the closing years of the eighteenth century, throughout the greater part of Europe, the inquisitorial process, as developed for the destruction of heresy, became the customary method of dealing with all who were under accusation; that the accused was treated as one having no rights, whose guilt was assumed in advance, and from whom confession was to be extorted by guile or force. Even witnesses were treated in the same fashion; and the prisoner who acknowledged guilt under torture was tortured again to obtain information about any other evil-doers of whom he perchance might have knowledge. So, also, the crime of "suspicion" was imported from the Inquisition into ordinary practice, and the accused who could not be convicted of the crime laid to his door could be punished for being suspected of it, not with the penalty legally provided for the offence, but with some other, at the fancy and discretion of the judge. It would be impossible to compute the amount of misery and wrong, inflicted on the defenceless up to the present century, which may be directly traced to the arbitrary and unrestricted methods introduced by the Inquisition and adopted by the jurists who fashioned the criminal jurisprudence of the Continent. It was a system which might well seem the invention of demons, and was fitly characterized by Sir John Fortescue as the Road to Hell.

DE PROFUNDIS.

WE are born, we know not why,
  We toil, through want and care;
Worn out, at last we die,
  And go, we know not where.

We suffer, we inflict,
  Unknowing what we do:
We gain, to find us tricked;
  We lose, to idly rue.

If the soul, impatient, aims
  At something higher, better,
The flesh asserts its claims,
  And will not loose its fetter.

Nor Hindu sage, nor Greek
  Can aid our impotence:
The highest goal they seek
  Is dumb indifference.

The Christian's nobler plan
  But palliates the ill:
All man can do for man
  Leaves Earth in misery still.

The riddle who can read?
  Who guess the reason why?
We know but this, indeed,
  We are born, we grieve, we die!

Julia Caroline Ripley Dorr.

Born in Charleston, S. C., 1825.

MARTHA.

[*Friar Anselmo, and other Poems.* 1879.—*Afternoon Songs.* 1885.]

YEA, Lord!—Yet some must serve.
  Not all with tranquil heart,
Even at thy dear feet,
Wrapped in devotion sweet,
  May sit apart.

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must bear
  The burden of the day,
Its labor and its heat,
While others at thy feet
  May muse and pray.

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must do
  Life's daily task-work; some,
Who fain would sing, must toil
Amid earth's dust and moil,
  While lips are dumb.

Yea, Lord!—Yet man must earn,
  And woman bake the bread;
And some must watch and wake
Early, for others' sake,
  Who pray instead.

Yea, Lord!—Yet even thou
  Hast need of earthly care.
I bring the bread and wine
To thee, O Guest Divine!
  Be this my prayer!

WITH A ROSE FROM CONWAY CASTLE.

ON hoary Conway's battlemented height,
O poet-heart, I pluck for thee a rose!
Through arch and court the sweet wind wandering goes;
Round each high tower the rooks in airy flight
Circle and wheel, all bathed in amber light;
Low at my feet the winding river flows;
Valley and town, entranced in deep repose,
War doth no more appal, nor foes affright.
Thou knowest how softly on the castle walls,
Where mosses creep, and ivies far and free
Fling forth their pennants to the freshening breeze,
Like God's own benison this sunshine falls.
Therefore, O friend, across the sundering seas,
Fair Conway sends this sweet wild rose to thee!

SLEEP.

WHO calls thee "gentle Sleep"?—O rare coquette,
Who comest crowned with poppies, thou should'st wear
Nettles instead, or thistles, in thy hair;
For thou'rt the veriest elf that ever yet
Made weary mortals sigh and toss and fret!
Thou dost float softly through the drowsy air
Hovering as if to kiss my lips and share
My restless pillow; but ere I can set
My arms to clasp thee, without sign or speech,
Save one swift, mocking smile, thou'rt out of reach.
Yet, some time, thou, or one as like to thee
As sister is to sister, shalt draw near
With such soft lullabies for my dull ear,
That neither life nor love shall waken me!

Joseph Brownlee Brown.

Born in Charleston, S. C., 1824. Died in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1888.

THALATTA! THALATTA!

CRY OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

I STAND upon the summit of my life:
Behind, the camp, the court, the field, the grove,
The battle and the burden; vast, afar,
Beyond these weary ways, Behold! the Sea!
The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings,
By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath
Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace.
Palter no question of the horizon dim,—
Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest,
Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
A widening heaven, a current without care,
Eternity!—deliverance, promise, course!
Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore.

1866.

William Mumford Baker.

Born in Washington, D. C., 1825. Died in South Boston, Mass., 1883.

A SOUTHERNER ON SOUTH CAROLINA.

[*Inside: A Chronicle of Secession.* 1866.]

"THOUGH, while we are upon the subject, there is one thing in regard to Columbia I have never yet fully understood," said Mrs. Bowles, after a while. "Rutledge Bowles has explained it to me over and over again in his letters—the perpetual revolutions in the College, I mean. From what Rutledge Bowles writes it has been impossible for the students to pursue, consistently with their own honor, any other course. It seems strange that the many Faculties of the College cannot come to understand, any of them, what the youth of South Carolina are, and what they will not submit to. Strange! It is a great interruption to the studies, I fear. I know very little of the institutions out of the State; but I fear it is something peculiar to Columbia," said Mrs. Bowles, though her fear sounded far more like pride.

Yes, in the history, eventful enough, of the College of South Carolina, at Columbia, you have, in epitome, the character and history of the State itself. Self-will, contempt for rightful authority, reckless disregard of everything except the selfish abstraction of the hour! Gallant, generous, high-toned youth, *they* yield their own notions to that of their Faculty? No, Sir! Rather than that, let the institution be wrecked to its foundation! Rather than that, let their own education, and consequent success in life, perish! See the same youth when grown a few inches higher in stature and immeasurably more generous, gallant, high-toned, and all the rest; *they* submit their own ideas to the superior authority of the General Government? they yield a hair's-breadth from their own heated view of their own rights and wrongs—imprescriptible rights, infinite wrongs? By all that elevates the man above the brute and the negro, never, Mr. Speaker, never! Rather, Sir, let the General Government be wrecked till not a spar floats to tell where once it sailed! Rather perish the hope of the human race! Above all, rather, Mr. Speaker, we of South Carolina lose every negro from our fields, every cent from our coffers, every city from our soil, every son on the field of battle from our hearth-stones! Perish the universe and we, Sir, we with it, rather than it move save as we intend it shall move! From his birth to his death never in the ages such a conspiracy as against your South Carolinian. Nurse, parent, schoolmaster, College Faculty, General Government, opinion of Christendom, course of God's eternal providence—one early-begun, universal, incessant combination against him. But not more magnificent the coalition than the defiance thereof on his part!

Poor Mrs. Bowles! From its foundation was practical Secession the incidental but leading part of the Columbia Curriculum, and well was the lesson learned. The yellow-fever is, they say, a standing affair in Cuba; and there lives scarce a man beside the Pedees, the Congaree, the Edisto, and the Cooper and Ashley but inhaled Secession as his vital atmosphere. It was too strong even for the Gospel. Heaven defend us, even in the conventions of religious bodies. It was: Mr. Chairman, Mr. Moderator, it is painful to us, Sir, it is very painful, but on this point we cannot yield. No one can regret it more than ourselves, but if brethren *will* press this point, there is, Sir, but one course left us—*In sæcula sæculorumque, aut South Carolina aut nullus.*

Sturdy, wrong-headed little State! Look at it on the map there, altogether unlike North Carolina even on the one side, and Georgia on the other; tough, three-sided fragment of mediæval granite, refusing to be dissolved or to lose an angle even in the rolling of the great waters of progress; requiring something besides the silent, serene processes of nature by which the craggy mountains are being melted slowly down and the rough globe rounded into shape; requiring the extra force and fury as of waters too long and too obstinately dammed back from their natural and inevitable course. Every soul of us, however, admires the South Carolinian at last. Only let him be master, and a truer gentleman never breathed. The Hardkoppig Piet in him is hidden under the Bayard, the Cœur de Lion. He is only a hundred years or so out of place, that is all. There is nothing to laugh at in Don Quixote except his living a century or two too late. Even then it is with pain that we smile at the ancient armor, language defiant of the universe, and, most sorrowful of all, poor old Rosinante which bears him up!

IN A SOUTHERN VILLAGE IN '64.

[*From the Same.*]

AH, the eagerness with which we clutch a paper from the North! We get it as a great favor, to be read as rapidly as possible, to be returned exactly at such an hour to such a place. We button it up in our breast-pocket, and hurry home, for we dare not be seen with it on the streets. Arrived at home, we arrest all the household work, turn the children ignominiously out of the room with terrible threats in case they come in again, which, by-the-by, they are sure to do a dozen times during the reading, on pressing emergencies which cannot be postponed a moment; and so we carefully unfold and read the precious paper aloud to wife or sister, to say nothing of all the Union people in the neighborhood cautiously summoned in to hear. The editorials, dispatches, items, advertisements of hair oil, and the like—with greedy hunger we let no morsel or crumb of the paper escape us. In spite of all the effort we made, a dozen readers or two have had the document before us, as dozens will, eagerly wondering why we cannot remember that others want the paper as well as ourselves and get through with it, after us. In consequence of this, the paper is painfully illegible at the folds; we have, in the centre of the most interesting articles, to stop and puzzle around the chasms, often to take a flying leap over them and proceed. The little scraps of patriotic poetry, here and there, we often memorize even. And so the paper circulates till it is read, literally read, to shreds.

There was Everett's speech at the Dedication at Gettysburg. Could the orator have imagined the zest with which his words there spoken would have been read from soiled and worn-out sheets by thousands at the South, his soul would have burned with sublimer enthusiasm than any wakened in him by the audience then visible to his eye. Who of us forgets the keen enjoyment with which we read our first fairy tales in childhood's sweet hour—not so keen, so delicious, that gratification as the reading, during the war, of all thoroughly American matter oozing in to us, parched with thirst, from abroad. The circulation through Somerville of one good paper of the kind did all the Union people—for if one individual thereof read it, every soul did or had it repeated to him—evident good for weeks to come. Perhaps the shortness of the allowance—as with food doled out to the wrecked at sea—increased its value, months often elapsing between the rations. Let us keep secret the absolute faith even Mr. Ferguson placed in the least assertions of a Northern paper, his belief herein as absolute and sweeping as was his unbelief in reference to the Somerville "Star" and all its kind. And, as men build a mural tablet into the wall of an edifice with due inscription, permit the insertion here of this profound truth, that in very much every sense of the word human nature at the North and the South is exactly the same; with superficial differences we are at last One people.

The fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson and the victory at Gettysburg send the Union people of Somerville quite up upon the crest of the ever-rolling sea, and—Mr. Ellis, Dr. Ginnis, lowest of all—the Secessionists down into the trough thereof for months to come.

"I tell you, Lamum," Dr. Peel says to the editor of the Somerville "Star," toiling away cold, pale, steady as ever in his business of lying by power-press, ever consistent in falsehood whatever news Bill Perkins brings in his budget—"I tell you, man, one screw loose in the machinery of the Confederate Government is the way the post-office is managed. What avails all you say in your paper so long as there is a perpetual stream of private letters coming in to the contrary? Federal papers, too, these Union people are constantly getting them; letters, also, from friends in the Federal lines—such things provision them, so to speak, to hold out. If a few more of them could be hanged—!"

But this last remedy has been so thoroughly tried—not actually in Somerville, as yet, but all around it. There was Mrs. Isaac Smith's brother, John Jennings. Who did not know him? Gray-headed with fifty years of farming—farming with his own hard hands alone these days, his boys being in the Confederate service, and he owning no negroes.

"You see, Mr. Arthur," Mrs. Isaac Smith says to that individual, who hurries to see her—is she not a member of his church?—on hearing of the catastrophe, "they knew John was a Union man. He tried to help its being known, but he couldn't. Not that he said anything. He made a point to stay close at home—never opened his lips. But he was my brother, you know, and my husband being gone, that was enough. Every once in a while he'd come down from his place—fifteen miles, you know, it is from here—to bring me a little butter, or cheese, or wheat, whatever happened he could spare. Ever since Jim Boldin waylaid and shot down his own brother-in-law, Mr. Tanner—they do say Mrs. Tanner, his sister, who is a bitter Secessionist, actually put her brother Jim up to it—ever since Tanner was found lying dead in the road with a ball through his head for being a Union man, John has been careful as a man could be. Letters from Isaac! How *could* John get letters from Isaac? As God hears me, Sir, John never saw one that I didn't show him. But you've heard the story; I have no heart to tell it, hardened as I'm getting to almost anything. A party of a dozen of them broke into his house at midnight: said to his daughters, poor things! screaming around, they only wanted to take him to Somerville to be conscripted. Sarah, the eldest, knew better; she clung to him till they tore her off, some of them holding her to the wall while they tied John's hands. As they was dragging him out, Sarah she begged and screamed only to be let give him—her gray-headed old father—one last kiss; they wouldn't let her do even that, the man holding her saying things—Can you make yourself believe, Sir, that such a thing *can* be true in this Christian land?" says Mrs. Smith, speaking more slowly, exhausted with weeping till not a tear is left, emotion itself worn out from exercise so intense and so long. "Sarah here in the next room could tell you herself. They dragged that unoffending old man—lived fifteen years in the neighborhood—out of his house, mounted their horses, and rode off at full speed, holding the end of the rope. Of course when he couldn't run he was dragged. Sarah tracked him next day by the bits of his clothes on the brush till she lost the trail over the rocks. No one but her, and she not twelve years old, near night she finds her father at last. They had hung him by the neck from a blackjack. God knows whether it was because they intended it, or because they did not know how to tie the rope so as to strangle, but he was warm yet when she came upon him. He had been hanging there in struggle and agony full fifteen hours. Sarah she had never thought to bring a knife—just think if you can of that poor young thing working there—"

But here there is loud crying from the next room of the little house—Sarah has been wakened from her slumber of exhaustion by her aunt, who has forgotten in her excitement that her niece is asleep there.

"We must get used to it, man; like things, in all varieties of hellish wickedness, are taking place every hour," says Mr. Ferguson, to whom Mr. Arthur has been telling the story. "The National Government will not or cannot help us. For His own wise purpose the Almighty is leaving us to ourselves."

Margaret Junkin Preston.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn.

THE HERO OF THE COMMUNE.

[*Cartoons.* 1875.—*Colonial Ballads, etc.* 1887.]

"GARÇON! You—*you*
Snared along with this cursèd crew?
(Only a child, and yet so bold,
Scarcely as much as ten years old!)
Do you hear? do you know
Why the gendarmes put you there, in the row,
You, with those Commune wretches tall,
With your face to the wall?"

"*Know?* To be sure I know! why not?
We're here to be shot;
And there, by the pillar, 's the very spot,
Fighting for France, my father fell:
Ah, well!
That's just the way *I* would choose to fall,
With my back to the wall!"

("Sacré! Fair, open fight, I say,
Is something right gallant in its way,
And fine for warming the blood; but who
Wants wolfish work like this to do?
Bah! 'tis a butcher's business!) *How?*
(The boy is beckoning to me now:
I knew that his poor child's heart would fail,
. . . . Yet his cheek's not pale:)
Quick! say your say, for don't you see,
When the Church-clock yonder tolls out *Three*,
You're all to be shot?
. . . . *What?*
'*Excuse you one moment*'? O, ho, ho!
Do you think to fool a gendarme so?"

"But, sir, here's a watch that a friend, one day
(My father's friend), just over the way,
Lent me; and if you'll let me free,
—It still lacks seven minutes of *Three*,—
I'll come, on the word of a soldier's son,
Straight back into line, when my errand's done."

"Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Off! Begone!
(Now, good Saint Denis, speed him on!

The work will be easier since *he's* saved;
For I hardly see how I could have braved
The ardor of that innocent eye,
As he stood and heard,
While I gave the word,
Dooming him like a dog to die.")

"In time! Well, thanks, that my desire
Was granted; and now, I am ready:—Fire!
One word!—that's all!
—You'll let me turn my *back* to the wall?"

"Parbleu! Come out of the line, I say,
Come out! (who said that his name was *Ney?*)
Ha! France will hear of him yet one day!"

A GRAVE IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND.

(J. R. T.)

I READ the marble-lettered name,
And half in bitterness I said:
"As Dante from Ravenna came,
Our poet came from exile—dead."
And yet, had it been asked of him
Where he would rather lay his head,
This spot he would have chosen. Dim
The city's hum drifts o'er his grave,
And green above the hollies wave
Their jagged leaves, as when a boy,
On blissful summer afternoons,
He came to sing the birds his runes,
And tell the river of his joy.

Who dreams that in his wanderings wide,
By stern misfortunes tossed and driven,
His soul's electric strands were riven
From home and country? Let betide
What might, what would, his boast, his pride,
Was in his stricken mother-land,
That could but bless and bid him go,
Because no crust was in her hand
To stay her children's need. We know
The mystic cable sank too deep
For surface storm or stress to strain,
Or from his answering heart to keep
The spark from flashing back again!

Think of the thousand mellow rhymes,
  The pure idyllic passion-flowers,
Wherewith, in far gone, happier times,
  He garlanded this South of ours.
Provençal-like, he wandered long,
    And sang at many a stranger's board,
    Yet 'twas Virginia's name that poured
The tenderest pathos through his song.
We owe the Poet praise and tears,
  Whose ringing ballad sends the brave,
Bold Stuart riding down the years—
  What have we given him? Just a grave!

LADY YEARDLEY'S GUEST.

1654.

'TWAS a Saturday night, mid-winter,
  And the snow with its sheeted pall
Had covered the stubbled clearings
  That girdled the rude-built "Hall,"
But high in the deep-mouthed chimney,
  'Mid laughter and shout and din,
The children were piling yule-logs
  To welcome the Christmas in.

"Ah, so! We'll be glad to-morrow,"
  The mother half-musing said,
As she looked at the eager workers,
  And laid on a sunny head
A touch as of benediction,—
  "For Heaven is just as near
The father at far Patuxent
  As if he were with us here.

"So choose ye the pine and holly,
  And shake from their boughs the snow;
We'll garland the rough-hewn rafters
  As they garlanded long ago,—
Or ever Sir George went sailing
  Away o'er the wild sea-foam,—
In my beautiful English Sussex,
  The happy old walls at home."

She sighed. As she paused, a whisper
  Set quickly all eyes astrain:
"See! see!"—and the boy's hand pointed—
  "There's a face at the window-pane!"

One instant a ghastly terror
  Shot sudden her features o'er;
The next, and she rose unblenching,
  And opened the fast-barred door.

"Who be ye that seek admission?
  Who cometh for food and rest?
This night is a night above others
  To shelter a straying guest."
Deep out of the snowy silence
  A guttural answer broke:
"I come from the great Three Rivers,
  I am chief of the Roanoke."

Straight in through the frightened children,
  Unshrinking, the red man strode,
And loosed on the blazing hearthstone,
  From his shoulder, a light-borne load;
And out of the pile of deer-skins,
  With a look as serene and mild
As if it had been his cradle,
  Stepped softly a four-year child.

As he chafed at the fire his fingers,
  Close pressed to the brawny knee,
The gaze that the silent savage
  Bent on him was strange to see;
And then, with a voice whose yearning
  The father could scarcely stem,
He said, to the children pointing,
  "I want him to be like *them!*

"They weep for the boy in the wigwam:
  I bring him, a moon of days,
To learn of the speaking paper;
  To hear of the wiser ways
Of the people beyond the water;
  To break with the plough the sod;
To be kind to papoose and woman;
  To pray to the white man's God."

"I give thee my hand!" And the lady
  Pressed forward with sudden cheer;
"Thou shalt eat of my English pudding,
  And drink of my Christmas beer.—
My darlings, this night, remember
  All strangers are kith and kin,—
This night when the dear Lord's Mother
  Could find no room at the inn!"

Next morn from the colony belfry
  Pealed gayly the Sunday chime,

And merrily forth the people
  Flocked, keeping the Christmas time;
And the lady, with bright-eyed children
  Behind her, their lips a-smile,
And the chief in his skins and wampum,
  Came walking the narrow aisle.

Forthwith from the congregation
  Broke fiercely a sullen cry,
"Out! out! with the crafty red-skin!
  Have at him! A spy! A spy!"
And quickly from belts leaped daggers,
  And swords from their sheaths flashed bare,
And men from their seats defiant
  Sprang, ready to slay him there.

But facing the crowd with courage
  As calm as a knight of yore,
Stepped bravely the fair-browed woman
  The thrust of the steel before;
And spake with a queenly gesture,
  Her hand on the chief's brown breast;
"Ye dare not impeach my honor!
  Ye dare not insult my guest!"

They dropped, at her word, their weapons,
  Half-shamed as the lady smiled,
And told them the red man's story,
  And showed them the red man's child;
And pledged them her broad plantations,
  That never would such betray
The trust that a Christian woman
  Had shown on a Christmas Day!

THERE'LL COME A DAY.

THERE'LL come a day when the supremest splendor
  Of earth, or sky, or sea,
Whate'er their miracles, sublime or tender,
  Will wake no joy in me.

There'll come a day when all the aspiration,
  Now with such fervor fraught
As lifts to heights of breathless exaltation,
  Will seem a thing of naught.

There'll come a day when riches, honor, glory,
  Music and song and art,
Will look like puppets in a worn-out story,
  Where each has played his part.

There'll come a day when human love, the sweetest
  Gift that includes the whole
Of God's grand giving—sovereignest, completest—
  Shall fail to fill my soul.

There'll come a day—I shall not care how passes
  The cloud across my sight,
If only, lark-like, from earth's nested grasses,
  I spring to meet its light.

William Allen Butler.

Born in Albany, N. Y., 1825.

UHLAND.

[*Poems.* 1871.]

IT is the poet Uhland, from whose wreathings
  Of rarest harmony I here repeat,
In lower tones and less melodious breathings,
  Some simple strains where truth and passion meet.

His is the poetry of sweet expression,
  Of clear, unfaltering tune, serene and strong;
Where gentlest thoughts and words, in soft procession,
  Move to the even measures of his song.

Delighting ever in his own calm fancies,
  He sees much beauty where most men see naught,
Looking at Nature with familiar glances,
  And weaving garlands in the groves of Thought.

He sings of Youth, and Hope, and high Endeavor,
  He sings of Love (O crown of Poesy)!
Of Fate, and Sorrow, and the Grave, forever
  The end of strife, the goal of Destiny.

He sings of Fatherland, the minstrel's glory,
  High theme of memory and hope divine,
Twining its fame with gems of antique story,
  In Suabian songs and legends of the Rhine;

In ballads breathing many a dim tradition,
  Nourished in long belief, or minstrel rhymes,
Fruit of the old Romance, whose gentle mission
  Passed from the earth before our wiser times.

Well do they know his name amongst the mountains, mm
And plains, and valleys of his native land;
Part of their nature are the sparkling fountains
Of his clear thought, with rainbow fancies spanned.

His simple lays oft sings the mother cheerful,
Beside the cradle, in the dim twilight;
His plaintive notes low breathes the maiden tearful
With tender murmurs in the ear of Night.

The hillside swain, the reaper in the meadows,
Carol his ditties through the toilsome day;
And the lone hunter in the Alpine shadows
Recalls his ballads by some ruin gray.

O precious gift! O wondrous inspiration!
Of all high deeds, of all harmonious things,
To be the oracle, while a whole nation
Catches the echo from the sounding strings.

Out of the depths of feeling and emotion
Rises the orb of song, serenely bright,
As who beholds, across the tracts of ocean,
The golden sunrise bursting into light.

Wide is its magic world,—divided neither
By continent, nor sea, nor narrow zone;
Who would not wish sometimes to travel thither,
In fancied fortunes to forget his own!

John Williamson Palmer.

BORN in Baltimore, Md., 1825.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

[*Written at Oakland, Md.*, 17 *September*, 1862, *within hearing of the Guns of Antietam.* —*From the Author's revised Manuscript.*]

COME, stack arms, men; pile on the rails;
Stir up the camp-fire bright!
No growling if the canteen fails:
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the Brigade's rousing song
Of Stonewall Jackson's Way.

We see him now—the queer slouched hat,
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-light Elder" knows 'em well:
Says he, "That's Banks; he's fond of shell.
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—;" Well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
Old Massa's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff:
Attention!—it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God,
"Lay bare Thine arm! Stretch forth Thy rod:
Amen!"—That's Stonewall's Way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade.
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we're with him before morn:
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning; and By George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Dutchmen!—whipped before.
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar.
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score,
In Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Ah, Maiden! wait and watch, and yearn,
For news of Stonewall's band.
Ah, Widow! read, with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah, Wife! sew on, pray on, hope on!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
The foe had better ne'er been born,
That gets in Stonewall's Way.

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

[*Folk Songs. Revised Edition.* 1867.]

THE night is late, the house is still,
The angels of the hour fulfil
Their tender ministries, and move
From couch to couch, in cares of love.
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
And lay on Baby's lips a kiss
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;
And as they pass, they seem to make
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sake!"

My listening heart takes up the strain,
And gives it to the night again,
Fitted with words of lowly praise,
And patience learned of mournful days,
And memories of the dead child's ways.

His will be done, His will be done!
Who gave, and took away, my son—
In the far land to shine and sing
Before the Beautiful, the King,
Who every day doth Christmas make,
All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise;
I will anoint me where he lies,
And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's house, leaving my sin
Without, and seat me at His board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of mourning keep?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling, come to me:
The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed—for Charlie's sake and mine.

I'm very poor—his slender stone
Marks all the narrow field I own;
Yet, patient husbandman, I till
With faith and prayers that precious hill,
Sow it with penitential pains,
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains:
Content if, after all, the spot
Yield barely one forget-me-not;
Whether or figs or thistles make
My crop—content, for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well—
Only that little lonesome cell,
Where never romping playmates come,
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb:
An April burst of girls and boys,
Their rainbowed cloud of griefs and joys
Born with their songs, gone with their toys;
Nor ever is its stillness stirred
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,
Or mother's twilight legend, told
Of Horner's pie or Tiddler's gold,
Or Fairy, hobbling to the door,
Red-cloaked and weird, banned and poor,
To bless the good child's gracious eyes,
The good child's wistful charities,
And crippled Changeling's hunch to make
Dance on his crutch, for Good Child's sake.

How is it with the lad ?—'Tis well;
Nor would I any miracle
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
Or plague his painless countenance;
I would not any Seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face,
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Charm back his pale mortality:
No, Shunammite! I would not break
God's quiet. Let them weep who wake.

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest:
No comfort like his mother's breast,
No praise like hers; no charm exprest
In fairest forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake this bird's carest
That Death left lonely in the nest.
For Charlie's sake my heart is drest,
As for its birthday, in its best.
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take,
And saved us twice—for Charlie's sake.

Samuel Bowles.

BORN in Springfield, Mass., 1826. DIED there, 1878.

A MAN'S FAITH.

[*Life and Times of Samuel Bowles.* 1885.]

BLESS you, my dear friend, for opening to me so freely your religious life and faith. Had I not been gradually recognizing it for the last two or three months, I should have been astonished to find it is so great a thing to you. And I am surprised and impressed that yours was that common experience of revelation and rest by a sudden flash, as it were. There must be, I suppose, preparation and thought; but the finishing stroke seems God-given, and fastens itself in a way that must be wonderfully impressive. As to my own opinions, it would be pretty difficult to describe them. Perhaps you have done it as nearly as it can be done—yet I do not wholly recognize it as my condition. All these things have seemed very much a muddle to me—my mind never could solve them. I can generally average and condense the intelligent views and opinions of others on most subjects; but here the wide divergence of great and good men, the contradictions of revelation and science, the variant testimony of all our sources of information, have been too much for the grasp and condensation of my mind. So I have just put it all aside—and waited. I have striven to keep my heart and my head free and unprejudiced, open to all good influences—ready to receive the gift, but perhaps not reaching out for it—and not reaching out, perhaps, again, because when I made the effort I felt a sickening feeling of hypocrisy, mixed with the apprehension that to go ahead was for me to go back. And that the faith of the fathers and the testimony of good men forbade me to do. So I have seemed forced to be content to grow in goodness in my more practical way, and to leave theories and faith to time. I try to make my life show the result of Christianity and godliness, if I have not the thing in its theoretical form. Patience, charity, faith in men, faith in progress, have been lessons that I have been learning these many years. Purity of life too has been a steadfast aim. Measured by my fellows, I have been successful—more successful than many who have firmer foundations, or affect to have. But this consciousness is injurious to me. It is leading me to be content. It is perhaps reconciling me to a little sin. And indeed I do not expect ever to be perfectly good, or to find any other person so. I do not see how that is possible with any nature. That is, I mean by goodness, purity of soul—perfect purity in thought as well as action. Deeds may be commanded, though that is rare, and I do not know that I ever saw or expect to see a person who can do it,—but the thought, never, it seems to me, so long as we are human. Indeed, does God expect or demand it of us? We cannot *crucify* our earthly desires,—that has been tried, and it was semi-barbarism. They are the elements of growth, of usefulness, of progress, almost as much as the yearnings of a higher and holier nature. Strike out from the world the deeds or that portion of them done through the promptings of what may be called the human side of our nature—ambition, selfishness, passion, love, hate, etc.,—and the world would stop, retrograde. There is not *force* enough in the divinity within us to carry on the machine. Does not God understand this better than we do? Are we not made as we are with a view to produce the greatest results? Let any candid mind, honest but severe, examine the motives which lead it to the execution of its highest and noblest deeds—I imagine it will find subtly but not always feebly working there some elements of selfishness, pride, ambition, desire to appear well, make an impression, gain the applause of the multitudes or *the one.* Did you ever think of that? I have, and watched myself and others—and sometimes I have thought there was never an *absolutely* pure action—pure I mean of any human element, wholly divine. And why should there be? Can human beings become divinities—wholly, exclusively? When they do they will cease to be human, and go hence. So I learn patience and charity, even for myself. All progress, all good, is but an approximation. The end is never reached, never can be, perhaps never could be,—but the effort should be continuous and earnest. It should also be *intelligent.* It should not be self-upbraiding and morbidly dissatisfied with itself. Praise is said to be useful to others—is it not to ourselves from ourselves? Justice is the better word—we should be just and generous to ourselves. There are some people—are you not one?—charitable and loving and generous to everybody else, but hard and severe to themselves. This is cruel, wicked. It limits their happiness and their usefulness. One of our first duties is to ourselves—to make ourselves happy. Then we can make others happy, and make them grow, and grow with them. Of course, indulgence is not always the way to make ourselves happy—and yet there are some indulgences that we should permit ourselves. The philosophy of life is understood by but few. Our humanity makes us oftener blindly practise and illustrate it, than spread intelligent theories. We practise better than we preach.

Negro Hymns and Songs.

SPIRITUALS.

[*Negro Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern. By J. J. Trux. Putnam's Monthly.* 1855.—*Negro Spirituals. By T. W. Higginson. The Atlantic Monthly.* 1867.—*Slave Songs of the United States. Edited by W. F. Allen, C. P. Ware, and Lucy McKim Garrison.* 1867.—*Songs of the Slave. By J. M. Brown. Lippincott's Magazine.* 1868.—*Jubilee Songs: as sung by the Jubilee Singers, of Fisk University. Edited by T. F. Seward.* 1872.—*Cabin and Plantation Songs: as sung by the Hampton Students. Arranged by T. P. Fenner.* 1875.]

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL.

MY brudder sittin' on de tree of life
An' he yearde when Jordan roll.
Roll, Jordan,
Roll, Jordan,
Roll, Jordan, roll!
O march de angel march;
O my soul arise in Heaven, Lord,
For to yearde when Jordan roll.

Little chil'en, learn to fear de Lord,
And let your days be long.
Roll, Jordan, etc.

O let no false nor spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.
Roll, Jordan, etc.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT.

OH, de good ole chariot swing so low,
I don't want to leave me behind.
O swing low, sweet chariot,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
I don't want to leave me behind.

Oh, de good ole chariot will take us all home, mm
I don't want to leave me behind.
Swing low, sweet chariot, etc.

IN DE MORNIN'.

IN de mornin',
In de mornin',
Chil'en? Yes, my Lord!

Don't you hear de trumpet sound?
If I had a-died when I was young,
I never would had de race for run.
Don't you hear de trumpet sound?

Oh, Sam and Peter was fishin' in de sea,
And dey drop de net and follow my Lord.
Don't you, etc.

Dere's a silver spade for to dig my grave
And a golden chain for to let me down.
Don't you hear de trumpet sound?
In de mornin',
In de mornin',
Chil'en? Yes, my Lord!
Don't you hear de trumpet sound?

BRIGHT SPARKLES IN DE CHURCHYARD.

(Medley.)

MAY de Lord—He will be glad of me—
In de heaven He'll rejoice.
In de heaven, once,
In de heaven, twice,
In de heaven He'll rejoice.

Bright sparkles in de churchyard
Give light unto de tomb;
Bright summer, spring's over,
Sweet flowers in der bloom.
My mother, once,
My mother, twice,
My mother she'll rejoice.
In de heaven once, etc.

Mother, rock me in de cradle all de day;—
All de day, etc.
Oh, mother don't yer love yer darlin' child?
Oh, rock me in de cradle all de day.
Rock me, etc.
You may lay me down to sleep, my mother dear,
Oh, rock me in de cradle all de day.

O'ER DE CROSSIN'.

BENDIN' knees achin', Body racked wid pain,
I wish I was a child of God, I'd get home bimeby.
Keep prayin', I do believe
We're a long time waggin' o'er de crossin';

Keep prayin', I do believe
We'll get home to heaven bimeby.

Yonder's my old mudder, Been a waggin' at de hill so long;
It's about time she'll cross over; Get home bimeby.
Keep prayin', I do believe, etc.

Hear dat mournful thunder Roll from door to door,
Callin' home God's children; Get home bimeby.
Little chil'en, I do believe, etc.

See dat forked lightin' Flash from tree to tree,
Callin' home God's chil'en; Get home bimeby.
True believe, I do believe, etc.

LAY DIS BODY DOWN.

I KNOW moon-rise, I know star-rise,
Lay dis body down;
I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight,
To lay dis body down.
I walk in de graveyard, I walk troo de graveyard,
To lay dis body down.
I'll lie in de grass and stretch out my arms:
Lay dis body down.
I go to de judgment in de evenin' of de day,
When I lay dis body down;
And my soul and your soul will meet in de day
When I lay dis body down.

STARS BEGIN TO FALL.

I TINK I hear my brudder say,
Call de nation great and small;
I lookee on de God's right hand
When de stars begin to fall.
Oh, what a mournin', sister,—
Oh, what a mournin', brudder,—
Oh, what a mournin',
When de stars begin to fall!

IN DAT GREAT GITTIN'-UP MORNIN'.

I'M a gwine to tell you bout de comin' ob de Saviour,—
Fare you well, Fare you well,
Dere's a better day a-comin,
When my Lord speaks to his Fader,

Says, Fader, I'm tired o' bearin',
Tired o' bearin' for poor sinners:
O preachers, fold your Bibles;
Prayer-makers, pray no more,
For de last soul's converted.
  In dat great gittin'-up Mornin',
  Fare you well, Fare you well.

De Lord spoke to Gabriel:
Say, go look behind de altar,
Take down de silver trumpet,
Go down to de sea-side,
Place one foot on de dry land,
Place de oder on de sea,
Raise your hand to heaven,
Declare by your Maker,
Dat time shall be no longer,
  In dat great gittin'-up Mornin', etc.

Blow your trumpet, Gabriel.
Lord, how loud shall I blow it ?
Blow it right calm and easy,
Do not alarm my people,
Tell dem to come to judgment,
  In dat great gittin'-up Mornin', etc.

. . . .

Gabriel, blow your trumpet.
Lord, how loud shall I blow it ?
Loud as seven peals of thunder,
Wake de sleepin' nations.
Den you see poor sinner risin',
See de dry bones a creepin',
  In dat great gittin'-up Mornin', etc.

Den you see de world on fire,
You see de moon a bleedin',
See de stars a fallin',
See de elements meltin',
See de forked lightnin',
Hear de rumblin' thunder.
Earth shall reel and totter,
Hell shall be uncapped,
De dragon shall be loosened.
Fare you well, poor sinner,
  In dat great gittin'-up Mornin',
  Fare you well, Fare you well.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SAVANNAH FIREMEN'S SONG.

HEAVE away, heave away!
I'd rather court a yellow gal than work for Henry Clay.
Heave away, heave away!
Yellow gal, I want to go,
I'd rather court a yellow gal, etc.
Heave away!
Yellow gal, I want to go.

BOAT SONG.

GEN'EL Jackson, mighty man—
Whaw, my kingdom, fire away;
He fight on sea, an' he fight on land,
Whaw, my kingdom, fire away.

Gen'el Jackson gain de day—
Whaw, my kingdom, fire away;
He gain de day in Floriday,
Whaw, my kingdom, fire away.

Gen'el Jackson fine de trail—
Whaw, my kingdom, fire away;
He full um fote wid cotton bale,
Whaw, my kingdom, fire away.

AWAY DOWN IN SUNBURY.

O MASSA take dat new bran coat
And hang it on de wall,
Dat darkee take dat same ole coat
And wear 'em to de ball.
Chor. O don't you hear my true lub sing?
O don't you hear 'em sigh?
Away down in Sunbury
I'm bound to live and die.

CHARLESTON GALS.

AS I walked down the new-cut road,
I met the tap and I met the toad;
The toad commenced to whistle and sing,
And the possum cut the pigeon wing.

Hi ho, for Charleston gals!
Charleston gals are the gals for me.

Along come an old man riding by:
Old man, mind, or your horse will die;
If he dies I'll tan his skin,
And if he lives I'll ride him agin.

As I went a-walkin' down the street,
Up steps Charleston gals to walk with me.
I kep' a walkin' and they kep' a talkin',
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin'.
Hi ho! for Charleston gals!
Charleston gals are the gals for me.

MANY THOUSAND GO.

NO more peck o' corn for me,
No more, no more;
No more peck o' corn for me,
Many tousand go.

No more driver's lash for me,
No more, etc.

No more pint o' salt for me,
No more, etc.

No more hundred lash for me,
No more, etc.

No more mistress' call for me,
No more, etc.

No more auction-block for me,
No more, no more;
No more auction-block for me,
Many tousand go.

George Brinton McClellan.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1826. **Died** at Orange, N. J., 1885.

FOREIGNERS IN THE NORTHERN ARMY.

[*McClellan's Own Story.* 1887.]

OF course I rode everywhere and saw everything. Not an entrenchment was commenced unless I had at least approved its site; many I located myself. Not a camp that I did not examine, not a picket-line that I did not visit and cross, so that almost every man in the army saw me at one time or another, and most of them became familiar with my face. And there was no part of the ground near Washington that I did not know thoroughly.

The most entertaining of my duties were those which sometimes led me to Blenker's camp, whither Franklin was always glad to accompany me to see the "circus," or "opera," as he usually called the performance. As soon as we were sighted, Blenker would have the "officer's call" blown to assemble his polyglot collection, with their uniform as varied and brilliant as the colors of the rainbow. Wrapped in his scarlet-lined cloak, his group of officers ranged around him, he would receive us with the most formal and polished courtesy. Being a very handsome and soldierly-looking man himself, and there being many equally so among his surroundings, the tableau was always very effective, and presented a striking contrast to the matter-of-fact way in which things were managed in the other divisions.

In a few minutes he would shout, "*Ordinanz numero eins!*" whereupon champagne would be brought in great profusion, the bands would play, sometimes songs be sung. It was said, I know not how truly, that Blenker had been a non-commissioned officer in the German contingent serving under King Otho of Greece.

His division was very peculiar. So far as "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" were concerned, it certainly outshone all the others. Their drill and bearing were also excellent; for all the officers, and probably all the men, had served in Europe. I have always regretted that the division was finally taken from me and sent to Fremont. The officers and men were all strongly attached to me; I could control them as no one else could, and they would have done good service had they remained in Sumner's corps. The regiments were all foreign and mostly of Germans; but the most remarkable of all was the Garibaldi regiment. Its colonel, D'Utassy, was a Hungarian, and was said to have been a rider in Franconi's Circus, and terminated his public

American career in the Albany Penitentiary. His men were from all known and unknown lands, from all possible and impossible armies: Zouaves from Algiers, men of the "Foreign Legion," Zephyrs, Cossacks, Garibaldians of the deepest dye, English deserters, Sepoys, Turcos, Croats, Swiss, beer-drinkers from Bavaria, stout men from North Germany, and no doubt Chinese, Esquimaux, and detachments from the army of the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein.

Such a mixture was probably never before seen under any flag, unless, perhaps, in such bands as Holk's Jagers of the Thirty Years' War, or the free lances of the middle ages.

I well remember that in returning one night from beyond the picket-lines I encountered an outpost of the Garibaldians. In reply to their challenge I tried English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Indian, a little Russian and Turkish; all in vain, for nothing at my disposal made the slightest impression upon them, and I inferred that they were perhaps gypsies or Esquimaux or Chinese.

Mr. Seward's policy of making ours "a people's war," as he expressed it, by drumming up officers from all parts of the world, sometimes produced strange results and brought us rare specimens of the class vulgarly known as "hard cases." Most of the officers thus obtained had left their own armies for the armies' good, although there were admirable and honorable exceptions, such as Stahl, Willich, Rosencranz, Cesnola, and some others. Few were of the slightest use to us, and I think the reason why the German regiments so seldom turned out well was that their officers were so often men without character.

Soon after General Scott retired I received a letter from the Hungarian Klapka informing me that he had been approached by some of Mr. Seward's agents to get him into our army, and saying that he thought it best to come to a direct understanding with myself as to terms, etc. He said that he would require a bonus of $100,000 in cash and a salary of $25,000 per annum; that on his first arrival he would consent to serve as my chief of staff for a short time until he acquired the language, and that he would then take my place of general commanding-in-chief. He failed to state what provision he would make for me, that probably to depend upon the impression I made upon him.

I immediately took the letter to Mr. Lincoln, who was made very angry by it, and, taking possession of the letter, said that he would see that I should not be troubled in that way again.

Cluseret—afterwards Minister of War under the Commune—brought me a letter of introduction from Garibaldi, recommending him in the highest terms as a soldier, man of honor, etc. I did not like his appearance and declined his services; but without my knowledge or consent Stanton appointed him a colonel on my staff. I still declined to have anything to do with him, and he was sent to the Mountain Department, as chief of staff, I think.

On the recommendation of the Prussian minister I took upon my staff, as aides-de-camp, two German officers whose subsequent histories were peculiar and suggestive. One was a member of a very noble family, whose father had held high official rank in his native land, the son having been a lieutenant in the Guard Cavalry. He was one of the handsomest young fellows I have ever seen, polished to the last degree, and a splendid soldier. He remained with me during my command, and always performed difficult and dangerous duties in the best possible manner. He remained with the army on staff-duty after I was relieved.

Being in Germany when the Austro-Prussian war broke out, I determined to call upon the War Minister and advise him to recall the officer in question, as an admirable soldier whose experience in our war would be valuable; for I had been led to believe that his original separation from his own army had been caused by some trivial breach of discipline. Within a few days I learned that he had been dismissed our service. The last I heard of this poor fellow—for one cannot help feeling sorry for the waste of such excellent gifts—was that he made his living as croupier in a gambling-den.

The other was of an old military family; his father had been a general, and I had met his brothers and cousins as officers in the Austrian army. He also was an admirable and most useful aide in difficult times. After I left the field he became lieutenant-colonel, and probably colonel, of a regiment, and did good service. At the close of the war, failing to be retained, he enlisted in a regular cavalry regiment, hoping to be examined and promoted to a commission; but his habits were against him. At last, in carrying the mail during the winter between the posts on the plains, his feet were frozen and, I think, amputated. Finally his family sent for him, and he returned home to die.

Of a different order were the French princes who formed part of my military family from September 20, 1861, to the close of the Seven Days. They served as captains, declining any higher rank, though they had fully earned promotion before the close of their connection with the army. They served precisely as the other aides, taking their full share of all duty, whether agreeable or disagreeable, dangerous or the reverse. They were fine young fellows and good soldiers, and deserved high credit in every way.

Their uncle, the Prince de Joinville, who accompanied them as a mentor, held no official position, but our relations were always confidential and most agreeable. The Duc de Chartres had received a military education at the military school at Turin; the Comte de Paris had only received instruction in military matters from his tutors. They had their separate establishment, being accompanied by a physician and a captain of *chasseurs-à-pied.* The latter was an immense man, who could never, under any circumstances, be persuaded to mount a horse: he always made the march on foot.

Their little establishment was usually the jolliest in camp, and it was often a great relief to me, when burdened with care, to listen to the laughter and gayety that resounded from their tents. They managed their affairs so well that they were respected and liked by all with whom they came in contact. The Prince de Joinville sketched admirably and possessed a most keen sense of the ridiculous, so that his sketch-book was an inexhaustible source of amusement, because everything ludicrous that struck his fancy on the march was sure to find a place there. He was a man of far more than ordinary ability and of excellent judgment. His deafness was, of course, a disadvantage to him, but his admirable qualities were so marked that I became warmly attached to him, as, in fact, I did to all the three, and I have good reason to know that the feeling was mutual.

Whatever may have been the peculiarities of Louis Philippe during his later life, it is very certain that in his youth, as the Duc de Chartres, he was a brave, dashing, and excellent soldier. His sons, especially the Ducs d'Orléans, d'Aumale, Montpensier, and the Prince de Joinville, showed the same characteristics in Algiers and elsewhere; and I may be permitted to say that my personal experience with the three members of the family who served with me was such that there could be no doubt as to their courage, energy, and military spirit. The course pursued by the Prince de Joinville and the Duc de Chartres during the fatal invasion of France by the Germans was in perfect harmony with this. Both sought service, under assumed names, in the darkest and most dangerous hours of their country's trial. The duc served for some months as Capt. Robert le Fort, and under that name, his identity being known to few if any beyond his closest personal friends, gained promotion and distinction by his gallantry and intelligence.

Caroline Frances Orne.

Born in Cambridge, Mass.

THE LETTER OF MARQUE.

[*Morning Songs of American Freedom.* 1876.]

WE had sailed out a Letter of Marque,
  Fourteen guns and forty men;
And a costly freight our gallant barque
  Was bearing home again.
We had ranged the seas the whole summer-tide,
  Crossed the main, and returned once more;
Our sails were spread, and from the mast-head
  The lookout saw the distant shore.

"A sail! a sail on the weather bow!
  Hand over hand, ten knots an hour!"

"Now God defend it ever should end
  That we should fall in the foeman's power!"

'Twas an English frigate came bearing down,
  Bearing down before the gale,
Riding the waves that sent their spray
  Dashing madly o'er mast and sail.

Every stitch of our canvas set,
  Like a frightened bird our good barque flew;
The wild waves lashed and the foam crests dashed,
  As we threaded the billows through.
The night came down on the waters wide,—
  "By Heaven's help we'll see home once more,"
Our captain cried, "for nor-nor-west
  Lies Cape Cod Light, and the good old shore."

A sudden flash, and a sullen roar
  Booming over the stormy sea,
Showed the frigate close on our track,—
  How could we hope her grasp to flee?
Our angry gunner the stern-chaser fired;
  I hardly think they heard the sound,
The billows so wildly roared and raged,
  As we forward plunged with furious bound.

"All our prizes safely in
  Shall we fall a prize to-night?
The Shoal of George's lies sou-south-east,
  Bearing away from Cape Cod Light."

Our captain's face grew dark and stern,
  Deadly white his closed lips were.
The men looked in each other's eyes,—
  Not a look that spoke of fear.
"Hard up!"
          Hard up the helm was jammed.
  The wary steersman spoke no word.
In the roar of the breakers on either side
  Murmurs of wonder died unheard.
Loud and clear rose the captain's voice,—
  A bronzed old sea-dog, calm and cool,
He had been in sea-fights oft,
  Trained eye and hand in danger's school.
"Heave the lead!"
                The lead was hove;
  Sharp and short the quick reply;
Steady rose the captain's voice,
  Dark fire glowed his swarthy eye.
Right on the Shoal of George's steered,
  Urged with wild, impetuous force,
Lost, if on either side we veered
  But a hand's breadth from our course.
On and on our good barque drove,
  Leaping like mad from wave to wave
Hissing and roaring 'round her bow,
  Hounding her on to a yawning grave.

God! 'twas a desperate game we played!
  White as the combing wave grew each cheek;
Our hearts in that moment dumbly prayed,
  For never a word might our blenched lips speak.

On and on the frigate drove,
  Right in our track, close bearing down;
Our captain's face was still and stern,
  Every muscle too rigid to frown.

On and on the frigate drove,
  Swooping down in her glorious pride;
Lord of Heaven! what a shriek was that
  Ringing over the waters wide!
Striking swift on the sunken rocks,
  Down went the frigate beneath the wave;
All her crew in an instant sunk,
  Gulfed in the closing grave!

We were alone on the rolling sea;
  Man looked to man with a silent pain;
Sternly our captain turned away;
  Our helmsman bore on our course again.

Into the harbor we safely sailed
When the red morn glowed o'er the bay:
The sinking ship, and the wild death-cry,
We shall see, and hear, to our dying-day.

John William De Forest.

BORN in Humphreysville, now Seymour, Conn., 1826.

A SOUTHERNER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

[*Kate Beaumont.* 1872.]

"HI!—Yah!—Ho!—Mars Peyt!—Gwine ter git up to-day?"

This incantation is heard in the bedroom of the Honorable Peyton Beaumont. It is pronounced by a shining, jolly youngster of a negro, seated on the bare clean pitch-pine floor, his legs curving out before him like compasses, a blacking-brush held up to his mouth for further moistening, and an aristocratic-looking boot drawn over his left hand like a gauntlet. The incantation is responded to by a savage grunt from a long bundle on a tousled bed, out of which bundle peeps a grizzled and ruffled topknot, and some portion of a swarthy face framed in iron-gray beard and whiskers. After the grunt comes a silence which is followed in turn by a snore so loud and prolonged that it reminds one of the long roll of a drum-corps.

The negro resumes his work, whistling the while in a sort of whisper and bobbing his head in time to the tune. Presently he pauses and takes a look at the bundle of bedclothes. "Ain't gwine ter wake up yit; mighty sleepy dis mornin'." More brushing, whistling, and bobbing. Then another look. "Done gone fas' asleep agin; guess I'll catch 'nother hold." There is a small table near him, with a bottle on it and glasses. Hand goes up; bottle is uncorked; liquor is decanted; very neatly done indeed. More brushing, whistling, and keeping time, just to lull the sleeper. Hand seeks the table once more; glass brought down and emptied; set back in its place; no jingle. Then further brushing, and the job is finished.

His work done, the negro got up with an "O Lordy!" walked to the bedside, dropped the boots with a bang, and shouted, "Hi! Mars Peyt!"

"Clear out!" growled Mars Peyton, and made a lunge with a muscular hand, so heavy that it might remind one of the paw of an animal.

There was a rapid rectification of the frontier on the part of the darky;

he retreated towards a doorway which led into what was obviously a dressing-room. At a safe distance from the bed he halted and yelled anew, "Hi! Mars Peyt!"

Mars Peyt disengaged one hand entirely from the bedclothes, seized the top of a boot and slung it at the top of the negro, who dodged grinning through the door just as the projectile banged against it.

"Hi! Yah! Ho! ho, Mars Peyt!" he shouted this time with an intonation of triumph, aware that his toughest morning job was over and pleased at having accomplished it without barking a shin.

"Now den, Mars Peyt, you dress youself," he continued. "When you's ready, I'll fix you cocktail."

"Fix it now," huskily growled the lord of the manor. "I'm dressing,—confound you!"

Such was the Honorable Peyton Beaumont; something like a big, wilful, passionate boy; such at least he was on many occasions. As for his difficulty in waking up of mornings, we must excuse him on the ground that he slept badly of nights. Went to bed on brandy; honestly believed he should rest the better for it; after two hours of travelling or fighting nightmare, woke up; dull pain and increasing heat in the back of his head; pillow baking hot, and hot all over; not another wink till morning. Then came a short, feverish nap; then this brushing, whistling, shouting Cato,—who wouldn't throw boots at him? But Cato was continued in the office of valet because he was the only negro in the house who had the impudence to bring about a thorough waking, and because Mr. Beaumont was determined to be up at a certain hour. He was not the sort of man to let himself be beaten, not even by his own physical necessities.

What was he like when he entered the dressing-room in shirt and trousers, with the streaky redness of soap and water about his sombre face, and plumped heavily into a high-backed oak arm-chair, to receive his cocktail and to be shaved by Cato? At first glance he might seem to be a clean but very savage buccaneer. It would be easy to imagine such a man grasping at chances for duels and following the scent of a family feud. His broad, dark red face, overhung by tousled iron-gray hair and set in a stiff iron-gray beard, had just this one merit, of being regular in outline and feature. Otherwise it was terrible; it was nothing less than alarming. Paches, the Athenian admiral who massacred the garrison of Notium, might well have had such a countenance. In the bloodshot black eyes (suffused with the yellow of habitual biliousness), in the stricture of the Grecian mouth, in the cattish tremblings of the finely turned though hairy nostrils, and in the nervous pointings of the bushy eyebrows, there was an expression of intense pugnacity, as fiery as powder and as long-winded as death.

In fact, he had all sorts of a temper. It was as sublime as a tiger's and as ridiculous as a monkey's. His body was marked by the scars of duels and rencontres, and the life-blood of more than one human being was crusted on his soul. At the same time he could snap like a cross child, break crockery, and kick chairs. Perhaps we ought partly to excuse his fits of passion on the score of nearly constant and often keen physical suffering. People, in speaking of his temper, said, "Brandy"; but it was mainly brandy in its secondary forms,—broken sleep, an inflamed alimentary canal, and gout.

Meanwhile he had traits of gentleness which occasionally astonished the people who were afraid of him. While he could fly at his children in sudden furies, he was passionately fond of them, supported them generously, and spoiled them with petting. Barring chance oaths and kicks which were surprised out of him, he was kind to his negroes, feeding them liberally, and keeping them well clothed. As proud as Lucifer and as domineering as Beelzebub, he could be charmingly courteous to equals and friends.

"How you find that, Mars Peyt?" asked Cato, when the cocktail had been hastily clutched and greedily swallowed.

"Devilish thin." Voice, however, the smoother and face blander for it.

"Make you 'nother?"

"Yes." Mellow growl, not exclusively savage, much like that of a placated tiger.

This comedy, by the way, was played every morning, with a variation Sundays. Mr. Beaumont, having vague religious notions about him, and being willing to make a distinction in days, took three cocktails on the Sabbath, besides lying in bed later.

The shaving commenced; the patient bristling occasionally, but growing milder; the operator supple, cautious, and talkative, slowly getting the upper hand.

"Now hold you head still. You jerk that way, an' you'll get a cut. How you s'pose I can shave when you's slammin' you face round like it was a do'?"

"Cato, I really need another cocktail this morning. Had a precious bad night of it."

"No, you don', now. 'Tain't Sunday to-day. Laws bless you, Mars Peyt, ho, ho! you's mos' 'ligious man I knows of, he, he! befo' breakfus. You'd jes like t'have Sunday come every day in the week, so's you could have three cocktails. No you don', no sech thing. 'Tain't good for you. There, liked to cut you then. Hold you nose roun', *dere.*" (Pushing the noble Greek proboscis into place with thumb and finger.) "Now, then, shut up you mouf; I'se gwine to lather. Them's um. This yere's fus-rate soap. Makes a reg'lar swamp o' lather."

"Well, hurry up now," growls Mr. Beaumont, a little sore because he can't have his third cocktail. "Don't stand there all day staring at the soap-brush."

"What's Mars Vincent up to this mornin'?" suggests Cato, seeking to lull the rising storm with the oil of gossip.

"What *is* he up to?" demands Peyton Beaumont with a fierce roll of the eyes:—as much as to say, If anybody is up to anything without my permission, I'll break his head.

"Flyin' roun' greasin' his pistils an' talkin' softly with Mars Bent Armitage. Don' like the looks of it."

Mr. Beaumont uttered an inarticulate growl and was clearly anxious to have the dressing over. At last he was shaved; his noble beard was combed and his martial hair brushed upward; he rose with a strong grip on the arms of his chair and slipped his arm into his extended coat. He was much improved in appearance from what he had been; he still looked fierce, but not uncouth, nor altogether uncourtly. One might say a gentlemanly Turk, or even a sultan; for there is something patrician in the expression and port of the man.

In his long, columned piazza, whither he went at once to get a breath of the morning freshness which came in over his whitening cotton-fields, he met his eldest son, Vincent. The young gentleman was sauntering slowly, his hands in the skirt-pockets of his shooting-jacket, a pucker of thoughtfulness on his brow, and the usual satirical smile rubbed out. With dark, regular features, just a bit pugnacious in expression, he resembled his father as a fresh young gamecock resembles an old one tattered by many a conflict.

A pleasant morning greeting was exchanged, the eyes of the parent softening at the sight of his son, and the latter brightening with an air of confidence and cordiality. It was strange to see two such combative creatures look so amiably upon each other. Clearly the family feeling was very strong among the Beaumonts.

Instead of shouting, "What's this about pistols?" as he had meant to do, Mr. Beaumont gently asked, "What's the news, Vincent?"

Then came the story of the previous evening's adventure. It was related to this effect: there had been some ironical sparring between a Beaumont and a McAlister; thereupon the McAlister had said, substantially, "You are no gentleman."

"How came you to go near the clown?" growled Peyton Beaumont, his hairy nostrils twitching and his thick eyebrows charging bayonets.

"He approached *me*, while I was talking to Miss Jenny Devine."

Vincent did not think it the honorable thing to explain that the young lady was much to blame for the unpleasantness.

"The quarrelsome beasts!" snorted Beaumont. "Always picking a fight with our family. Trying to get themselves into decent company that way. It's always been so, ever since they came to this district; always! We had peace before. Why, Vincent, it's the most unprovoked insult that I ever heard of. What had you said? Nothing but what was—was socially allowable—parliamentary. And he to respond with a brutality! No gentleman! A Beaumont no gentleman! By heavens, he deserves to be shot on sight, shot at the first street-corner, like a nigger-stealer. He doesn't deserve a duel. The code is too good for him."

"That sort of thing won't do now, at least not among our set."

"It did once. It did in my day. You young fellows are getting so cursed fastidious. Well, if it won't do, then—"

Mr. Beaumont took a sudden wheel and walked the piazza in grave excitement. When he returned to face the young man, he said with undisguisable anxiety: "Well, my boy! You know the duties of a gentleman. I don't see that I am permitted to interfere."

"I have put things into the hands of Bentley Armitage," added Vincent.

"Very good. Do as well as anybody, seeing his brother isn't here. Come, let us have breakfast."

At the breakfast-table appeared only these two men, and the second son, Poinsett. There was not a white woman in the house, though we must not blame Mr. Beaumont for the deficiency, inasmuch as he had espoused and lost two wives, and had been known to try at least once for a third. His eldest daughter, Nellie, was married to Randolph Armitage, of Brownville District; his only other daughter, Kate, and his sister, Mrs. Chester, were, as we know, in Charleston.

For some minutes Poinsett, a fat, tranquil, pleasantly spoken, and talkative fellow of perhaps twenty-five, bore the expense (as the French say) of the conversation.

"Our feminine population will be home soon, I venture to hope," he said, among other things. "Then, it is to be cheerfully believed, we shall come out of our slough of despond. American men, if you will excuse me for saying so, are as dull and dry as the Devil. They manage matters better in France, and on the Continent generally, and even in England. There, yes, even in England, common prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding, the genus homo is social. Conversation goes on in those countries. I don't say but that we Southerners are ahead of our Northern brethren; but even we bear traces of two hundred years in the forest. We do speak; there is much monologuing, and I perform my share of it; but as for talking, quick interchange of ideas, fair give and take, we are on a par with Cooper's noble savage. Let me hope that I don't wound your patriotism. I admit that I have an immoral lack of prejudices. But I want to know if you don't find life here just a little dull?"

"Why the deuce don't you go to work, then?" burst out Peyton Beaumont. "Here you two fellows are as highly educated as money can make you. You are a lawyer, graduated at Berlin. Vincent is a doctor, graduated at Paris. And yet you do nothing; never either of you had a case; don't want one."

"Ah, work! that is dull too," admitted the smiling, imperturbable Poinsett. "Idleness is dull; but work is duller. I confess that it is a sad fact, and painful to me to consider it. So let us change the subject. Most noble Vincent, you seem to be in the doldrums this morning."

"He has an affair on his hands," muttered the father of the family.

"Ah!" said Poinsett, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows, comprehending perfectly that a duel was alluded to.

"Another McAlister impertinence," pursued Mr. Beaumont, and proceeded to tell the story with great savageness.

"Wallace!" exclaimed Poinsett, "I confess that I am the least bit surprised. I thought Wallace an amiable, soporific creature like myself. But the spirit of the breed—the oversoul of the McAlisters—is too much for his individuality. We are drops in a river. I shall fight, too, some day, though I don't at all crave it. Vincent, if I can do anything for you, I am entirely at your service."

Vincent's smile was noticeably satirical. He was disagreeably amused with Poinsett's coolness over another's duel. And he did not believe that Poinsett could be easily got to fight.

"I suppose that Bent Armitage will do all that is necessary," he said.

"Let us hope that the loading of the pistols will be all that is necessary," replied Poinsett. "Let us hope that Wally will bend his stiff knees, and confess that we march at the head of civilization."

"By heavens, I want him shot," broke in Beaumont the elder. "I can't understand you young fellows, with your soft notions. I belong to the old sort. There used to be shooting in my day. Here is the most unprovoked and brutal outrage that I ever heard of. This beast calls a Beaumont no gentleman. And here you hope there'll be an apology, and that end it. I want Vincent to hit him. I want the fellow shelved; I don't care if he's killed; by heavens, I don't."

Mr. Beaumont was in a fit state to break glasses and overturn the table. His black eyes were bloodshot; his bushy eyebrows were dancing and pointing as if they were going through smallsword exercise; there was a dull flame of blood all over his dark cheeks and yellowish mottled forehead. Vincent, the medical graduate of Paris, surveyed his father through half-shut eyes, and thought out the diagnosis, "Temporarily insane." There was no audible response to the senior's good old-fashioned Beaumont burst of rage.

After some minutes of silence, during which Poinsett smilingly poured himself a second cup of coffee (holding that he could do it better than any waiter), the father recovered his composure somewhat, and added gravely: "Of course this is a serious matter. I hope, trust, and believe that Vincent will receive no harm. If he does" (here his eyebrows bristled again), "I shall take the field myself."

"We will see," smiled Poinsett. "My impression is that my turn comes in somewhere."

Here Cato, head waiter as well as valet, put in his oar.

"That's so, Mars Poinsett. We all has our turn, fightin' these yere McAlisters."

"Why, what have you been at, Cato?" asked the young man. "Challenging the Judge? Or pulling the wool of his old mauma?"

"No, sah. Yah, yah. I don' go roun' challengin' white folks; knows my business better. An' when I pulls wool, I pulls he wool. Jes had a tackle yesterday with Matt McAlister, the Judge's ole man that waits on him. Matt he sets out, 'cause he's yaller, an' comes from Virginny, that he's better than we is, we Souf Carliny niggahs. So every time I sees him I sasses him. Yesr mornin', I meets him down to the sto' —Mars Bill Wilkins's sto', don' ye know?—kinder lookin' roun' for bar'l o' flour. 'So,' says I, 'Boss,' says I, 'how is things up to your ole shanty?' He's a kinder gray ole fellow, don' ye know? puttin' on airs like he was Noah, an' treatin' everybody like they's childern, rollin' his eyes out o' the corners kinder, an' crossin' his arms jes as the Judge does. So he looked at me, an', says he, 'Boy, who is you?' Says I, 'I'm Cato Beaumont.' So says he, 'I thought it mought be some o' that breedin'.' Says I, 'I was jes happenin' down here to teach you your manners.' So says he, 'Boy, my manners was learned befo' you ever heerd they was sech things.' Then I kinder tripped him, an' he kinder tripped me, an' then I squared off and fotched back, an' says I—"

"Why didn't you hit him?" roared the Hon. Mr. Beaumont, who had been listening with great interest. "What did you say another word for?"

"I was jest gwine to tell you what I said," returned Cato. "But now, 'fore gracious, you done made me forgit it. I said a heap to him."

"And so there wasn't any fight after all," inferred the smiling Poinsett. "And nobody got hurt. Heaven favors the brave."

"It didn't 'zactly come to a wrastle," confessed Cato. "But I 'specs it would, for I was gittin' powerful mad: Only jes as I was thinkin' o' gwine at him one o' Mars Wilkins's clerks come out, an' says he, 'Boys, don' make so much noise'; an' so I quit."

Beaumont senior gave forth a mild growl of disapprobation, as deeply mellow as the anger of waters in caves of the sea-shore. "Cowardly niggers," was one sound which came from him; and yet, although he despised negroes for being cowardly, he did not blame them for it; he knew that chivalry, prowess, and the like were properly white man's business.

Half an hour after breakfast pistol-shots resounded from an oak grove in the rear of the mansion. Vincent was practising; had a board five feet eight inches high planted in the ground; hit the upper part of it with fascinating accuracy. "Getting my hand in," he remarked to his father when the latter came out to look on; and presently the elder gentleman became interested, and made a few exemplary shots himself. The two men were in the midst of this cheering recreation when Cato came running upon them with frantic gestures and a yell of "Mars Peyt! Stage come! Miss Kate come!"

"What's that, you rascal?" roared Beaumont, his grim face suddenly transformed into the likeness of something half angelic, so honest and pure and fervent was its joy. Plunging a hairy hand into his pocket, he drew out a grip of coins, threw them at the negro, and started for the house on a run which knocked him out of his wind in twenty paces. Then he halted, and shouted back, "Vincent, hide those pistols. Cato, if you say a word about this business, I'll skin you."

Then away again, on a plethoric canter, to meet his youngest daughter, his darling.

In the rear piazza of the house a tall and lovely girl rushed into his arms with a cry of "Father!" to which he responded with a sound which was much like a sob of gladness. There were tears of joy shed by somebody; it was impossible to say whether they came from Kate's eyes or from her father's; but they were dried between their nestling, caressing cheeks.

"Why, Kate! what a woman you are!" exclaimed Beaumont, holding her back at arm's length to worship her.

Vincent and Poinsett already stood by waiting their turns for an embrace. It was clear enough that, whatever defects there might be in this Beaumont breed, the lack of family feeling was not one of them.

Meantime Mrs. Chester and Tom were coming through the house, the former chattering steadily in a high, joyful soprano, and the latter roaring his lion-cub content in slangy exclamations.

The scene contrasted with the pistol practice of the oak grove somewhat as paradise contrasts with the inferno.

Of the paradise and the inferno, which is to win?

Horatio Nelson Powers.

Born in Amenia, N. Y., 1826.

MY WALK TO CHURCH.

[*Harper's New Monthly Magazine.* 1888.]

BREATHING the summer-scented air
  Along the bowery mountain way,
Each Lord's-day morning I repair
  To serve my church, a mile away.

Below, the glorious river lies—
  A bright, broad-breasted, sylvan sea—
And round the sumptuous highlands rise,
  Fair as the hills of Galilee.

Young flowers are in my path. I hear
  Music of unrecorded tone.
The heart of Beauty beats so near,
  Its pulses modulate my own.

The shadow on the meadow's breast
  Is not more calm than my repose
As, step by step, I am the guest
  Of every living thing that grows.

Ah, something melts along the sky,
  And something rises from the ground,
And fills the inner ear and eye
  Beyond the sense of sight and sound.

It is not that I strive to see
  What Love in lovely shapes has wrought—
Its gracious messages to me
  Come, like the gentle dews, unsought.

I merely walk with open heart
  Which feels the secret in the sign;
But, oh, how large and rich my part
  In all that makes the feast divine!

Sometimes I hear the happy birds
  That sang to Christ beyond the sea,
And softly His consoling words
  Blend with their joyous minstrelsy.

Sometimes in royal vesture glow
  The lilies that He called so fair,

Which never toil nor spin, yet show
  The loving Father's tender care.

And then along the fragrant hills
  A radiant presence seems to move,
And earth grows fairer as it fills
  The very air I breathe with love.

And now I see one perfect face,
  And hastening to my church's door,
Find Him within the holy place
  Who, all my way, went on before.

Walter Mitchell.

Born in Nantucket, Mass., 1826.

TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE.

THE weather-leech of the topsail shivers,
  The bowlines strain, and the lee-shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
  And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather-bow,
  Is the light-house tall on Fire Island Head.
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
  And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
  To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "Full and by!"
  Is suddenly changed for "Full for stays!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
  As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
  As the pilot calls, "Stand by for stays!"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
  With the gathered coil in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
  Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head draws near,
  As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
  With the welcome call of "Ready! About!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go;
  And the captain growls, "Down helm! hard down!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
  While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
  As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
  As I answer, "Ay, ay, sir! Ha-a-rd a-lee!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
  The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
  And the headland white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
  And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps;
  And thunders the order, "Tacks and sheets!"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
  Hisses the rain of the rushing squall:
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
  And now is the moment for "Mainsail, haul!"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
  By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung:
She holds her way, and I look with joy
  For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"Let go, and haul!" 'Tis the last command,
  And the head-sails fill to the blast once more:
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
  With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
  I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "Belay, there, all!"
  And the captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
  Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket dry.
  Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

Stephen Collins Foster.

Born in Pittsburgh, Penn., 1826. **Died** in New York, N. Y., 1864.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

[*As Written and Set to Music by the Author.* 1851.]

WAY down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebery where I roam;
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All around de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebery where I roam,
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

ROUND de meadows am a-ringing
  De darkeys' mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing,
  Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping,
  O'er de grassy mound,
Dere old massa am a-sleeping,
  Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

    Down in de corn-field
      Hear dat mournful sound;
    All de darkeys am a-weeping,—
      Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
  When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
  Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now, de orange tree am blooming
  On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,—
  Massa nebber calls no more.

Massa make de darkeys love him,
  Cayse he was so kind;
Now, dey sadly weep above him,
  Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
  Cayse de tear-drop flow;
I try to drive away my sorrow,
  Pickin on de old banjo.

    Down in de corn-field
      Hear dat mournful sound:
    All de darkeys am a-weeping,—
      Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

1852.

NELLY BLY.

NELLY BLY! Nelly Bly! bring de broom along,—
  We'll sweep de kitchen clean, my dear, and hab a little song.
Poke de wood, my lady lub, and make de fire burn,
And while I take de banjo down, just gib de mush a turn.

    Heigh! Nelly, Ho! Nelly,
      Listen, lub, to me;
    I'll sing for you, I'll play for you,
      A dulcem melody.

Nelly Bly hab a voice like de turtle dove,—
I hears it in de meadow and I hears it in de grove;
Nelly Bly hab a heart warm as a cup ob tea,
And bigger dan de sweet potato down in Tennessee.

Nelly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep;
When she wakens up again her eyeballs gin to peep;
De way she walks, she lifts her foot, and den she brings it down,
And when it lights der's music dah in dat part ob de town.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! nebber, nebber sigh,—
Nebber bring de tear-drop to de corner ob your eye;
For de pie is made ob punkins, and de mush is made ob corn,
And der's corn and punkins plenty, lub, lying in de barn.

Heigh! Nelly, Ho! Nelly,
Listen, lub, to me;
I'll sing for you, I'll play for you,
A dulcem melody.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT.

THE sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n'-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door.—
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky Home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part.—
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar-canes grow.

A few more days for to tote the weary load,—
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,—
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky Home, far away.

1850.

Leonard Kip.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1826.

THE STORY OF A FORTUNE.

[*From a Tale contributed to The Argonaut.* 1879.]

I.

THE Guyndal house—it was not sufficiently large or important to be called a place—stood almost in the centre of a small town in Hertford. It was a square brick house, with about an acre and a half about it. At one side stood the church, and at the other the inn, the residences of the different townspeople being scattered here and there at convenient distances, after the manner of most villages. Of all these the Guyndal house was neither the least nor the greatest, its principal interest being derived from its antiquity. It was built in the time of Charles the First by one Hugh Guyndal, who was a prominent lawyer of the Crown. At the Rebellion, he turned so adroitly as to become a leading lawyer of the Commonwealth, and at the Restoration, he easily again made his peace as a Royalist—the more easily, perhaps, as his knowledge of the Crown-lands made his prospective services almost invaluable. Up to that time, it was not thought that the family had saved much money; and, indeed, it was considered uncommonly fortunate for them that they had preserved the house and land from confiscation. Other families which had taken less active part in the civil troubles had fared much worse and been driven out into the world penniless.

A while later, the place was owned by Giles Guyndal—a lawyer of some eminence, though not in the Crown employ. Far better than that, however, his abilities were recognized in the settlement of certain complications arising from the bursting of the South Sea bubble; and in that matter he was enabled to shape his policy so successfully as, while protecting others, to accumulate for himself a large fortune—how large, was not known. Those who had the best means of conjecturing put it at enormous proportions—alleging that he had used his gains in successful speculation in government securities during certain continental troubles, and must thereby have quadrupled his original receipts. The only demurrer to this conclusion arose from the fact that Giles Guyndal made no enlargement of his style of living, but continued on in the old house, practising law as before. "If he is so wealthy," was naturally the cry, "why does he not retire and purchase a large landed estate and endeavor to get a baronetcy?"

The truth was, that Giles Guyndal was as ambitious as could reasonably be desired, but not for himself as much as for his family. He was content with his own style of living, having never been used to any other; but he looked far ahead and demanded a different manner of life for his descendants. He had one child, a son—educated in his own profession. It seemed the proper thing that John Guyndal should move out into another sphere, purchase the landed estate and the baronetcy, and contract some high alliance.

But, upon inheriting the property, John Guyndal in his turn, also, set at naught the public expectation. He felt that he, no more than his father, would be likely to enjoy the care of the landed estate—a kind of property, moreover, that would eat up interest much more rapidly than it would gather it. Doubtless, too, with his great wealth he could have made a marriage with some unendowed daughter of a titled line; but he had the sense to understand that this would lower his wife rather than elevate himself, and he feared lest one who should barter her family pride for his money might exact the full payment to the last extent of prodigality. Therefore, somewhat to the indignation of the expectant community, he married a careful, saving woman in his own station, continued in the practice of law, and took no measures to become Sir John Guyndal. As to an estate, the only change he made consisted in an extension in his own house, a wing being thrown out behind in the nature of a fire-proof deposit for valuable papers—a small brick building with enormous thickness of walls and strength of triple-plated doors, and into which building no one beside himself was ever allowed to enter.

It must be held that about this time the family policy began to crystallize into a fixed rule of action. Whether it was written down for the instruction of succeeding generations, like the supposed will of Peter the Great, or whether it passed by word of mouth, respected all the same as an unalterable family duty, cannot be learned. But John Guyndal dying and leaving two sons, there was still no intimation of desire for the landed estate or the baronetcy. The youngest son, taking a younger son's share, went abroad with it—like the Prodigal Son, spent his inheritance, but, unlike him, thereupon died without returning. The older son, Richard Guyndal, after the manner of his ancestors, continued in the profession; after their manner, also, selected a quiet, frugal, painstaking woman of his own degree to be his helpmate. And so the line ran quietly down until the time of one Thomas Guyndal. Unlike his ancestors, however, he had for sole descendant a daughter. She was a tall, slim, graceful girl—pleasing in a moderate way without manifestations of remarkable refinement; somewhat too ruddy in complexion, bright eyed, yet with thin lips and an expression of unusual firmness in the corners of her mouth, her whole type of face inclining rather to thoughtfulness than vivacity—in fine, a well made up embodiment from the line of careful wives who had preceded her.

So the family went on peacefully and almost unnoticed, until the fall of 1862. At that date Thomas Guyndal had become a widower, and his daughter Edith, who had reached the age of eighteen, was his sole companion. The lawyer sat one morning solitary and thoughtful in his office. For a while turning from inactive meditation, he then drew up to his table and made some elaborate calculation. Then he unlocked the door of his adjoining record-room and gazed in for the moment wistfully, as if wishing to reassure himself still more thoroughly of something about which he had been not at all doubtful. Then ensued a lengthy examination of a parchment schedule—then a quick raising of the head, as with sudden fixed intention; then a word to his daughter, who sat in an adjoining room, with the intervening door open.

"I must go up to London, Edith."

"Yes, father," was the quiet answer.

This was all; and, placing the parchment schedule in his breast-pocket, slowly he wended his way to the railway station. Before long he was in London, and at once he drove to Lord Palmerston's residence.

The Premier was in town, and, as it happened, at that hour was disengaged. Thomas Guyndal sent in his card and was admitted—more speedily, perhaps, than he had anticipated. He had never met Lord Palmerston; but the name of Guyndal was not unknown to the Premier, as of one who formerly had been employed in government transactions. Even at that late date it came up frequently, in examination of official records. Consequently, his lordship directed that the applicant should at once be admitted, bade him be seated, and courteously waited for him to announce his business. And Thomas Guyndal did not make his lordship wait very long.

"Is it true, my lord," he inquired, "that there is talk about a marriage between his highness the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark?"

Lord Palmerston frowned and naturally began to retire within himself. For, in truth, it was not at all becoming that a perfect stranger should thus bluntly assail him for information about what, as yet, must be an official secret.

"I cannot comprehend, sir," he therefore began, "by what claim—"

"Merely this," responded the lawyer. "If the matter has not already been settled upon, it should not go further, inasmuch as I am able to offer his royal highness a more favorable alliance—that is to say, should he feel disposed to consult the interests of the nation at large."

The Premier turned pale with wrath.

"This liberty—" he cried.

"Listen to me for a moment," interrupted Thomas Guyndal, "and you will discover that if it seems a liberty, it brings its own justification with it. In now offering my daughter Edith—"

"Your daughter Edith!" cried the Prime Minister. "Why, the man must be mad! This insolence—" And he looked towards the little hand-bell that now happened to rest upon another table than that before which he had been sitting. And thus glancing across, he chanced to observe the lawyer's face more narrowly than before. Surely there were no signs of insanity there; merely the tokens of some matter of weighty moment. He paused irresolutely.

"If your lordship will listen to me for only one minute—"

"Go on; I will hear you. But be brief."

"As possible. And let me ask you, Lord Palmerston, should not a royal prince in his alliances have some respect for the welfare of the nation, as well as for his own pleasure? What is it that this Danish marriage could bring other than the closer friendship of a state already friendly and the burden of future entanglements and complications by reason of it? That is an equivocal blessing, indeed. But on the other hand, your lordship should know that with the hand of Edith Guyndal his royal highness will secure for the good and the good-will of the English people—*the total payment of Great Britain's debt!*"

II.

The Premier started, glanced once more towards the bell—was partly recalled to his equanimity by the calm, sedate, easy expression and manner of the lawyer. What to do with such a man, be he insane or not, but to hear him out? It would take him only a minute or two, and then the farce would be over. At the least, it might prove a pleasing study of eccentric character, and there could be no question but what it would be possible to have the intruder so closely noted that he should never again effect an entrance.

"Your lordship," said Thomas Guyndal, composedly drawing the folded parchment from his pocket, "there is the schedule of the amount of consolidated bonds of Great Britain now in my possession and ownership."

"Surely it cannot be difficult for any one to manufacture a schedule," responded the Premier disdainfully. "What about the bonds themselves?"

"I am coming to that, my lord, and briefly. In 1720, my ancestor, Giles Guyndal, so successfully conducted his many speculations that he became the owner of three million pounds. It was supposed that he would purchase a county or so, build a castle, apply for a title, and assume airs of state. He did nothing of the kind, but continued to live in his accustomed quiet manner, the avails of legal practice supporting him. Meanwhile the three millions, invested in bonds, lay idle and at interest. Can your lordship tell me how long it would take them to double at four per cent.?"

"About eighteen years," responded Palmerston, for he had had occasion to work out that sum before.

"Precisely. Then in 1738 my ancestor must have been worth six million pounds, and in 1756, twelve millions. It is not probable that up to that period, or indeed, during his lifetime, he had elaborated any enlarged or magnificent scheme of family ambition. His highest hope must have been that the family should rise one degree in importance, after the usual manner where higher birth may accommodate itself with great wealth. In that comparatively moderate ambition, he died. But when his son succeeded, there grew up more comprehensiveness of idea, looking forward to wider aims; and then, probably, the family destiny began to be shaped as it has since been directed throughout the whole line and into my hands. That son, John Guyndal, built as an adjunct to his house an uncommonly strong vault—the present contents of which, your lordship, it would give me great pleasure to exhibit to you. In that vault he deposited almost all the family property, amounting by that time to upwards of twelve millions of pounds, invested, for greater convenience, in government bonds. From that date, as by preëstablished agreement founded upon family tradition, each descendant has lived on quietly in the same old house, finding his professional practice sufficient for all his wants, and allowing the interest on these bonds to accumulate without being drawn upon to the extent of a penny. This interest has been continually invested in other bonds. Your lordship may, at times, have heard some wonderment expressed that during the past generation so few of these bonds have appeared for sale in the customary money markets; though all the while, as evidence that they are not lost, the interest upon them has been punctually collected. It was supposed that the bonds had mostly gone abroad, or, if at home, were held in possession of capitalists who were too well satisfied with the investment to care that it should be disturbed. The latter supposition is nearest the truth; I being the sole capitalist. Take your pencil, my lord, and calculate how much the original three millions would amount to at compound interest from 1720 to 1862, nearly a century and a half."

Lord Palmerston hurriedly made the calculation, then arose nervously, and gazed with startled expression at the lawyer.

"Can it be really possible?" he gasped.

"It can be possible; it actually is so," was the response of Thomas Guyndal. "The whole funded debt of Great Britain amounts to about eight hundred millions of pounds. A portion of this sum, of course, cannot be reached, being already in hands which are unwilling to change the investment. But upward of seven hundred millions of pounds in government bonds now lie drawing interest in my own private safe, and in addition to them, stocks and bonds of different companies in amount sufficient to complete the deficiency. Upon the marriage of my daughter Edith with the Prince of Wales, all these bonds will be surrendered to the nation, and Great Britain can be proclaimed free of debt."

"You forget, however, that the Royal Marriage Act—"

"It can be annulled by the will of the English people, your lordship," responded the lawyer, coolly. In fact, having had time to state his case, he was becoming every minute more self-possessed; while the Premier, fairly staggered with the astonishing revelation of individual wealth and ambition, was in a whirl of flurry and excitement.

"But the Prince himself! Nay, more, her Majesty! Surely they would never consent to—"

"Perhaps not at first, your lordship—possibly never, if this transaction were to go no further but were to remain a secret between us. But if it became known that the Prince refused to make one little sacrifice of pride whereby he could forever lift a weight of burdensome taxation from off his people's necks, what then would be the instant demand of the whole nation? And where any longer would be the love of the people for one who had preferred a high alliance to his subjects' welfare?"

"Go—go!" cried the Prime Minister, rising. The torrent of thought was too impetuous for him to bear, and he felt that he must be alone.

"Go! Of course all this is a mere vagary. You must yourself see its impropriety. And yet—it is possible that you—that I may wish to see you again. Leave me your address; and so—but let me remain alone now."

The lawyer took his leave, well satisfied that the seed was finding root; and the Premier remained alone, pressing his knuckles into his temples, and striving to gain more collected thought. But before he could succeed in this, the door opened and gave admission to Lord

Rydel and Sir George Rutherven—two members of the Privy Council. They started and hung back for a moment, at seeing how the Premier raised himself, palefaced and nervously discomposed, to greet them.

"It is nothing," he said, noting their solicitude and forestalling their inquiries. "A slight headache, a vertigo—no, it is not that, but—listen, gentlemen, to this. It must of course be a secret between us. You will see for yourselves how ridiculous, how impossible, indeed—but let me tell you the whole silly story."

He told the story, laughing at the end as though there had never been anything so contemptible and foolish. So did the two members of the Privy Council laugh—and with the same hollow, unreal laugh as himself. And so they separated, and it might have been anticipated that nothing further would be heard of the affair.

But it happened that the very next day the two Privy Councillors dropped in again. They had some little matter of business to talk over—they intimated—but somehow it did not occupy them long. And when it was finished, they lingered around in uncertain attitude, and finally Lord Rydel spoke.

"That queer story of yesterday," he said, "that ridiculous story—I suppose there can be no truth in the statements of that man's wealth. Do you think so?"

"It can be ascertained very easily, of course," answered Lord Palmerston. "And why should we not find out—just for our own curiosity? If it be false, that of course ends the matter. If it be true, why even then it can make no difference; but all the same we shall have found out where our bonds have accumulated—eh?"

"Of a certainty; that of itself would be worth looking into, my lord."

With that, the Premier touched his bell, wrote a hurried note, and as a result in less than an hour a confidential clerk of the Treasury made his appearance. To him the Prime Minister gave further directions of an elaborate character, and the clerk at once took rail, and sought out old Thomas Guyndal. He was in his own office, and made no objection to what was asked of him. Unlocking the great iron door of the safe-room, he ushered the clerk inside and trustingly left him to his own devices. In the centre of the room and all around were racks, crowded with steel-bound boxes. One key, with which the lawyer had furnished the clerk, unlocked all these boxes; and the clerk at once opened several of them, singling them out at random here and there, as a sampler would attack chests of tea. In three hours the Treasury clerk returned to the Premier's residence; where, as it happened, the two Privy Councillors still lingered.

"I have this day seen more wealth than ever in my life before," said the Treasury clerk, half frightened lest it might all be unreal and himself losing his wits. "There must be over seven hundred million pounds in government bonds in that one little place."

Then he departed, having discharged his errand, and the others gazed inquiringly at each other—each seeking to read the thoughts of the others.

"It is very strange, as well as ridiculous," Sir George Rutherven at length observed. "Of course nothing can ever come of it; and yet—it is such a marvellous thing that—do you not think that her Majesty should know about it?"

"And who would dare to tell her?"

"We will all go, gentlemen," said the Premier; "and I, as is proper, will be your spokesman, the rest of you standing by to support me with your countenance."

With that, the three proceeded at once to Windsor, and sought audience of her Majesty. What happened there may never definitely be known, except that at the first suggestion of proffered misalliance, though any concurrence in it was disowned by the whole Council and the matter brought to be heard as mere matter of curious detail, the blood of the Tudors must have asserted itself fiercely, overpowering the later absorption of Dutch phlegm; so that in the end the three visitors fled rather than retired, and returned to London in terrible discomfiture.

Yet, after all, the seed had been sown and was bearing its fruit. Daily did the Premier meet the two Privy Councillors and affect to transact a little important business with them, after which unfailingly they would recur to the proposition of the old lawyer. At first they would speak of it with the usual laugh, as a matter to be treated only with ridicule; then, as the true sense of it bore down more heavily into their thoughts, the laugh grew more forced and hollow; at last, almost ceased as they began to gain more accurate reading of each other's minds and recognized the uselessness of further empty pretence. For all the while, far above any sensitiveness upon the score of base and unequal blood, hung the tempting bait of payment in full of the national debt of Great Britain! Almost total relief, now and evermore, from anything in the shape of direct taxation! An incubus upon trade and commerce lifted and cast away! A blessing and an immortal fame upon the rule that by a single sacrifice of caste and prejudice might consent to procure for its subjects that great boon; curses and perhaps revolution itself from a groaning people, which surely would break out into strong hate if its interests were not respected! After all, had not Henry VIII., the most powerful Tudor of all that line, married his subjects? And was this Edith Guyndal necessarily of base blood? Might it not be sufficiently proven that the line of Guelph could, for good reasons shown, condescend to it? Might not the Herald's College discover that the Guyndals had done some good service in the civil wars, whereby they could now be enrolled in preparation for higher exaltation? Suppose that the old lawyer should be made a baronet, pretence being made of a dormant title, could not some title be given to the daughter—another and more honorable one be substituted after a little while, and thereby secure her ennoblement by degrees?

Certainly the seed seemed bearing fruit, and from being treated as farcical became constantly more calmly discussed. The payment at one stroke of the whole national debt! This was the issue of all discussion. It became rumored at one time, even among the people, that something, they knew not what, was interfering to break off or postpone the projected alliance with Denmark. In fact, at a court reception, the Premier, filled with the one engrossing subject, had uttered to the Danish Minister one of those significant remarks that say so little and mean so much, and which, upon the whole, are looked upon as unfriendly to whatever negotiation may be in progress. The remark was made with smiling countenance, and was responded to in like manner, but within the next two hours there were hurried telegraphings to Copenhagen, and the funds fell one-half of one per cent.

"If her Majesty will not yield at least her consideration to this scheme," the Premier felt at last bold enough to say, in secret consultation, "she must be made to yield."

The others sat appalled at the unaccustomed vigor of the remark, but it was noted, all the same, that it called forth no reply, but was allowed to stand as the opinion of the rest. And the crisis of the whole affair slowly drew on.

It came to the destined result one day when, in obedience to a sudden summons, the lawyer, Thomas Guyndal, called upon the Premier. The Premier gazed upon him for several minutes in seemingly dreamy abstraction—possibly with reluctance to utter what he had made up his mind must sooner or later be said.

"You wished to see me, my lord," the lawyer at length said, becoming impatient.

"Should this matter go through," then said the Prime Minister, very slowly and deliberately—"and yet I cannot answer that it will—what security can the nation have that you will perform your portion of the agreement and release the debt?"

"My lord," was the answer, "long before the announcement of the marriage I will place all the securities in the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, together with my full renunciation of any claim upon them. As soon as the marriage has actually taken place, the torch can be applied to the whole mass of bonds, and in a few minutes England will stand free of debt."

"And you have considered that in thus fostering your ambition you yourself will lose almost everything? That you will not be lifted thereby, but that you can thenceforth seldom see your child, excepting at a distance?"

"But she, my lord, will one day be Queen of England."

Again the Premier paused.

"I do not know," he muttered; "I think, however, that it can be done."

The lawyer gasped, turned pale, half arose from his chair at the speedy culmination of his plans; then endeavored to appear as though it was no unusual assurance that was made, nothing that should unduly bewilder or excite him; then for a moment struggled for breath, and wildly clutching at the empty air, fell lifeless beside his chair.

III.

He was dead before they had time to lift him from the floor. Here, indeed, was a sad ending to the scene; and, what might be of important public moment, many complications might arise to hinder the great end in view. What perplexities might not now ensue in the shape of collateral or joint heirships, guardianships, and, in fact, any and all manner of legal formalities and restrictions to obstruct the whole project?

And yet, upon review of the case, it must surely be understood that Edith Guyndal was her father's sole heir; and though she was under age, no guardian would dare to withstand the proposed royal alliance. And, as is usual in almost all human calculation, the only check came through a consideration which had not in the slightest degree been anticipated.

For, when a week had passed away, and the old lawyer had been duly buried, there came to the Premier a slight-built, graceful girl, in deepest black, and raised her veil. Lord Palmerston had never heretofore seen her, but some instinct told him that she was Edith Guyndal, and he arose respectfully; for might he not be in the presence of his future sovereign?

"My lord," she said, "what I have to tell you must be in a few words. Only yesterday, from a paper that he left behind him, I have learned the lot which my father had destined for me. Let me now say that I must inflexibly decline it."

"Decline! Refuse his Royal Highness?" gasped the Prime Minister.

"I am already pledged—have long secretly been so—to one whom I love," she said. "I cannot, I have no wish to retire from my word. Let that suffice."

The minister stood thunderstruck.

"And does he know the full extent of your wealth?"

"He does not know it now, my lord; it may be that he shall never know it," was the response. "Heaven will have to help my thoughts, what to do, seeing that the money must be too much for one person's care—certainly for his needs."

"And therefore it may—" The Premier spoke hopefully. Might she not, after all, even while declining a royal bridegroom, be generous to the nation and relinquish the debt? But the lawyer's daughter inherited something of the professional acuteness, and was not minded thus to sacrifice her birthright.

"Whether my husband shall or shall not know," she said, "or what further I may do, time alone will show. My lord, farewell."

With that she dropped her veil once more over her face, and retired as softly as she had entered. To her so doing, Lord Palmerston made no opposition. How, indeed, could he? Or with what grace could he press a rejected royal alliance upon her? He could merely fall back upon his chair and sigh, and ponder over the mysteries and eccentricities of human nature, and await results. And truly, it was a mark for earnest curiosity what the result might be. Would Edith Guyndal conclude, after all, to bestow her whole inheritance upon her intended, and allow him to flash forth into blazing notoriety of such a fortune as man never yet had owned! Or would she relent and bestow a portion of it, at least, upon the nation, making it grateful to her for assisting it in its necessity? There was nothing to do, however, but to wait and see.

There was not long to wait. In a few days it became noticeable that the volume of government bonds for sale at the customary money exchanges began mysteriously to increase. Inquiry elicited the fact that these sales were made on account of sundry churches and hospitals which had received anonymous presentations of these bonds to a heavy amount. After that, different commercial projects in a failing condition were discovered to have been aided with large subscriptions, and evidently in a feigned name. For the most part these assistances came too late, the projects continuing on in their failing career, so that in the end the amounts applied seemed wasted. But no one came forward to complain; and the speculative world naturally wondered, not only at the apparent extent of these losses, but also at the equanimity with which they seemed to be sustained; no one who was not in the secret being able to comprehend that gain or loss in the investment of the bonds was probably a matter of no solicitude to their owner, the only intent being their disposal out of reach, as material that it was burdensome to hold.

So for two months; during which the accumulation of bonds upon the market was so excessive as for the time materially to reduce their value, disturb exchanges, and threaten panic. Then came a temporary lull; but just as the Stock Exchange had concluded that the disturbance was at an end, and that all values were ready to settle down again and resume their normal condition, the whole community was startled with the news that upwards of fifty millions of the New Turkish Loan, which had long lain unheeded upon the market, had been taken at par. Taken by secret agents and paid for in British consols, the Turkish stock having been almost immediately thereafter thrown upon the Exchange and sold at less than one-half its nominal value. In a few days the same thing happened with the Spanish, the Mexican, and the Argentine loans: in each case millions of pounds being invested in them at their par value, and the bonds being almost at once resold at nearly a total loss. The excitement became intense, extending into every branch of trade and commerce, not merely in the British islands, but throughout the whole Continent and India. Vast fortunes were everywhere made and lost in the universal depreciation of all government securities. In the annals of the Stock Exchange that year has ever since been looked back upon with wonderment as "Consols Year." There was no firm, however securely established, that failed to feel the effect of the constant vibration in values. It is said that at one time even the Rothschilds tottered for a whole morning over the abyss of ruin, and were only saved through the most superhuman exertions, and that if there had happened to exist a rival house with sufficient capital and a proper realization of the situation, the Rothschild dynasty would have fallen to rise no more. And all this while, so secretly were these ruinous loans effected, that no inkling of their agency was ever permitted to escape, and only Palmerston and his two confidants had the ability to reveal the slightest glimmer of the truth. Those three gentlemen—the guardians of a secret that they could never suffer themselves to betray—were the only persons who knew that the author of the great financial disturbance was old Thomas Guyndal's daughter; seeking, from some prudential distrust of the wisdom of him whom she had chosen for her husband, to reduce into reasonable limits the fortune which would so soon come to him; and yet with something of a trader's spirit, not rising to the magnanimity of a direct gift to the nation, but rather preferring to squander that vast wealth by going through the empty form of its constantly repeated sale and reinvestment.

At length, some two years after old Thomas Guyndal's death, his daughter Edith married the man of her choice. It has been ascertained that she brought him a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds, the sole remains of her magnificent inheritance. This, however, was more than he had been led to expect; and the possession of such a sum by one who had never been accustomed to the use of money, for the time unsettled him. Almost at once he launched out into extravagant expenditures which absorbed nearly one quarter of the whole sum; then, partially recovering himself, he entered into wild speculations with the hope of making good the deficiency. Losing heavily in this, he became more quarrelsome and took to drinking. Other ill-judged expenditures followed, then came increased dissipation, recrimination, jealousies, quarrelling, and ill-treatment of his wife. And so, with giant steps, the customary road to ruin was travelled; and, at last, after only two years longer, ensued poverty and desertion. We will let Basil Dulapoon, from his written memoir, tell the remainder of the story; merely correcting his language and phraseology, which, coming from an uneducated man, are defective in no ordinary degree.

"About that time," he says, "I thought that I would like to know what had become of Edith Guyndal. I traced her at last to a small house in a narrow street leading out of the Strand. She had been deserted by her husband and occupied a small room at the top and rear of the house, the rent of which she managed to pay by plain sewing. She was away when I called, having gone across the city to Oxford street, to solicit orders. Therefore I left and strolled off to the park, trusting to look her up some other day. But just as I reached the border of the main drive, I beheld her coming. I had seen her before, upon the occasion of her calling upon the Prime Minister, and I now recognized her at once, though she was greatly altered. Her face was thin, her eyes heavy, her motion slow, her whole appearance that of one who was in quick decline, and had not many months longer to live. Her dress was poor, insufficient and patched, and in her arms she held a roll of material to be made up—an ordinary sized roll, but seemingly a burden all too heavy for her. As she came slowly and wearily to the edge of the drive and would have crossed over, there ensued a sudden stir of carriages drawing up on either side. With that a policeman seized her roughly by the shoulder and bade her stand still. The roll of material fell at her feet, and there lay, as though she lacked the strength to lift it again. And so, immovably she stood, while for a moment the two lines of carriages remained drawn up motionless; and between them and followed by a ripple of loyal cheers, rolled the open barouche that bore the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark."

Coates Kinney.

Born in Penn Yan, N. Y., 1826.

PESSIM.

[*Lyrics of the Ideal and the Real.* 1887.]

TO think! to think and never rest from thinking!
To feel this great globe flying through the sky
And reckon by the rising and the sinking
Of stars how long to live, how soon to die!

This, this is life. Is life, then, worth the living?
This plotting for his freedom by the slave!
This agony of loving and forgiving!
This effort of the coward to be brave!

Our freedom! We are sin-scourged into being,
And ills of birth enslave us all our days;
No chance of flying and no way of fleeing,
Until the last chance and the end of ways.

We are walled in by darkness—wall behind us,
From whose sprung dungeon-gates Fate dragged us in,
And wall before us, where Fate waits to bind us
And thrust us out through swinging gates of sin.

But what is Fate? It is a mere breath spoken,
To echo clamoring between the walls
Of darkness—blind phrase uttered to betoken
This blind Unreason which our life enthralls.

Out through abysmal depths of heaven round us
We think our way past orbs of day and night,
Till skies of empty outer darkness bound us
And place and time are fixed pin-points of light;

But nowhere from the silent planets wheeling,
And nowhere from the thundering hell of suns,
And nowhere in the darkness comes revealing
Itself a Fate that through all being runs.

No ghostly presence, no mysterious voices,
The midnight of these infinite spaces thrill;
And even chaos flies hence and rejoices
To find and feel yon universe's Will.

Thought follows chaos—nay, without the places
And times of matter globed and motion whirled,
Thought chaos is, a spread dead wing in space is,
Drifting for wafture somewhere toward a world.

. . . .

Such thinkings are not Thought, they are but dreamings
Of what perchance may be itself but dream;
Our truths are to the Truth as moonlight's gleamings
In dungeon are to open midnoon's beam.

All worlds of matter, all the world of spirit,
How these are one, eternal, increate—
Soul cannot clutch it, sense come never near it;
It is unthinkable, and it is Fate!

Lucy Larcom.

BORN in Beverly, Mass., 1826.

CLIMBING TO REST.

[*Poetical Works.* 1885.]

STILL must I climb, if I would rest:
The bird soars upward to his nest;
The young leaf on the tree-top high
Cradles itself within the sky.

The streams, that seem to hasten down,
Return in clouds, the hills to crown;
The plant arises from her root,
To rock aloft her flower and fruit.

I cannot in the valley stay:
The great horizons stretch away!
The very cliffs that wall me round
Are ladders unto higher ground.

To work—to rest—for each a time;
I toil, but I must also climb.
What soul was ever quite at ease
Shut in by earthly boundaries?

I am not glad till I have known
Life that can lift me from my own:
A loftier level must be won,
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And heaven draws near as I ascend;
The breeze invites, the stars befriend:
All things are beckoning toward the Best:
I climb to thee, my God, for rest!

Charles Eliot Norton.

Born in Cambridge, Mass., 1827.

CATHEDRAL-BUILDING.

[*Notes of Travel and Study in Italy.* 1860.]

THE best Gothic architecture, wherever it may be found, affords evidence that the men who executed it were moved by a true fervor of religious faith. In building a church, they did not forget that it was to be the house of God. No portion of their building was too minute, no portion too obscure, to be perfected with thorough and careful labor. The work was not let out by contract, or taken up as a profitable job. The architect of a cathedral might live all his life within the shadow of its rising walls, and die no richer than when he gave the sketch; but he was well repaid by the delight of seeing his design grow from an imagination to a reality, and by spending his days in the accepted service of the Lord.

For the building of a cathedral, however, there needs not only a spirit of religious zeal among the workmen, but a faith no less ardent among the people for whom the church is designed. The enormous expense of construction, an expense which for generations must be continued without intermission, is not to be met except by liberal and willing general contributions. Papal indulgences and the offerings of pilgrims may add something to the revenues, but the main cost of building must be borne by the community over whose house-tops the cathedral is to rise and to extend its benign protection.

Cathedrals were essentially expressions of the popular will and the popular faith. They were the work neither of ecclesiastics nor of feudal barons. They represent, in a measure, the decline of feudalism, and the prevalence of the democratic element in society. No sooner did a city achieve its freedom than its people began to take thought for a cathedral. Of all the arts, architecture is the most quickly responsive to the instincts and the desires of a people. And in the cathedrals, the popular beliefs, hopes, fears, fancies, and aspirations found expression, and were perpetuated in a language intelligible to all. The life of the Middle Ages is recorded on their walls. When the democratic element was subdued, as in Cologne by a prince bishop, or in Milan by a succession of tyrants, the cathedral was left unfinished. When, in the fifteenth century, all over Europe, the turbulent, but energetic liberties of the people were suppressed, the building of cathedrals ceased.

The grandeur, beauty, and lavish costliness of the Duomo at Orvieto or of any other of the greater cathedrals, implies a persistency and strength of purpose which could be the result only of the influence over the souls of men of a deep and abiding emotion. Minor motives may often have borne a part in the excitement of feeling,—motives of personal ambition, civic pride, boastfulness, and rivalry; but a work that requires the combined and voluntary offerings and labor of successive generations presupposes a condition of the higher spiritual nature which no motives but those connected with religion are sufficient to support. It becomes, then, a question of more than merely historic interest, a question, indeed, touching the very foundation of the spiritual development and civilization of modern Europe, to investigate the nature and origin of that widespread impulse which, for two centuries, led the people of different races and widely diverse habits of life and thought, to the construction of cathedrals,—buildings such as our own age, no less than those which have immediately preceded it, seems incompetent to execute, and indifferent to attempt.

It is impossible to fix a precise date for the first signs of vigorous and vital consciousness which gave token of the birth of a new life out of the dead remains of the ancient world. The tenth century is often spoken of as the darkest period of the Dark Ages; but even in its dull sky there were some breaks of light, and, very soon after it had passed, the dawn began to brighten. The epoch of the completion of a thousand years from the birth of Christ, which had, almost from the first preaching of Christianity, been looked forward to as the time for the destruction of the world and the advent of the Lord to judge the earth, had passed without the fulfilment of these ecclesiastical prophecies and popular anticipations. There can be little doubt that among the mass of men there was a sense of relief, naturally followed by a certain invigoration of spirit. The eleventh century was one of comparative intellectual vigor. The twelfth was still more marked by mental activity and force. The world was fairly awake. Civilization was taking the first steps of its modern course. The relations of the various classes of society were changing. A wider liberty of thought and action was established; and while this led to a fresh exercise of individual power and character, it conduced also to combine men together in new forms of united effort for the attainment of common objects and in the pursuit of common interests.

Corresponding with, but perhaps subsequent by a short interval to the pervading intellectual movement, was a strong and quickening development of the moral sense among men. The periods distinguished in modern history by a condition of intellectual excitement and fervor have been usually, perhaps always, followed at a short interval by epochs of more or less intense moral energy, which has borne a near relation to the nature of the moral elements in the previous intellectual movement. The Renaissance, an intellectual period of pure immorality, was followed close by the Reformation, whose first characteristic was that of protest. The Elizabethan age, in which the minds of men were full of large thoughts, and their imaginations rose to the highest flights, led in the noble sacrifices, the great achievements, the wild vagaries of Puritanism. The age of Voltaire and the infidels was followed by the first energy, the infidel morality of the French Revolution. And so at this earlier period, the general intellectual awakening, characterized as it was by simple impulses, and regulated in great measure by the teachings of the Church, produced a strong outbreak of moral earnestness which exhibited itself in curiously similar forms through the whole of Europe.

The distinguishing feature of this moral revolution was the purely religious direction which it took. For a time it seemed that the moral sense of men had become one with their religious instincts and emotions. Religion lost its formality, and the religious creed of the times possessed itself thoroughly of the spirits of men. The separation which commonly exists between the professed faith of the masses of men and their intimate moral convictions, the separation between faith expressed in words and faith expressed in actions, was in large measure closed over. The creed even of the most intelligent was very imperfect. It was based on material conceptions, and was far from corresponding with the higher spiritual truths of Christianity. The creed of the ignorant was, for the most part, a system of irrational and contradictory opinions, in which a few simple notions of a material heaven and hell held the first rank. But these notions were believed in as realities. And, moreover, in accordance with a general law of human nature, the very materialism of the common creed afforded nourishment to religious mysticism and the ecstasies of devotion.

It is at such times as this, when moral energy corresponds with and supports a condition of spiritual enthusiasm, that the powers of men rise to their highest level. Personal interests are absorbed in devotion to great spiritual ideas. Enthusiasm neither submits to the common laws of reason, nor is bound by the established customs of society. It makes its abode in the New Jerusalem, and builds for itself mystical mansions of the spirit. But it must find external expression, and must relieve itself in action; for, when the full tide of faith floods the heart, it brings to the soul a sense of strength above its own, and compels it to its exercise. Thus, at this period, the religious excitement found vent in two extraordinary and utterly unparalleled expressions—the Crusades and the Cathedrals. And the depth of the inward feeling was marvellously manifested by the long succession of exhausting efforts, by the persistence of hope, and by the actual accomplishment of works of the grandest design, during a course of more than two hundred years. Energy and enthusiasm had become, as it were, hereditary among men. A real faith in the Divine government of the earth, trust in the Divine power, zeal in the service of God, combined with selfish hopes and fears, and with heathen notions of propitiation, to inspire the various people of Europe with strength for the most arduous undertakings. *Deus vult* was the animating watchword of the times; the cross was the universal symbol, —a symbol not merely of sacrifice, but of victory.

Such spiritual conditions as were then exhibited are possible only during periods of mental twilight, when the imagination is stronger than the reason, and shows the objects of this world in fanciful and untrue proportion. With the advance of civilization and enlightenment, popular enthusiasm becomes more and more rare, and, as a stimulus to combined and long-continued action, almost wholly ceases. Principles of one sort or another occupy, but do not supply its place. The works which it has produced cannot be repeated; for in their production it counts no cost extravagant, no labor vain, which makes them worthier offerings of faith, and more perfect expressions of devotion.

THE FIRST STAGES OF DANTE'S GENIUS, EXHIBITED IN THE VITA NUOVA.

[*The New Life of Dante Alighieri. Translated.* 1867.]

THERE is yet another tendency of the times, to which Dante, in his later works, has given the fullest and most characteristic expression, and which exhibits itself curiously in the *Vita Nuova.* Corresponding with the new ardor for the arts, and in sympathy with it, was a newly awakened and generally diffused ardor for learning, especially for the various branches of philosophy. Science was leaving the cloister, in which she had sat in dumb solitude, and coming out into the world. But the limits and divisions of knowledge were not firmly marked out. The relations of learning to truth were not clearly understood. The minds of men were quickened by a new sense of freedom, and stimulated by ardor of imagination. New worlds of undiscovered knowledge loomed vaguely along the horizon. Fancy invaded the domain of philosophy; and the poets disguised the subtleties of metaphysics under the garb of verses of love. To be a proper poet was not only to be a writer of verses, but to be a master of learning. Boccaccio describes Guido Cavalcanti as "one of the best logicians in the world, and as a most excellent natural philosopher," but says nothing of his poetry.

Dante, more than any other man of his time, exhibited in himself the general zeal for knowledge. His genius had two distinct and yet often intermingling parts—the poetic and the scientific. No learning came amiss to him. He was born a student, as he was born a poet, and had he never written a single poem, he would still have been famous as the most profound scholar of his times. Far as he surpassed his contemporaries in poetry, he was no less their superior in the depth and the extent of his knowledge. And this double nature of his genius is plainly shown in many parts of "The New Life." A youthful incapacity to draw clearly the line between the part of the student and the part of the poet is manifest in it. The display of his acquisitions is curiously mingled with the narrative of his emotions. This is not to be charged against him as pedantry. His love of learning partook of the nature of passion; his judgment was not yet able, if indeed it ever became able, to establish the division between the abstractions of the intellect and the affections of the heart. And more than this, his early claim of honor as a poet was to be justified by his possession and exhibition of the fruits of study.

Moreover, the mind of Dante was of a quality which led him to unite learning with poetry in a manner peculiar to himself. He was essentially a mystic. The dark and hidden side of things was not less present to his imagination than the visible and plain. The range of human capacity in the comprehension of the spiritual world was not then marked by as numerous boundary-stones of failure as now define the way. Impossibilities were sought for with the same confident hope as realities. The alchemists and the astrologers believed in the attainment of results as tangible and real as the gains which travellers brought back from the marvellous and still unachieved East. The mystical properties of numbers, the influence of the stars, the powers of cordials and elixirs, the virtues of precious stones, were received as established facts, and opened long vistas of discovery before the student's eyes. A ring of mystery surrounded the familiar world, and outside the known lands of the earth lay a region unknown except to the fancy, from which strange gales blew and strange clouds floated up. Curiosity and inquiry were stimulated and made earnest by wonder. Wild, imaginative speculations formed the basis of serious and patient studies. Dante, partaking to the full in the eager spirit of the times, sharing all the ardor of the pursuit of knowledge, and with a spiritual insight which led him into regions of mystery where no others ventured, naturally associated the knowledge which opened the way for him with the poetic imagination which cast light upon it. To him science was but another name for poetry.

Much learning has been expended in the attempt to show that the doctrine of Love, which is displayed in "The New Life," is derived, more or less directly, from the philosophy of Plato. It has been supposed that this little autobiographic story, full of the most intimate personal revelations, and glowing with a sincere passion, was deliberately written in accordance with a preconceived theory. A certain Platonic form of expression, often covering ideas very far removed from those of Plato, was common to the earlier, colder, and less truthful poets. Some strains of such Platonism, derived from the poems of his predecessors, are perhaps to be found in this first book of Dante's. But there is nothing to show that he had intentionally adopted the teachings of the ancient philosopher. It may well, indeed, be doubted if, at the time of its composition, he had read any of Plato's works. Such Platonism as exists in "The New Life" was of that unconscious kind which is shared by every youth of thoughtful nature and sensitive temperament, who makes of his beloved a type and image of divine beauty, and who through the loveliness of the creature is led up to the perfection of the Creator.

The essential qualities of the *Vita Nuova*, those which afford direct illustration of Dante's character, as distinguished from such as may be called youthful, or merely literary, or biographical, correspond in striking measure with those of the *Divina Commedia.* The earthly Beatrice is exalted to the heavenly in the later poems; but the entire purity and intensity of feeling with which she is reverently regarded in the *Divina Commedia* are scarcely less characteristic of the earlier work. The imagination which makes the unseen seen, and the unreal real, belongs alike to the one and to the other. The *Vita Nuova* is chiefly occupied with a series of visions; the *Divina Commedia* is one long vision. The sympathy with the spirit and impulses of the time, which in the first reveals the youthful impressibility of the poet, in the last discloses itself in maturer forms, in more personal expressions. In the *Vita Nuova* it is a sympathy mastering the natural spirit; in the *Divina Commedia* the sympathy is controlled by the force of established character. The change is that from him who follows to him who commands. It is the privilege of men of genius, not only to give more than others to the world, but also to receive more from it. Sympathy, in its full comprehensiveness, is the proof of the strongest individuality. By as much as Dante or Shakespeare learnt of and entered into the hearts of men, by so much was his own nature strengthened and made peculiarly his own. "The New Life" shows the first stages of that genius, the first proofs of that comprehensive sympathy, which at length find their full manifestation in the "Divine Comedy." It is like the first blade of spring grass, rich with the promise of the golden harvest.

William Haines Lytle.

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, 1826. Fell at the Battle of Chickamauga, Tenn., 1863.

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA.

[*The Poets and Poetry of the West. Edited by William T. Coggeshall.* 1860.]

I AM dying, Egypt, dying!
  Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
  Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arm, oh Queen, support me,
  Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart secrets
  Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
  Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
  Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
  Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
  Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
  Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that felled him,
  'Twas his own that struck the blow:
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
  Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
  Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
  Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
  Weeps within her widowed home—
Seek her; say the gods bear witness—
  Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
  Yet shall mount the thrones of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian—
  Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian darkness,
  With the splendor of thy smile;
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
  Let his brow the laurel twine;

I can scorn the senate's triumphs,
  Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
  Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;
They are coming—quick, my falchion!
  Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
  Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
  Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!

JACQUELINE.

ALMOND-EYED Jacqueline beckoned to me,
  As our troop rode home from mounting guard,
And I saw Gil Perez's brow grow dark,
  While his face seemed longer by half a yard.
What care I for the Spaniard's ire,
His haughty lip and glance of fire;
What so fit for these Southern lords
As the tempered edges of freemen's swords?

Say, shall an Alva's merciless bands
  Their hands in our noblest blood imbrue,
And then with accursed foreign wiles
  Our gentle Northern girls pursue?
Hail to him who for freedom strikes!
Up with your banners and down with the dykes!
Better be whelmed 'neath ocean waves
Than live like cowards the lives of slaves.

Haughty Gil Perez may then beware,
  For we love our blue-eyed Leyden girls,
And would welcome the shock of Toledo blades
  Were the prize but a lock of their golden curls.
Hope on, brothers, the day shall come
With flaunting of banner and rolling of drum,
When William the Silent shall rally his men,
And scourge these wolves to their homes again.

Lewis Wallace.

Born in Brookville, Franklin Co., Ind., 1827.

THE CHARIOT RACE.

[*Ben-Hur. A Tale of the Christ.* 1880.]

AT length the recess came to an end.

The trumpeters blew a call at which the absentees rushed back to their places. At the same time, some attendants appeared in the arena, and, climbing upon the division wall, went to an entablature near the second goal at the west end, and placed upon it seven wooden balls; then returning to the first goal, upon an entablature there they set up seven other pieces of wood hewn to represent dolphins.

"What shall they do with the balls and fishes, O sheik?" asked Balthasar.

"Hast thou never attended a race?"

"Never before; and hardly know I why I am here."

"Well, they are to keep the count. At the end of each round run thou shalt see one ball and one fish taken down."

The preparations were now complete, and presently a trumpeter in gaudy uniform arose by the editor, ready to blow the signal of commencement promptly at his order. Straightway the stir of the people and the hum of their conversation died away. Every face near by, and every face in the lessening perspective, turned to the east, as all eyes settled upon the gates of the six stalls which shut in the competitors.

The unusual flush upon his face gave proof that even Simonides had caught the universal excitement. Ilderim pulled his beard fast and furious.

"Look now for the Roman," said the fair Egyptian to Esther, who did not hear her, for, with close-drawn veil and beating heart, she sat watching for Ben-Hur.

The structure containing the stalls, it should be observed, was in form of the segment of a circle, retired on the right so that its central point was projected forward, and midway the course, on the starting side of the first goal. Every stall, consequently, was equally distant from the starting-line or chalked rope above mentioned.

The trumpet sounded short and sharp; whereupon the starters, one for each chariot, leaped down from behind the pillars of the goal, ready to give assistance if any of the fours proved unmanageable.

Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gate-keepers threw the stalls open.

First appeared the mounted attendants of the charioteers, five in all, Ben-Hur having rejected the service. The chalked line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again. They were beautifully mounted, yet scarcely observed as they rode forward; for all the time the trampling of eager horses, and the voices of drivers scarcely less eager, were heard behind in the stalls, so that one might not look away an instant from the gaping doors.

The chalked line up again, the gate-keepers called their men; instantly the ushers on the balcony waved their hands, and shouted with all their strength, "Down! down!"

As well have whistled to stay a storm.

Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assemblage arose, electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the Circus and the air above it with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had so patiently waited!—this the moment of supreme interest treasured up in talk and dreams since the proclamation of the games!

"He is come—there—look!" cried Iras, pointing to Messala.

"I see him," answered Esther, looking at Ben-Hur.

The veil was withdrawn. For an instant the little Jewess was brave. An idea of the joy there is in doing an heroic deed under the eyes of a multitude came to her, and she understood ever after how, at such times, the souls of men, in the frenzy of performance, laugh at death or forget it utterly.

The competitors were now under view from nearly every part of the Circus, yet the race was not begun; they had first to make the chalked line successfully.

The line was stretched for the purpose of equalizing the start. If it were dashed upon, discomfiture of man and horses might be apprehended; on the other hand, to approach it timidly was to incur the hazard of being thrown behind in the beginning of the race; and that was certain forfeit of the great advantage always striven for—the position next the division wall on the inner line of the course.

This trial, its perils and consequences, the spectators knew thoroughly; and if the opinion of old Nestor, uttered what time he handed the reins to his son, were true—

> "It is not strength, but art, obtained the prize,
> And to be swift is less than to be wise"—

all on the benches might well look for warning of the winner to be now given, justifying the interest with which they breathlessly watched for the result.

The arena swam in a dazzle of light; yet each driver looked first thing for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable; nor that merely. What if the editor, at the last moment, dissatisfied with the start, should withhold the signal to drop the rope? Or if he should not give it in time?

The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. If now one look away! or his mind wander! or a rein slip! And what attraction in the *ensemble* of the thousands over the spreading balcony! Calculating upon the natural impulse to give one glance—just one—in sooth of curiosity or vanity, malice might be there with an artifice; while friendship and love, did they serve the same result, might be as deadly as malice.

The divine last touch in perfecting the beautiful is animation. Can we accept the saying, then these latter days, so tame in pastime and dull in sports, have scarcely anything to compare to the spectacle offered by the six contestants. Let the reader try to fancy it; let him first look down upon the arena, and see it glistening in its frame of dull-gray granite walls; let him then, in this perfect field, see the chariots, light of wheel, very graceful, and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them—Messala's rich with ivory and gold; let him see the drivers, erect and statuesque, undisturbed by the motion of the cars, their limbs naked, and fresh and ruddy with the healthful polish of the baths—in their right hands goads, suggestive of torture dreadful to the thought—in their left hands, held in careful separation, and high, that they may not interfere with view of the steeds, the reins passing taut from the fore ends of the carriage-poles; let him see the fours, chosen for beauty as well as speed; let him see them in magnificent action, their masters not more conscious of the situation and all that is asked and hoped from them—their heads tossing, nostrils in play, now distent, now contracted—limbs too dainty for the sand which they touch but to spurn—limbs slender, yet with impact crushing as hammers—every muscle of the rounded bodies instinct with glorious life, swelling, diminishing, justifying the world in taking from them its ultimate measure of force; finally, along with chariots, drivers, horses, let the reader see the accompanying shadows fly; and, with such distinctness as the picture comes, he may share the satisfaction and deeper pleasure of those to whom it was a thrilling fact, not a feeble fancy. Every age has its plenty of sorrows; Heaven help where there are no pleasures!

The competitors having started each on the shortest line for the position next the wall, yielding would be like giving up the race; and who dared yield? It is not in common nature to change a purpose in mid-career; and the cries of encouragement from the balcony were indistinguishable and indescribable: a roar which had the same effect upon all the drivers.

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter by the editor's side blew a signal vigorously. Twenty feet away it was not heard. Seeing the action, however, the judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled all the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

As Messala turned in, the bronze lion's head at the end of his axle caught the fore-leg of the Athenian's right-hand trace-mate, flinging the brute over against its yoke-fellow. Both staggered, struggled, and lost their headway. The ushers had their will at least in part. The thousands held their breath with horror; only up where the consul sat was there shouting.

"Jove with us!" screamed Drusus, frantically.

"He wins! Jove with us!" answered his associates, seeing Messala speed on.

Tablet in hand, Sanballat turned to them; a crash from the course below stopped his speech, and he could not but look that way.

Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tried to turn his broken four; and then, as ill-fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tail-piece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Cleanthes fell under the hoofs of his own steeds; a terrible sight, against which Esther covered her eyes.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

Sanballat looked for Ben-Hur, and turned again to Drusus and his coterie.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" he cried.

"Taken!" answered Drusus.

"Another hundred on the Jew!" shouted Sanballat.

Nobody appeared to hear him. He called again; the situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting, "Messala! Messala! Jove with us!"

When the Jewess ventured to look again, a party of workmen were removing the horses and broken car; another party were taking off the man himself; and every bench upon which there was a Greek was vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance. Suddenly she dropped her hands; Ben-Hur, unhurt, was to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman! Behind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian, and the Byzantine.

The race was on; the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads.

When the dash for position began, Ben-Hur, as we have seen, was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face was there as of old, and so was the Italian beauty, which the helmet rather increased; but more—it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which the features were at the moment cast, still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass, darkly: cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined—a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever cost, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wagers, honor—everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life even should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion, on his part; no blinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain, and back again; no impulse to fling himself upon Fortune: he did not believe in Fortune; far otherwise. He had his plan, and, confiding in himself, he settled to the task never more observant, never more capable. The air about him seemed aglow with a renewed and perfect transparency.

When not half-way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall; that the rope would fall, he ceased as soon to doubt; and, further, it came to him, a sudden flash-like insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (prearrangement with the editor could safely reach that point in the contest); and it suggested, what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant his competitors were prudentially checking their fours in front of the obstruction—no other except madness.

It is one thing to see a necessity and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time.

The rope fell, and all the four but his sprang into the course under urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvellous skill shown in making the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches: the Circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause. Then Esther clasped her hands in glad surprise; then Sanballat, smiling, offered his hundred sestertii a second time without a taker; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite!

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes failed. As an involuntary admission of interest on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the Circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash with practised hand—"Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened; up on the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus: then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love; they had been nurtured ever so tenderly; and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question, every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea? And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only: on approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

As the cars whirled round the goal, Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face—a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphin on the east entablature was taken down at the same time.

In like manner, the second ball and second dolphin disappeared.

And then the third ball and third dolphin.

Three rounds concluded: still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the later Cæsarean period—Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamor continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below.

In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position.

Gradually the speed had been quickened—gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest which from the beginning had centred chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants. Ilderim quitted combing his beard, and Esther forgot her fears.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consul's awning.

There was no reply.

"A talent—or five talents, or ten; choose ye!"

He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew."

The first one looked.

"By Hercules!" he replied, his countenance falling. "The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I see, I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove with us! Jove with us!"

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the *velaria* over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound; they screamed and howled, and tossed their colors; and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Malluch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, found it hard to keep his cheer. He had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben-Hur of something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come; and he had said to himself, the sixth will bring it; but, lo! Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Over in the east end, Simonides' party held their peace. The merchant's head was bent low. Ilderim tugged at his beard, and dropped his brows till there was nothing of his eyes but an occasional sparkle of light. Esther scarcely breathed. Iras alone appeared glad.

Along the home-stretch—sixth round—Messala leading, next him Ben-Hur, and so close it was the old story:

"First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds;
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees."

Thus to the first goal, and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet, when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars, could have said, here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them.

As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before.

Simonides, shrewder than Esther, said to Ilderim, the moment the rivals turned into the course, "I am no judge, good sheik, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design. His face hath that look."

To which Ilderim answered, "Saw you how clean they were and fresh? By the splendor of God, friend, they have not been running! But now watch!"

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures; and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First, the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next, the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur, and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the blent voices of the many rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand.

From the benches above him as he passed, the favor descended in fierce injunctions.

"Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let him not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for half-way round the course and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change!

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs, and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand: over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs.

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory!—and the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent—home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha!—steady! The work is done—soho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple; seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him, Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction; that is, on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all: they saw the signal given—the magnificent response; the four close outside Messala's outer wheel, Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car—all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another: then the car went to pieces; and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently, out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled, in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half-way down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was WON!

The consul arose; the people shouted themselves hoarse; the editor came down from his seat, and crowned the victors.

The fortunate man among the boxers was a low-browed, yellow-haired Saxon, of such brutalized face as to attract a second look from Ben-Hur, who recognized a teacher with whom he himself had been a favorite at Rome. From him the young Jew looked up and beheld Simonides and his party on the balcony. They waved their hands to him. Esther kept her seat; but Iras arose, and gave him a smile and a wave of her fan—favors not the less intoxicating to him because we know, O reader, they would have fallen to Messala had he been the victor.

The procession was then formed, and, midst the shouting of the multitude which had had its will, passed out of the Gate of Triumph.

And the day was over.

Rose Terry Cooke.

BORN in West Hartford, Conn., 1827.

BLUE-BEARD'S CLOSET.

[*Poems. Collective Edition.* 1888.]

FASTEN the chamber!
Hide the red key;
Cover the portal,
That eyes may not see.
Get thee to market,
To wedding and prayer;
Labor or revel,
The chamber is there!

In comes a stranger—
"Thy pictures how fine,
Titian or Guido,
Whose is the sign?"
Looks he behind them?
Ah! have a care!
"Here is a finer."
The chamber is there!

Fair spreads the banquet,
Rich the array;
See the bright torches
Mimicking day;
When harp and viol
Thrill the soft air,
Comes a light whisper:
The chamber is there!

Marble and painting,
Jasper and gold,
Purple from Tyrus,
Fold upon fold,
Blossoms and jewels,
Thy palace prepare:
Pale grows the monarch;
The chamber is there!

Once it was open
As shore to the sea;
White were the turrets,
Goodly to see;
All through the casements
Flowed the sweet air;
Now it is darkness;
The chamber is there!

Silence and horror
Brood on the walls;
Through every crevice
A little voice calls:
"Quicken, mad footsteps,
On pavement and stair;
Look not behind thee,
The chamber is there!"

Out of the gateway,
Through the wide world,
Into the tempest
Beaten and hurled,
Vain is thy wandering,
Sure thy despair,
Flying or staying,
The chamber is there!

DONE FOR.

A WEEK ago to-day, when red-haired Sally
  Down to the sugar-camp came to see me,
I saw her checked frock coming down the valley,
  Far as anybody's eyes could see.
Now I sit before the camp-fire,
  And I can't see the pine-knots blaze,
Nor Sally's pretty face a-shining,
  Though I hear the good words she says.

A week ago to-night I was tired and lonely,
  Sally was gone back to Mason's fort,
And the boys by the sugar-kettles left me only;
  They were hunting coons for sport.
By there snaked a painted Pawnee,
  I was asleep before the fire;
He creased my two eyes with his hatchet,
  And scalped me to his heart's desire.

There they found me on the dry tussocks lying,
  Bloody and cold as a live man could be;
A hoot-owl on the branches overhead was crying,
  Crying murder to the red Pawnee.
They brought me to the camp-fire,
  They washed me in the sweet white spring;
But my eyes were full of flashes,
  And all night my ears would sing.

I thought I was a hunter on the prairie,
  But they saved me for an old blind dog;
When the hunting-grounds are cool and airy,
  I shall lie here like a helpless log.
I can't ride the little wiry pony,
  That scrambles over hills high and low;
I can't set my traps for the cony,
  Or bring down the black buffalo.

I'm no better than a rusty, bursted rifle,
  And I don't see signs of any other trail;
Here by the camp-fire I lie and stifle,
  And hear Jim fill the kettles with his pail.
It's no use groaning. I like Sally,
  But a Digger squaw wouldn't have me!
I wish they hadn't found me in the valley,—
  It's twice dead not to see!

THE DEACON'S WEEK.

[*The Sphinx's Children and Other People's.* 1886.]

THE communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid his book down on the table, and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in earnest to do his Lord's work, and do it with all his might, but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics, for Sugar Hollow was cut in two by Sugar Brook, a brawling, noisy stream that turned the wheel of many a mill and manufactory, yet on the hills around it there was still a scattered population eating their bread in the full perception of the primeval curse. So he had to contend with the keen brain and skeptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on power to hammer at theological problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that have bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; while perhaps he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hill-side and rocky pasture for mere food and clothing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity.

It seemed sometimes to Mr. Parkes that nothing but the trump of Gabriel could arouse his people from their sins and make them believe on the Lord and follow His footsteps. To-day—no—a long time before to-day he had mused and prayed till an idea took shape in his thought, and now he was to put it in practice; yet he felt peculiarly responsible and solemnized as he looked about him and foreboded the success of his experiment. Then there flashed across him, as words of Scripture will come back to the habitual Bible-reader, the noble utterance of Gamaliel concerning Peter and his brethren when they stood before the council: "If this council or this work be of men, it will come to nought: but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it." So with a sense of strength the minister spoke.

"My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give any notice to that effect, that this week is the Week of Prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. I think we may discover some things, some of the things of God, in this manner, that a succession of prayer-meetings would not perhaps so thoroughly reveal to us. Now, when I say this I don't mean to have you go home and vaguely endeavor to walk straight in the old way; I want you to take 'topics,' as they are called, for the prayer-meetings. For instance, Monday is prayer for the temperance work. Try all that day to be temperate in speech, in act, in indulgence of any kind that is hurtful to you. The next day is for Sunday-schools; go and visit your scholars, such of you as are teachers, and try to feel that they have living souls to save. Wednesday is a day for fellowship meeting; we are cordially invited to attend a union-meeting of this sort at Bantam. Few of us can go twenty five miles to be with our brethren there; let us spend that day in cultivating our brethren here; let us go and see those who have been cold to us for some reason, heal up our breaches of friendship, confess our shortcomings one to another, and act as if, in our Master's words, 'all ye are brethren.'

"Thursday is the day to pray for the family relation; let us each try to be to our families on that day in our measure what the Lord is to His family, the Church, remembering the words: 'Fathers, provoke not your children to anger'; 'Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.' These are texts rarely commented upon, I have noticed, in our conference meetings; we are more apt to speak of the obedience due from children, and the submission and meekness our wives owe us, forgetting that duties are always reciprocal.

"Friday, the Church is to be prayed for. Let us then each for himself try to act that day just as we think Christ, our great Exemplar, would have acted in our places. Let us try to prove to ourselves and the world about us that we have not taken upon us His name lightly or in vain. Saturday is prayer-day for the heathen and foreign missions. Brethren, you know and I know that there are heathen at our doors here; let every one of you who will, take that day to preach the gospel to some one who does not hear it anywhere else. Perhaps you will find work that you know not of lying in your midst. And let us all on Saturday evening meet here again and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method, please to rise."

Everybody rose except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

"Let us sing the doxology," said Mr. Parkes; and it was sung with full fervor. The new idea had roused the church fully; it was something fixed and positive to do; it was the lever-point Archimedes longed for, and each felt ready and strong to move a world.

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary, as the pastor expected. When the box for ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn-books for that purpose, and wrote on it a name. The pastor said, after he had counted them:

"Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on you."

"I am sorry for 't," said the deacon, rising up and taking off his overcoat. "I haint got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell ye."

"That isn't what we want," said Mr. Parkes. "We want to know the whole experience of some one among us, and we know you will not tell us either more or less than what you did experience."

Deacon Emmons was a short, thick-set man, with a shrewd, kindly face and gray hair, who kept the village store, and had a well-earned reputation for honesty.

"Well, brethren," he said, "I dono why I shouldn't tell it. I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I've found out these six days back. I'll tell you just as it come. Monday, I looked about me to begin with. I am amazing fond of coffee, and it aint good for me; the doctor says it aint; but dear me, it does set a man up good, cold mornings, to have a cup of hot, sweet, tasty drink, and I haven't had the grit to refuse! I knew it made me what folks call nervous and I call cross before night come; and I knew it fetched on spells of low spirits when our folks couldn't get a word out of me—not a good one, any way; so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it come hard! I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadful! Seemed as though I couldn't eat my breakfast without it. I feel to pity a man that loves liquor more'n I ever did in my life before; but I feel sure they can stop if they try, for I've stopped, and I'm a-goin' to stay stopped.

"Well, come to dinner, there was another fight. I do set by pie the most of anything. I was fetched up on pie, as you may say. Our folks always had it three times a day, and the doctor he's been talkin' and talkin' to me about eatin' pie. I have the dyspepsy like everything, and it makes me useless by spells, and onreliable as a weathercock. An' Doctor Drake he says there won't nothing help me but to diet. I was readin' the Bible that morning while I was waiting for breakfast, for 'twas Monday, and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I come acrost that part where it says that the bodies of Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost. Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of 'em if they be, and see that they're kep' clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean nor pleasant that has dyspepsy. But, come to pie, I felt as though I couldn't! and, lo ye, I didn't! I eet a piece right against my conscience; facin' what I knew I ought to do, I went and done what I ought not to. I tell ye my conscience made music of me consider'ble, and I said I wouldn't never sneer at a drinkin' man no more when he slipped up. I'd feel for him, and help him, for I see just how it was. So that day's practice giv' out, but it learnt me a good deal more'n I knew before.

"I started out next day to look up my Bible-class. They haven't really tended up to Sunday-school as they ought to, along back, but I was busy, here and there, and there didn't seem to be a real chance to get to it. Well, 'twould take the evenin' to tell it all, but I found one real sick, been a-bed for three weeks, and was so glad to see me that I felt fair ashamed. Seemed as though I heered the Lord for the first time sayin': 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me.' Then another man's old mother says to me before he come in from the shed, says she: 'He's been a-sayin' that if folks practised what they preached you'd ha' come round to look him up afore now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down on mill-hands. I'm awful glad you come.' Brethering, *so was I!* I tell you, that day's work done me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now I tell ye, but I learnt more about the Lord's wisdom than a month o' Sundays ever showed me."

A smile he could not repress passed over Mr. Parkes's earnest face. The deacon had forgotten all external issues in coming so close to the heart of things; but the smile passed as he said:

"Brother Emmons, do you remember what the Master said: 'If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself'?"

"Well, it's *so*," answered the deacon; "it's so right along. Why, I never thought so much of my Bible-class nor took no sech int'rest in 'em as I do to-day—not since I begun to teach. I b'lieve they'll come more reg'lar now too.

"Now come fellowship-day. I thought that would be all plain sailin'; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant towardst everybody, so I went around seein' folks that was neighbors, and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon spell, Philury says, says she: 'Square Tucker's black bull is into th' orchard a-tearin' round, and he's knocked two lengths o' fence down flat!' Well, the old Adam riz up then, you'd better b'lieve. That black bull has been a-breakin' into my lots ever sence we got in th' aftermath, and it's Square Tucker's fence, and he won't make it bull-strong as he'd oughter, and that orchard was a young one, just comin' to bear, and all the new wood crisp as cracklin's with frost. You'd better b'lieve I didn't have much feller-feelin' with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house and spoke pretty free to him, when he looked up and says, says he: 'Fellowship-meetin' day, ain't it, Deacon?' I'd ruther he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day!"

"Breth-e-ren," interrupted a slow, harsh voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "*I'll* tell the rest on't. Josiah Emmons come around like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me for to forgive him and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas his'n and nothin' else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done before. I was one that wouldn't say I'd practise with the rest of ye. I thought 'twas everlastin' nonsense. I'd ruther go to forty-nine prayer-meetin's than work at bein' good a week. I b'lieve my hope has been one of them that perish; it haint worked, and I leave it behind to-day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seein' one honest Christian man fetched me round to't."

Amos Tucker sat down and buried his grizzled head in his rough hands.

"Bless the Lord!" said the quavering tones of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye gave silent response.

"Go on, Brother Emmons," said the minister.

"Well, when next day come I got up to make the fire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlin's. I'd opened my mouth to give him Jesse, when it come over me suddin that this was the day of prayer for the family relation. I thought I wouldn't say nothin'. I jest fetched in the kindlin's myself, and when the fire burnt up good I called wife.

"'Dear me!' says she. 'I've got such a headache, 'Siah, but I'll come in a minnit.' I didn't mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was jest a-goin' to say so, when I remembered the tex' about not bein' bitter against 'em, so I says: 'Philury, you lay a-bed. I expect Emmy and me can get the vittles to-day.' I declare, she turned over and gave me sech a look; why, it struck right in. There was my wife, that had worked for an' waited on me twenty-odd year, 'most scar't because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out and fetched in the pail o' water she'd always drawed herself, and then I milked the cow. When I come in Philury was up fryin' the potatoes, and the tears a-shinin' on her white face. She didn't say nothin', she's kinder still, but she hadn't no need to. I felt a leetle meaner'n I did the day before. But 'twan't nothin' to my condition when I was goin', towards night, down the sullar stairs for some apples, so's the children could have a roast, and I heered Joe up in the kitchen say to Emmy: 'I do b'lieve, Em, pa's goin' to die.' 'Why, Josiar Emmons, how you talk!' 'Well, I do; he's so everlastin' pleasant an' good-natered I can't but think he's struck with death.'

"I tell ye, brethren, I set right down on them sullar stairs and cried. I *did*, reely. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me jest as He did at Peter. Why, there was my own children never see me act real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded and prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up jest as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, ye know, but I hadn't never thought that they'd got right and reason to expect I'd do my part as well as they their'n. Seemed as though I was findin' out more about Josiah Emmons's shortcomin's than was real agreeable.

"Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind o' left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things was a little cuterin', but I did have sense not to tear round and use sharp words so much as common. I began to think 'twas gettin' easy to practise after five days, when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some curt'in calico. I had a han'some piece, all done off with roses an' things, but there was a fault in the weavin'—every now and then a thin streak. She didn't notice it, but she was pleased with the figures on't, and said she'd take the whole piece. Well, jest as I was wrappin' of it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act jest as the Lord would in our place, come acrost me. Why, I turned as red as a beet, I know I did. It made me all of a tremble. There was I, a door-keeper in the tents of my God, as David says, really cheatin', and cheatin' a woman. I tell ye, brethren, I was all of a sweat. 'Mis' Herrick,' says I, 'I don't b'lieve you've looked real close at this goods; 'taint thorough wove,' says I. So she didn't take it; but what fetched me was to think how many times I'd done sech mean, onreliable little things to turn a penny, and all the time sayin' and prayin' that I wanted to be like Christ. I kep' a-trippin' of myself up all day jest in the ordinary business, and I was a peg lower down when night come than I was a Thursday. I'd ruther, as far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of four-foot stone wall than undertake to do a man's livin' Christian duty for twelve workin' hours; and the heft of that is, it's because I aint used to it, and I ought to be.

"So this mornin' came around, and I felt a mite more cherk. 'Twas missionary mornin', and seemed as if 'twas a sight easier to preach than to practise. I thought I'd begin to old Mis' Vedder's. So I put a Testament in my pocket and knocked to her door. Says I, 'Good mornin' ma'am,' and then I stopped. Words seemed to hang, somehow. I didn't want to pop right out that I'd come over to try'n convert her folks. I hemmed and swallered a little, and fin'lly I said, says I: 'We don't see you to meetin' very frequent, Mis' Vedder.'

"'No, you don't!' ses she, as quick as a wink. 'I stay to home and mind my business.'

"'Well, we should like to hev you come along with us and do ye good,' says I, sort of conciliatin'.

"'Look a-here, Deacon!' she snapped, 'I've lived alongside of you fifteen year, and you knowed I never went to meetin'; we aint a pious lot, and you knowed it; we're poorer'n death and uglier'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears, and Malviny dono her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to, besides. Now what are you a-comin' here to-day for, I'd like to know, and talkin' so glib about meetin'? Go to meetin'! I'll go or come jest as I darn please, for all you. Now get out o' this!' Why, she come at me with a broomstick. There wasn't no need on't; what she said was enough. I *hadn't* never asked her nor her'n to so much as think of goodness before. Then I went to another place jest like that—I won't call no more names; and sure enough there was ten children in rags, the hull on 'em, and the man half drunk. He giv' it to me too; and I don't wonder. I'd never lifted a hand to serve nor save 'em before in all these years. I'd said considerable about the heathen in foreign parts, and give some little for to convert 'em, and I had looked right over the heads of them that was next door. Seemed as if I could hear Him say: 'These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone.' I couldn't face another soul to-day, brethren. I come home, and here I be. I've been searched through and through, and found wantin'.. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

He dropped into his seat, and bowed his head; and many another bent too. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Parkes rose, and prayed as he had never prayed before; the week of practice had fired his heart too. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hollow; not a year of excitement or enthusiasm, but one when they heard their Lord saying, as to Israel of old: "Go forward," and they obeyed his voice. The Sunday-school flourished, the church services were fully attended, every good thing was helped on its way, and peace reigned in their homes and hearts, imperfect, perhaps, as new growths are, but still an offshoot of the peace past understanding.

And another year they will keep another week of practice, by common consent.

SEGOVIA AND MADRID.

IT sings to me in sunshine,
It whispers all day long,
My heart-ache like an echo
Repeats the wistful song:
Only a quaint old love-lilt,
Wherein my life is hid,—
"My body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid!"

I dream, and wake, and wonder,
For dream and day are one,

Alight with vanished faces,
And days forever done.
They smile and shine around me
As long ago they did;
For my body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid!

Through inland hills and forests
I hear the ocean breeze,
The creak of straining cordage,
The rush of mighty seas,
The lift of angry billows
Through which a swift keel slid;
For my body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid.

Oh fair-haired little darlings
Who bore my heart away!
A wide and woful ocean
Between us rolls to-day;
Yet am I close beside you
Though time and space forbid;
My body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid.

If I were once in heaven,
There would be no more sea;
My heart would cease to wander,
My sorrows cease to be;
My sad eyes sleep forever,
In dust and daisies hid,
And my body leave Segovia.
—Would my soul forget Madrid?

William Dwight Whitney.

Born in Northampton, Mass., 1827.

HOW SHALL WE SPELL?

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DO writers imagine that, the moment we adopt a new mode of spelling, all the literature written in the old is to pass in a twinkling out of existence and out of memory? Certainly there are agencies which might be made use of to avert so bewildering a catastrophe. A Society for the Preservation of English Etymologies might perhaps be organized, which should make a provident selection of old-style dictionaries and grammars, and store them away in a triply fire-proof library, for the young philologists of future times to be nursed upon until they could bear stronger food. It might even be found practicable, by ingenious and careful management, to procure the construction of a dictionary of the newfangled idiom in which the former spelling of every word should be set alongside its modern substitute, in order to render possible the historic comprehension of the latter. Thus, to take an extreme case or two, the new word *sam* (*a* as in *far*), by having the explanation "anciently, *psalm*" added to it, would be sufficiently insured against any such shocking suppositions on the part of the future student of English as that it pointed to Samuel instead of David as author of the sacred lyrics, or that it was a development out of the mystical letters "S. M." placed in the singing-books at the head of so many of their number; *him* (*hymn*) would be, by like means, saved from confusion with the personal pronoun—and so on. We do not wish to show an unbecoming levity or disrespect, but it is very hard to answer with anything approaching to seriousness such arguments as those we are combating; "absurd" and "preposterous," and such impolite epithets, fit them better than any others we can find in the English vocabulary. They are extreme examples of the fallacies to which learned men will sometimes resort in support of a favorite prejudice.

Many, however, who have too much insight and caution to put their advocacy of the "historic" or Tibetan principle in English orthography upon the false ground of its indispensableness to etymologic science, will yet defend it as calculated to lead on the writer or speaker of our language to inquire into the history of the words he uses, thus favoring the development of an etymologizing tendency. He who now pronounces *sam* and *him*, they think, would be liable, if he also wrote those syllables phonetically, to just simply accept them as names of the things they designate, like *pig* and *pen*, without giving a thought to their derivation; whereas, if he knows that they are and must be spelt *psalm* and *hymn*, his natural curiosity to discover the cause of so singular a phenomenon may plunge him into the Greek language, and make a philologist of him almost before he suspects what he is about. There is more show of reason in this argument; but whether more reason, admits of doubt. The anomalies of our orthography, unfortunately, are far from being calculated, in the gross, to guide the unlearned to etymological research. For one of them which is of value in the way of incitement and instruction, there are many which can only confuse and discourage. In the first place, there are not a few downright blunders among them. Thus, to cite a familiar instance or two, the *g* of *sovereign* (French *souverain*, Italian *sovrano*) has no business there, since the word has nothing whatever to do with *reigning; island* (from Anglo-Saxon *ealand*) is spelt with an *s* out of ignorant imitation of *isle* (Latin *insula*), with which it is wholly unconnected; in like manner, an *l* has stumbled into *could*, in order to assimilate it in look to its comrades in office, *would* and *should; women* is for an original *wif-men*, and its phonetic spelling would be also more truly historical. Again, another part, and not a small one, seem to the ordinary speller the merest confusion (and are often, in fact, nothing better), calculated to lead him to nothing but lamentation over his hard lot, that he is compelled to master them. Take a series of words like *believer*, *receiver*, *weaver*, *fever*, *reever*, and try how many of the community are even accessible to proof that their orthographic discordances are bottomed on anything tangible. There is in some persons, as we well know, an exquisite etymologic sensibility which can feel and relish a historical reminiscence wholly imperceptible to men of common mould; to which, for instance, the *u* of *honour* is a precious and never-to-be-relinquished token that the word is derived from the Latin *honor* not directly, but through the medium of the French *honneur:* and we look upon it with a kind of wondering awe, as we do upon the superhuman delicacy of organization of the "true princess" in Andersen's story, who felt the pea so painfully through twenty mattresses and twenty eider-down beds; but it is so far beyond us that we cannot pretend to sympathize with it, or even to covet its possession. If we are to use a suggestive historic orthography, we should like to have our words remodelled a little in its favor: if we must retain and value the *b* of *doubt* (Latin *dubitare*), as sign of its descent, we crave also a *p* in *count* (French *compter*, Latin *computare*), and at least a *b*, if not an *r* also, in *priest* (Greek *presbuteros*); we are not content with but one silent letter in *alms*, as relic of the stately Greek word *eleēmosunē;* we contemplate with only partial satisfaction the *l* of *calm* and *walk*, while we miss it in *such* and *which* (derivatives from *so-like* and *who-like*). Why, too, should we limit the suggestiveness of our terms to the latest stages of their history? Now that the modern school of linguistic science, with the aid of the Sanskrit and other distant and barbarous tongues, claims to have penetrated back to the very earliest roots out of which our language has grown, let us take due account of its results, and cunningly convert our English spelling into a complete course of philological training.

We have, however, no intention of taking upon ourselves here the character of reformers or of proposers of reforms; only when this and the other principle are put forward as valuable, we cannot well help stepping aside a moment to see where we should be led to if, like true men, we attempted to carry out our principles. As regards the historic element in English orthography, we think it evident enough that its worth and interest do not at all lie in its instructing effect upon the general public who use the language, but rather in its tendency to call up pleasing associations in the minds of the learned, of those who are already more or less familiar with the sources from which our words come. It is much more an aristocratic luxury than a popular benefit. To the instrument which is in every one's hands for constant use it adds a new kind of suggestiveness for those who know what it means, and gives them the satisfaction of feeling that, though they may not wield the instrument more successfully than others, there are peculiarities in its structure which they alone appreciate. Such a satisfaction is a selfish one, and improperly and wrongly obtained, if bought by a sacrifice of any measure of convenience or advantage to the great public of speakers and writers. . . . .

"Possession is nine points of the law" and "*partus sequitur ventrem*" were the true proof-texts and scientific principles on which the master's right reposed; and so also "whatever is, is right" constitutes the complete ethical code of him who is defending English spelling. Anything else is mere casuistry, a casting of dust in the eyes of the objector. The paramount consideration, which really decides every case, is that the existing orthography must be perpetuated; if for this and that word any other apparently supporting considerations of any kind soever can be found, they may be made the most of—yet without creating a precedent, or establishing a principle which is to be heeded in any other case, where it would make in favor of a change. The advocate of "historic" spelling insists as strongly upon retaining the *l* of *could* as that of *would*, and fights against a *p* in *count* not less vehemently than in favor of a *b* in *doubt;* the difference of *receive* and *believe* is no more sacred in his eyes than the sameness of *cleave* and *cleave.* Now, we have no quarrel with any one who plants himself squarely and openly upon the conservative ground, and declares that our English spelling is, with all its faults and inconsistencies, good enough for its purpose, that every item of it is consecrated by usage and enshrined in predilections, and therefore must and shall be maintained. What we cannot abide is that he who means this, and this only, should give himself the airs of one who is defending important principles, and keeping off from the fabric of English speech rude hands that would fain mar its beauty and usefulness. Orthographic purism is, of all kinds of purism, the lowest and the cheapest, as is verbal criticism of all kinds of criticism, and word faith of all kinds of orthodoxy. As Mephistopheles urges upon the Student, when persuading him to pin his belief upon the letter—

> "Von einem Wort lässt sich kein Iota rauben,"

'every iota of the written word may be fought for'—and that, too, even by the tyro who has well conned his spelling-book, though his knowledge of his native speech end chiefly there. Many a man who could not put together a single paragraph of nervous, idiomatic English, nor ever had ideas enough to fill a paragraph of any kind, whose opinion on a matter of nice phraseology or even of disputed pronunciation would be of use to no living being, fancies himself entitled to add after his name "defender of the English language," because he is always strict to write *honour* instead of *honor*, and *travelled* instead of *traveled*, and never misses an opportunity, public or private, to sneer at those who do otherwise. . . . .

It is upon practical grounds that our final judgment of the value of English orthography must mainly rest. The written language is a universal possession, an instrument of communication for the whole immense community of English speakers, and anything which impairs its convenience and manageableness as an instrument is such a defect as demands active measures for removal. Now, no one can question that the practical use of our tongue is rendered more difficult by the anomalies of its written form. We do not, indeed, easily realize how much of the learning-time of each rising generation is taken up with mastering orthographical intricacies; how much harder it is for us to learn to read at all, and to read and write readily and correctly, than it would be if we wrote as we speak. We accomplished the task so long ago, most of us, that we have forgotten its severity, and decline to see any reason why others should ask to be relieved from it. Teachers, however, know what it is, as do those who for want of a sufficiently severe early drilling, or from defect of native capacity, continue all their lives to be inaccurate spellers. Such may fairly plead that their orthographical sins are to be imputed, in great part, not to themselves, but to the community, which has established and sustains an institution so unnecessarily cumbrous. We may see yet more clearly the nature of the burden it imposes by considering what it is to foreigners. Our language, from the simplicity of its grammatical structure, would be one of the easiest in the world to learn if it were not loaded with its anomalous orthography. As the matter stands, a stranger may acquire the spoken tongue by training of the mouth and ear, or the written by help of grammar and dictionary, and in either case the other tongue will be nearly as strange to him as if it belonged to an unknown race. It is doubtless within bounds to say that the difficulty of his task is thus doubled. And this item must count for not a little in determining the currency which the English shall win as a world-language—a destiny for which it seems more decidedly marked out than any other cultivated speech. In view of what we expect and wish it to become, we have hardly the right to hand it down to posterity with such a millstone about its neck as its present orthography.

It is, moreover, to be noted that a phonetic spelling, far from contributing, as its enemies claim, to the alteration and decay of the language, would exercise an appreciable conserving influence, and make for uniformity and fixedness of pronunciation. So loose and indefinite is now the tie between writing and utterance, that existing differences of utterance hide themselves under cover of an orthography which fits them all equally well, while others spring up unchecked. No small part of the conservative force expends itself upon the visible form alone; whereas, if the visible and audible form were more strictly accordant, it would have its effect upon the latter also. The establishment of a phonetic orthography would imply the establishment and maintenance of a single authoritative and intelligible standard of pronunciation, the removal of the more marked differences of usage between the cultivated speakers of different localities, and the reduction of those of less account; and it would hold in check—though nothing can wholly restrain—those slow and insidious changes which creep unawares into the utterance of every tongue.

One more thing is worthy of at least a brief reference—namely, that a consistent spelling would awaken and educate the phonetic sense of the community. As things are now, the English speaker comes to the study of a foreign written language, and to the examination of phonetic questions generally, at a disadvantage when compared with those to whom other tongues are native. He has been accustomed to regard it as only natural and proper that any given sound should be written in a variety of different ways, that any given sign should possess a number of different values; and it requires a special education to give him an inkling of the truth that every letter of our alphabet had originally, and still preserves in the main, outside of his own language, a single unvarying sound. His ideas of the relations of the vowels are hopelessly awry; he sees nothing strange in the designation of the vowel-sounds of *pin* and *pine*, or of *pat* and *pate*, or of *pun* and *pure*, as corresponding short and long, although we might as well assert that *dog* and *cat*, or that *horse* and *cow*, or that *sun* and *moon*, are corresponding male and female. And he reads off his Latin and Greek in tones that would have driven frantic any Roman or Athenian who suspected it to be his own tongue that was so murdered, with unsuspecting complacency, even flattering himself that he appreciates their rhythm and melody. It is not the least telling of the indications he furnishes of a sense for the fitness of things debauched by a vicious training, that he is capable of regarding a historical spelling as preferable to a phonetic—that is to say, of thinking it better to write our words as we imagine that some one else pronounced them a long time ago than as we pronounce them ourselves. A thoroughly consistent spelling would be a far more valuable means of philological education than such a one as we now follow, were the latter twice as full as it is of etymological suggestiveness.

We are, then, clearly of opinion that a phonetic orthography is, of itself, in all respects desirable, and that there is no good reason against introducing it save the inconvenience of so great a change. Every theoretical and practical consideration makes in its favor. At the same time, our hope of a reform is exceedingly faint. No reform is possible until the community at large—or at least, the greater body of the learned and highly educated—shall see clearly that the advantage to be gained by it is worth the trouble it will entail; and whether and when they will be brought to do so is very doubtful. At present the public mind is in a most unnaturally sensitive condition upon the subject; it will listen to no suggestion of a change from any quarter, in any word or class of words. The great need now is to enlighten it, to show that its action is the result of a blind prejudice alone, and really founded on none of the reasons which are usually alleged in its support, that there is nothing sacred in the written word; that language is speech, not spelling; and that practical convenience is the only true test of the value of an orthographic system. Until this work is accomplished, all reformers will be likely to meet the fate of Noah Webster, one of the best-abused men of his generation, and for one of the most creditable of his deeds, the attempt to amend in a few particulars our English spelling—an attempt for which (however fragmentary it may have been, and ill-judged in some of its parts) we ourselves feel inclined to forgive him many of his false etymologies and defective definitions. We have read in the story-books that a certain Prince Nosey was condemned by a malevolent fairy to wear a portentously long nose until he should himself be convinced that it was too long, which salutary but unpalatable truth was kept indefinitely concealed from him by the flattery of his courtiers. The English-speaking people are in somewhat the same case; and though fairy days are now over, and we can no longer hope that our superfluous nasal inches will drop off the moment we recognize their superfluity, we know that at any rate we shall not lose them sooner, because we shall not sooner be willing to set about the work of ridding ourselves of them. Of course our words would look very oddly to us now in a phonetic dress; but that is merely because we are used to them in another. So our friends the ladies, if they should suddenly appear before our sight in the head-gear which they are going to wear five years hence, would shock us and provoke the cut direct; yet we shall by that time be looking back to the bonnets of this season as the height of absurdity. If once brought to the adoption of a consistent orthography, we should soon begin to regard with aversion our present ideographs and historiographs, and wonder that we could ever have preferred, or even tolerated them. It is easy now to raise a general laugh against the man who writes *news* "*nuz*"; but so the Englishman can count upon an admiring and sympathizing audience among his own countrymen when he turns against the Frenchman that crushing question, "What can you think of a man who calls a *hat* a *shappo?*"—and the appeal is really to the same narrow prejudice and vulgar ignorance in the one case as in the other.

Francis Miles Finch.

Born in Ithaca, N. Y., 1827.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;

Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

STORM—THE KING.

I AM Storm—the King!
I live in a fortress of fire and cloud.
You may hear my batteries, sharp and loud,
In the summer night
When I and my lieges arm for the fight,
And the birches moan,
And the cedars groan,
As they bend beneath the terrible spring
Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!
My troops are the winds and the hail and the rain:
My foes the lakes and the leaves and the grain,
The obstinate oak
That guards his front to my charge and stroke,

The ships on the sea,
The blooms on the lea,
And they writhe and break as the war-guns ring
Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!
My Marshals are four: the swart Simoon,
Sirocco, Tornado, and swift Typhoon.
My realm is the world;
Whenever a sail is spread or furled,
My wide command
Sweeps sea and land,
And doomed and dead who insult fling
At Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!
I drove the sea o'er the Leyden dikes,
And fighting by side of the burgher pikes,
To the walls I bore
The "ark of Delft" from the ocean shore,
O'er vale and mead
With pitiless speed
Till the Spaniard fled from the deluge ring
Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!
I saw an Armada set sail from Spain
To redden with blood a maiden's reign.
I baffled the host
With blow in the face on the island coast,
And tore proud deck
To splinters and wreck,
And the Saxon poets the praises sing
Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!
They built them a tower of iron and stone,
And crowned its top with a flashing zone,
And laughed to scorn
The vibrant call of my bugle horn!
I buried it deep
In the sands asleep,
Where the surges rock and the billows swing
Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!
They hire the heralds of lightning now
To warn that I march from the mountain's brow.
The cowards hide
In the guarded bay or the haven wide:

But I toss them there
In the whirl of the air
Till they seem but stones from the deadly sling
Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!
I scour the earth and the sea and the air,
And drag the writhing trees by the hair,
And chase for game
The desert dust and the prairie flame,
The mountain snow,
And the Arctic floe,
And never is folded plume or wing
Of Storm—the King!

George Park Fisher.

Born in Wrentham, Mass., 1827.

MODERN BELIEF AND DOUBT.

[*History of the Christian Church.* 1888.]

IT is only when a personal will, a conscious intelligence, are denied to the Power whose energy pervades all things, that the Christian revelation is impugned. At the same time, under this blighting fatalism, human responsibility and trial, and the immortal life beyond—truths which underlie what is most lofty in works of the imagination—shrivel away. In poetry, as in science, it is not the idea of the immanence of God in the world, but the pantheistic ignoring or rejection of the complementary truth—the truth of the personality of both God and man—that clashes with the convictions of a Christian. But Goethe, influenced though he was, to such a degree, by the atmosphere of thought in which he grew up, was too great a man to think lightly of the Christian faith. In one of his last conversations with Eckermann, he said: "Let mental culture continually increase, let the natural sciences grow, broadening and deepening in their progress, and the human mind expand as it will,—beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity, as it gleams and shines forth in the gospels, men will never advance." The "worship of genius," under the notion that men of exalted powers are exempt from the restraints of morality, was a form of idolatry too baneful and debasing to gain a foothold where there was any life in conscience. And yet it followed naturally from the pantheistic mode of thought, in which blind power is deified and all its manifestations are regarded as equally divine.

In another great literary leader of the recent period, there is witnessed a wavering between the pantheistic and theistic position. It is Thomas Carlyle. The apostle of sincerity, his abhorrence of all falsehood implies at its root a theistic belief. A hero of faith, such as Luther, he knows how to appreciate. The godliness of Oliver Cromwell is to him something real and sacred. A passage in a letter of Carlyle, written in his last days, to his friend Erskine of Linlathen, shows the faith that was slumbering within him, and which the experience of sorrow woke to a new life. It was written after the death of his wife:

"'Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done'; what else can we say? The other night, in my sleepless tossings about, which were growing more and more miserable, these words, that brief and grand prayer, came strangely into my mind with an altogether new emphasis, as if written and shining for me in mild, pure splendor, on the black bosom of the night there; where I, as it were, read them, word by word, with a sudden check to my imperfect wanderings, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for perhaps thirty or forty years had I ever formally repeated that prayer—nay, I never felt before how intensely the voice of man's soul it is; the inmost aspiration of all that is high and pious in poor human nature; right worthy to be recommended with an 'after this manner, pray ye.'"

Profound convictions in relation to fundamental religious truth have been expressed by men who have stood aloof from existing church organizations, and have, perhaps, rejected the accepted dogmatic statements of Christianity. Lacordaire, the renowned French preacher, is said to have been awakened in his youth from the dreams of ambition by being struck with "the nothingness of irreligion." It is not strange that such a thought should have power even with many, who from various causes fail to attain to an assured faith in the doctrines of the Church. The abyss of irreligion is felt to be something dreadful to contemplate, whether the yearnings of the individual soul are considered, or the needs of society. The rise of Socialism, with the attendant conflict of labor and capital, and concerted efforts of the working class to effect revolutionary changes, have impressed thoughtful men with the dire evil that is involved in the loss of religious trust and hope. In the generations past, laborers, even when deprived of the comforts of life, the victims, perhaps, of oppressive social arrangements, have found consolation in looking up to God, and in looking forward to compensations in a future state. In the midst of drudgery, thoughts of religion have lifted them up and cheered them under heavy burdens. Cut off from these fountains of strength, they are left with no alternative but to grasp what they can in the fleeting moments of the present life. On this subject, a man of genius, Victor Hugo, thus speaks, in a passage which is translated in "The Contemporary Review":

"Let us not forget, and let us teach it to all, that there would be no dignity in life, that it would not be worth while to live, if annihilation were to be our lot. What is it which alleviates and which sanctifies toil, which renders men strong, wise, patient, just, at once humble and aspiring, but the perpetual vision of a better world, whose light shines through the darkness of the present life? For myself, I believe profoundly in that better world; and after many struggles, much study, and numberless trials, this is the supreme conviction of my reason as it is the supreme consolation of my soul." . . . "There is a misfortune of our times," he continues, "I could almost say there is but *one* misfortune of our times; it is the tendency to stake all on the present life. The duty of us all, whoever we may be—legislators and bishops, priests, authors, and journalists—is to spread abroad, to dispense and to lavish in every form, the social energy necessary to combat poverty and suffering, and at the same time to bid every face to be lifted up to heaven, to direct every soul and mind to a future life where justice shall be executed. We must declare with a loud voice that none shall have suffered uselessly, and that justice shall be rendered to all. Death itself shall be restitution. As the law of the material universe is equilibrium, so the law of the moral universe is equity. God will be found at the end of all."

That the discoveries of modern science have had the effect for the time, in the case of many, of unsettling their faith in Christian truth, is an undoubted fact. It requires reflection to perceive that the scientific spirit—the pursuit of an exact, methodized, exhaustive knowledge of the world in which we live, and of man, its inhabitant—stands in no contradiction to the spirit of religion. On the other hand, whatever exhilaration may spring from the enlargement of knowledge, it soon becomes clear that man cannot live by science alone, but that within him are capacities and cravings of another kind, with which the soul's true life and peace are inseparably linked. It is soon perceived that the essential relations of man to God are not determined by the size of the globe, compared with other planets, by its relation to the stellar universe, by its age, or by the time that may have elapsed since man's creation. The consciousness of man that there is an infinite God above him, and a moral law within him, is not affected by facts of this nature. Evolution is perceived to be a term descriptive simply of the supposed *method* of nature: of the creative and directive energy by which the process begins and is carried forward, it contains no explanation. New discoveries in natural science, however, as far as they require new interpretations of the Bible, or a modification of traditional ideas respecting the character and limits of inspiration, may give rise to doubts and perplexity. It may be here remarked that not professed Christian teachers alone, but the most authoritative expounders of the new doctrines in natural science, have pronounced them nowise at variance with the great argument of design. Among these authorities in science are found most earnest and sincere believers. One of them was Faraday, who belonged to the small sect of Sandemanians, who, in the last century, separated from the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, but who hold to the fundamental truths of the gospel. Another was Clerk Maxwell, a physicist of the highest ability, who found nothing in the doctrine of the "conservation of force" to clash with the evidence of either natural or revealed religion.

In a period of transition, when old formulas are losing their hold and new statements of religious truth are not yet matured; when, also, the foundations of Christian belief are assailed by historical criticism or by philosophical speculation, it is inevitable that in many ingenuous minds faith should be mixed, more or less, with doubt. The bishop, in Browning's poem, exchanged

"A life of doubt diversified by faith,
For one of faith diversified by doubt."

Yet under such circumstances there are victories of faith, legitimately won, which illustrate forcibly the indestructible basis on which the claims of Christianity to the allegiance of the soul rest. Such examples in modern times have been not unfrequent in Germany. Some there are, with so deep a sense of religion, and to whom the gospel shines with so clear a light, that they are never harassed by skepticism. Rothe, with a genius for speculation, with a mind open to new truth, and familiar with the theories and arguments of the skeptical schools, nevertheless declares that he had felt no doubt of the being of God, and had never experienced any difficulty in giving credence to miracles. An interesting record of triumph over doubt, of a faith in Christian verities that grew in strength from year to year, is furnished in the biography of Frederick Perthes, the publisher of Gotha, who stood in so intimate relations with Niebuhr, Schleiermacher, Nitzsch, Neander, and many other distinguished men of the time.

Gustav Gottheil.

BORN in Pinne, Prussia, 1827.

JEWISH RESERVE.

[*From an Article in the North American Review.* 1878.—*Revised by the Author.* 1888.]

THE social coherence of the Jews, which survives in spite of the acquired civil equality, still puzzles the Gentile observer. To the theological mind it argues a divine purpose with the chosen, but temporarily rejected, race, and to the philosopher the astounding pertinacity of traits of character; to those hostile to the Jews it is a proof of a secret conspiracy against the welfare of the Christian nations; and the most general impression is that pride of race lies at the bottom of the strange fact. Even Mr. James Freeman Clarke has no other explanation to offer. He says: "Hereditary and ancestral pride separated them (the Jews), and still separates them, from the rest of mankind."

How singular, indeed, that when the Jew attempts to quit his reserve and mix freely with his neighbors, he is repelled and unceremoniously shown back to his own tribe; and, when he keeps there, he is accused of hereditary and ancestral pride! We need not search for an explanation to great depths; the reasons lie much nearer the surface; so near, indeed, that even "he who runs" may see them.

Be it remembered that most of the heads of families are of foreign birth, and were of mature age when they pitched their tents on this free soil. They had contracted their social habits, which to abandon they saw no reason whatever. They readily fell in line for the discharge of their civic duties; but their private life, their domestic customs, which were of the German-Jewish type, they could not all at once change without causing a rent in their most intimate relations. These are far too precious for such experiments. People whose strongest affections centre in their homes are naturally tenacious of their manners and usages; and none should understand this better than those of the Anglo-Saxon stock, who themselves carry their household gods with them wherever they go. Besides, recreation after the exacting labors of the day a man can find nowhere except in places where he may move in perfect ease and freedom; and these, again, the society of his equals in temperament, language, and taste, alone will afford him. The Jews do not differ in this respect from other foreigners, all of whom show a decided preference for their own circles.

In the civilized countries of the old world the seclusion of the Jews has almost entirely disappeared, and it would cease here much sooner but for the ecclesiasticism which enters so largely into the formation of American society. Christianity, although not legally dominant, is yet practically so. Where the spirit has departed, the phraseology still remains. Everywhere the tenets of that faith are assumed as beyond question, and make conversation often embarrassing to the dissenting Israelite. No matter how much or how little the Gentile believes of the dogmas, the assumption of their truth does not inconvenience him; no need for him to guard against the charge of supineness and insincerity, to which, however, the Hebrew lays himself open if he fail to record his dissent. Nor is it the dogma alone which enjoys that preëminence. The laws of morality, the motives of kindness, the graces of conduct, are also marked with the device of the Church. I am not speaking now in the way of censure; I simply state facts which are patent to all. But let the candid reader realize for a moment the feelings with which an Israelite must hear every virtue under heaven—manliness, candor, honor, humility, love, forbearance, even charity and the sanctities of home, nay, courtesy itself—a matter in which the coarse Norseman was the disciple of the polished and courtly Oriental—stamped with a name that degrades him and makes him appear a graceless intruder into the circle of the elect—and the problem of Hebrew retirement will lose much of its mystery. It will then appear why the Hebrew philanthropist does not yet take that personal share in the benevolent labors of his fellow-citizens which he is most willing and unquestionably able to bear. Where his money is welcome his faith is proscribed. Dear and near to his heart as many of the beneficent efforts for the amelioration of the conditions of the poor are, he can do no more than aid them with his purse, for he knows that his just sensibilities will not be consulted. We readily admit that often no insult is intended; but that does not take the sting from the reproach, pronounced or implied. If long habit is pleaded as an extenuation, our answer is: The time has surely come to conquer it. Some think that it is for the Jew himself to remove the obstacle in his way, abandoning reserve. This may be so, but such missions do not ordinarily inspire men with the courage to face prejudice. We do not for a moment pretend that the Jews are blameless in that respect, and never indulge in religious arrogance. We have no excuse for them, beyond this, that the fault is a little less reprehensible in those who have suffered so much for their faith's sake. It certainly is for the *dominant* religion, rather than for that of a small minority, to lead the way in this timely reform.

If social alienation is undesirable on general grounds, it is especially so for this reason, that it prevents both Jews and Christians from correcting their views of their respective religions, a thing as yet much needed on either side. Nothing brings man nearer to man than the sacred community of good work; nothing strengthens faith in the Father more surely than the growing sense of the brotherhood of His children. Probably unbelief itself will not object to be conquered by the logic of such facts. If churches and synagogues must needs preach the same truth under different aspects, and worship God in diverse tongues, may they not learn to praise Him also in the universal language of good deeds on the broad fields of our common humanity? Meanwhile, we shall do what in us lies to make ourselves known, not only outwardly, but inwardly too; we shall let the reader into all the mysteries of our faith, as far as we ourselves know them. For, after all, the chief interest which the Hebrew race offers to the eye of the student is its religion. As the propounders, witnesses, and soldiers of a new faith, the Jews appeared in history and have steadfastly pursued their course, from the call of their first father, "the friend of God," in the plains of ancient Chaldea, to this day, when their presence is felt in so many lands. Through light and darkness, through victory and defeat, through glory and shame, their faces remained firmly set toward a goal which the ancient seers planted on the heights of a redeemed and perfected humanity. Their contributions to the intellectual and industrial achievements of the past were of no mean importance, but they all had their root in the religious genius which they developed, and it is their religious mission from which they derive to this day both the right and the duty to remain outside of the dominant religions.

John Townsend Trowbridge.

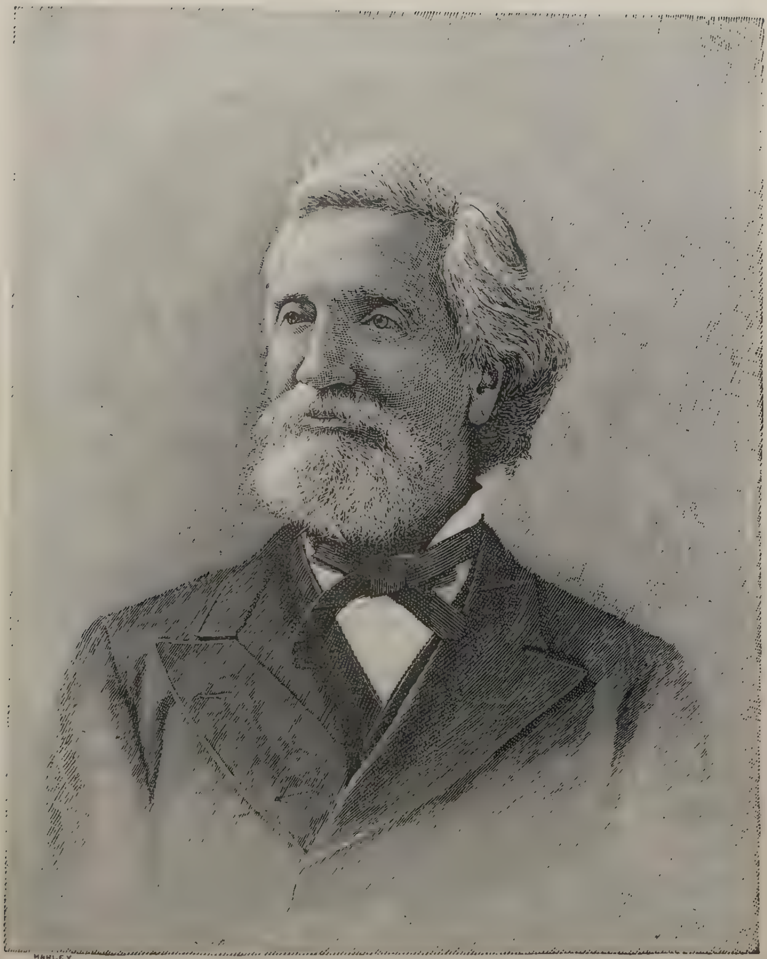
Born in Ogden, Monroe Co., N. Y., 1827.

THE VAGABONDS.

[*The Vagabonds, and Other Poems.* 1869.]

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.
  Roger's my dog.—Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!
  Over the table,—look out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old;
  Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
  And ate and drank—and starved—together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
  A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,



J. T. Trowbridge

A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, Sir,—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
Aren't we, Roger?—See him wink!—
Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head?
What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,—
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, Sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, Sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, Sir!)
Shall march a little—Start, you villain!
Paws up! Eyes front! Salute your officer!
'Bout face! Attention! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, Sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!—
Some brandy,—thank you,—there!—it passes!

Why not reform! That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink:—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—
You needn't laugh, Sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen *her*, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, Sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife:
'Twas better for her that we should part,—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road: a carriage stopped:
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, Sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before—Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were,—

A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
   And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.—
   You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
   For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
   But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
   The sooner, the better for Roger and me!

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE IN THE NORTH.

[*Neighbor Jackwood.* 1857.]

THERE was a cow-path trodden through the snow, leading across the meadows, over the bridge and along the banks of the stream. This path Charlotte took; passing in her flight scenes which she had first visited in company with Hector, and which had become linked in her memory with warm and dear associations. But now how changed, how cold, how desolate, were they all! The snow lay heavy and deep on the interval; the willows were naked and dark; the stream was blocked with ice. Beyond, frowned the inhospitable forest on the mountain side. The heavens above were leaden, with grayish streaks; and now the slow, dull, wintry rain began to fall.

Beyond the bridge, the track threw out branches in several directions; for here, all winter long, Mr. Dunbury's cattle and sheep had been foddered from the stacks in the valley. But the main path led along the banks of the creek; this Charlotte chose, perhaps because among the willows her flight would be concealed, or it may be that she cherished some half-formed design of reaching Mr. Jackwood's house.

But the way was rude and difficult for her unaccustomed feet. Since the thaw, the track had been broken through by sharp hoofs; water had settled in the low places; and often, slipping upon the icy cakes, she fell, hurting her naked hands, bruising her limbs, and saturating her garments in the pools. Then, palpitating and breathless from the shock, she would pause, and glance up and down the wide, white valley, with fearful looks, as if expecting momently to see her pursuers appear.

A glimpse she caught of Mr. Jackwood's house in the distance inspired her with courage to keep on. She saw the red-painted kitchen dimly defined upon the field of snow; the trees and fences speckling the ground; the heavy plume of smoke from the chimney trailing low across the plain; and a vision of hope, and help, and rest, in that humble home, flitted before her mind. But the path by the willows had now dwindled to a scarcely-trodden track. At each step, her feet sank down in the soft, wet snow. Her efforts to proceed cost all her remaining strength. Only the desperate extremity in which she was sustained her. But hope and fear alike failed her at last; and, having climbed the tangled brush of a valley fence, she fell powerless in the snow, upon the other side.

The short winter's day was drawing to a close. The shades of the solemn hills shut in the plain. A dreary silence reigned, broken only by the lowing of cattle, and the faint, sad bleating of sheep in the distance, the sighing of the wind among the willows, and the melancholy drip of the rain. Having got a little rest, Charlotte summoned her energies for a fresh attempt to traverse the snowy track. But now formidable doubts stood in her way. She had faith in her old friends; but would Mr. Jackwood's house, which had twice received her in its hospitable retreat, be overlooked by her pursuers? Perhaps already they were there before her; and to proceed might be to fall at once into their hands. In her deep perplexity, she crept under the fence, with a wild thought of passing the night in that wretched place. But the rain beat upon her still; her bruised hands ached from contact with the snow; and her feet were drenched and cold.

The approach of footsteps startled her; but she dared not look around, nor move; she lay still as death in her retreat. The sounds drew near, and presently a dog began to bark, plunging into the snow, close by where she lay.

"Come here, Rove!" cried an authoritative voice.

It was the voice of Abimelech Jackwood, the younger. The dog ran back, with excited yelps, and jumped upon his arm, then rushed to the attack again, bristling up, and barking furiously at the object by the fence. Charlotte spoke: "Rover!" Instantly he sprang towards her, with a joyous demonstration; hesitated at half way, and ran back again to his master; whisked about in the snow; and finally, having fulfilled all the requirements of canine etiquette on the occasion, leaped upon her lap, wagging his tail violently, caressing her with his feet, and licking her wounded hand.

Abimelech stood at a discreet distance, and cried to Rover to come there. Charlotte arose to her feet, and called his name.

"Hello!" cried Bim; "that you?"

She tottered forward. The boy, not so easily satisfied as the dog, showed a disposition to retire. But, in a few hurried words, she gave him to understand that she was no apparition,—that it was indeed Charlotte who spoke to him,—and that he was not to fear, but to aid her.

"Be ye goin' up to the house?" asked the boy.

"Abimelech, some men are hunting for me! I would rather die than have them find me! And I don't know where to go!"

"Who be they?" demanded Bim, with forced courage, looking around. "I'll set Rover onto 'em! Here!"

"Where is your father?"

"Up to the house, I guess," replied Bim.

"Will you go for him," said Charlotte, "and tell him I am here, and tell no one else?"

"Yes, I'll go!" cried Bim. "But"—hesitatingly—"hadn't you better go up to the stack, and wait there? I'd ruther ye would; I come down here to fodder the steers and lambs, and father told me not to go and look at my muskrat-trap, 'cause 'twas goin' to rain. It's righ' down here; an' if he knows where I found ye, he'll s'pect I was goin' there."

Charlotte accepted the boy's guidance; and immediately around the bend in the creek, they came in sight of the stack. It was a low, gloomy mass, in the midst of a dark, trodden space, around the edges of which appeared Abimelech's steers and lambs, feeding on wisps of hay he had scattered over the snow. The stack was defended by a fence, on one side of which was a temporary shelter, formed of rails and boards, thatched with straw.

"If you'd like to hide," observed Bim, "I know a place,—only I don't want father to find it out, for he tells me not to be makin' holes in the stack."

"Is it here?"

"I'll show ye!" and Bim, slipping a couple of rails from their place, crept through the fence, and began to pull away the hay from the stack. A dark cavity was exposed. "It's a den I made for me an' Rove! Once I had a notion o' runnin' away, an' I was goin' to live here, and have him bring me my victuals! It's real slick an' warm in here!"

The opening was extremely narrow, and the cavity itself was small. But it was all Charlotte wished for then. She could not have entered a palace with more grateful emotions.

"Shall I leave ye a breathin'-place?" asked Abimelech, putting back the hay. "Hello! what's that Rover's barkin' at?"

He crept around the stack, leaving Charlotte listening breathlessly in her hiding-place. In a moment he returned, and whispered hoarsely in the hay, "There's a man a-comin' with a big hoss-whip! Say! is he one of 'em?"

Charlotte knew not what she said, if indeed she uttered any reply. She heard the boy hastily smoothing the hay at the entrance of her cell; then all was still, only the dog barked; and as she strained her ear to listen, the straw beneath her rustled with every throb of her heart.

Having climbed the stack, and thrown down a quantity of hay before the mouth of the cavity, Bim began to arrange some boards in a manner to shed rain.

"Git out!" growled the man with the whip, making a cut at the dog.

"He won't bite ye," cried Bim. "Here, Rove!"

"Say, boy! have ye seen anybody pass this way, within half an hour or so?"

"Pass which way?"

"Any way—along by the crick."

"What crick?"

"Answer my question!"

"I han't ben here half an hour, I shouldn't think," said Bim.

"Look a' here!" thundered Dickson, "none o' yer trash with me! I cut a boy's trouse's-legs right off with this black-snake, t'other day! He was a boy about your size, and his trouse's was stouter stuff than yours, too, I reck'n! Which way did that gal go?"

"What gal?" said Bim, stepping cautiously back upon the stack.

"Let me reach you with this lash, and I'll tickle your recollections! You'll look paler than that when I draw about a quart of blood out of ye! I mean that gal that come along about twenty minutes ago."

"If there was any,"—Bim looked very candid, but very pale,—"she must a' come along when I was off arter my traps; or else I should think I'd seen her."

"That won't do, boy!" Dickson cracked his whip savagely. "I'll give ye jest about a minute 'n' a ha'f to think about it; then, if ye don't walk straight up to the scratch, and spit out what ye know, you may expect to have your clo's cut right off'm your back, and your hide with 'm!"

Then Charlotte heard a sound as of some one climbing the stack-yard fence, and a heavy body jumped down upon the ground at the very entrance to her retreat. There was a shaking in the hay which Bim had thrown before it; Dickson was kicking it open with his foot; he trod it down by the stack.

Bim looked anxious, but his wits did not desert him. "If ye'll help me with these 'ere boards, I'll go up to the house with ye, an' see if she's been by there."

"Where do you live?"

"In that house, up yender."

"What's yer name?"

"Bim!"

"What's yer whole name?"

"Bim'lech!"

"What's yer father's name?"

"His name's Bim'lech, too!"

"Bim'lech what?"

"Bim'lech Jackwood, of course!"

"Jackwood, hey? She used to live to your house, didn't she?"

"Yes, I guess not! *Who* used to?"

"We'll see!" said Dickson. Having during the dialogue struck a match under his coat and lighted a cigar, he inserted the latter between his teeth, and, once more measuring out his whip, cracked it at the boy's ears. "Time's up! now, what ye got to say?"

"If you're goin' to smoke," said Bim, from a safe position, "you better git over the fence; you'll set the stack afire. Ow!" as the whip-lash whistled by his face, "you hadn't better hit me with that! There's father, an' I'm darned glad!"

Dickson changed his tactics; perhaps because he found threats of no avail; perhaps because the boy had an adroit way of dodging over the stack beyond reach of his whip; or in consequence, it may be, of misgivings with regard to the parent Jackwood. He therefore opened a parley, and offered Bim half a dollar to tell him which way Charlotte went.

"I guess so!" said Bim. "You want me to come down an' git it, then you'll ketch me, an' gi' me a lickin' I know!" And he made preparations to slide off the opposite side, in case Dickson attempted to climb the stack.

But Dickson had a more important matter to attend to. Either the match he had thrown down after lighting his cigar, or cinders falling in the hay, had set fire to the heap. The flame, shooting up with a sudden crackling and glare, was the first warning he received of the danger. He had left the spot, and was standing by the cattle-shed, when the blaze caught his eye. He rushed to extinguish it, stamping and trampling, and calling to the boy to bring snow.

"There an't no fire!" cried Bim, who thought it a ruse to bring him down.

"By ——!" said Dickson, "you'll find out whether there's a fire!"

Already Charlotte had smelt the burning straw. Then, through chinks in the opening of her cell, she caught fearful glimpses of the struggling flame and smoke. She heard the alarm, the oaths, the trample of feet. The stack was burning!

Her first impulse was to cry out and rush from her retreat. But the certainty of falling into the hands of Dickson paralyzed her tongue and chained her limbs. Death was nothing; a moment since, she would have risked a hundred deaths sooner than be taken; but to be burned, to perish in a slowly consuming mass, to die by torment in a tomb of fire! the thought was maddening; it filled her with an insensate fear, that caused her for the instant to forget all other danger. With frantic hands she tore the hay that blocked the opening. But a volume of smoke, pouring in upon her, changed her purpose. She thrust back the hay, while at the same time it was trampled and packed from without. She heard the simmer of snow upon the flames; she thought the fire was being extinguished. She hoped, she prayed, that she might yet be preserved.

But now the trampling feet, and snow packed down upon the burning hay, drove the smoke into the cell. Charlotte was suffocating. The torture almost forced her to cry out. Oh, that she might have power to endure yet a little while! She thought of Hector. For his sake she conquered her agony. Writhing in torment, she clasped her hands upon her face to stifle her own cries. Yet a little while! yet a little while! Oh, yet one moment more!

It could not be. She fought with death itself. It seemed that almost the last struggle, the last mortal throe, had come. Still Hector filled her soul. She might have endured and died; but, no! for him she would risk all things; for him she would suffer on; for him she would live! Again she tore the hay from the opening of the cell. But the act was forestalled. A hand, thrust in, met hers.

"Keep still!" whispered Bim, at the entrance. "Can ye breathe?"

She breathed, she lived, she hoped. The fire was extinguished. Dickson, enraged at the delay, had departed in haste, and the boy was left alone to trample out the smouldering sparks with snow.

"Hello, boy!" suddenly shouted Dickson, turning back, "fling me my whip!"

There was no service Bim would more gladly have performed. Anything rather than that Dickson should return to the stack. He looked for the whip, but could not find it. The man had thrown it down whilst extinguishing the fire, and thought it must have become trodden in the hay. He returned; they looked for it together—Bim keeping at a respectful distance, and holding himself ready to run the instant the whip appeared—Dickson growling and swearing. Suddenly, the end of the lash was discovered hanging off the cattle-shed, close by the stack. Dickson seized it; Abimelech fled; Charlotte, who had listened all the time with a fluttering heart, began to breathe again. But at the moment there was a movement at the mouth of the cell. The hay was opening; some object forced its way into her retreat. She was shrinking away in terror, when Rover, scrambling through, leaped into her face, and expressed his delight by barking playfully, licking her hands, and thumping the sides of the niche with his animated tail.

Fortunately Dickson had turned again to go, and was at that moment making long strides across the field. Bim returned to Charlotte just in time to bump noses with Rover, who, not liking the smoke, was leaping out of the hay.

"He's gone!" whispered the boy. "Darn his old whip, I say! Did ye know he set the stack afire?"

"Did I know it!" murmured Charlotte.

"I'm all of a tremble yit!" said Bim. "I was a little bit scart; but, confound his pictur'! he didn't find ye, after all, did he? That's all I care for!"

"And it's all I care for, now! I feel faint! Will you give me a handful of snow?"

The boy brought the snow: she pressed it on her forehead, as she lay panting upon the hay.

"Shall I go up an' tell father, now?"

"If you will; but be careful, let no one else know—"

"I'll keep it from Pheeb, anyway! She always tells everything. Say! shall I leave Rover for company?"

A faint "no" was the response; and the excited boy, having thrown the superfluous hay over the fence, and rearranged that at the mouth of the cell, leaving only a breathing-place, as he called it, went off whistling, to appear unconcerned. She listened in her retreat; the sounds grew faint and fainter, ceasing at last; and she was left alone, in darkness and silence, hemmed in by the low roof and prickly walls of her cell.

For some minutes she lay still, and prayed. In that simple and childlike act new strength was given her, and she was enabled to think calmly of her state. She took care of her feet, removing their wet covering, and drying them in the warm hay. Then, finding that Abimelech had shut her in too closely, and that the air of the cell was still poisoned with smoke, she moved the hay from the opening, and lay down upon it, where she could look out upon the thickening darkness and listen to the sighing wind and pattering rain.

EVENING AT THE FARM.

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes.
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling;—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;

And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
    Cheerily calling,
  "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
  "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough,
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
    The cooling dews are falling;—
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
And the whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
    His cattle calling,—
  "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray,—
  "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
    While the pleasant dews are falling;—
The new milch-heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
    Soothingly calling,
  "So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
  Saying "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
    The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,

But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring "So, boss! so!"

Popular Songs and Ballads of the Civil War.

The following lyrics, for various and specific reasons, have been selected for arrangement under one head. Other notable poems of the Civil War will be found elsewhere in this work,—from the pens of Boker, Brownell, Duganne, Finch, Halpine, Hayne, Mrs. Howe, Longfellow, Lowell, Palmer, Randall, Ryan, Stoddard, Thompson, Ticknor, Whitman, Whittier, F. Willson, Winter, Work, and other writers of the period.

[*Lyrics of Loyalty; Songs of the Soldiers; Personal and Political Ballads. Edited by Frank Moore.* 1864.—*Poetry of the Civil War. Edited by Richard Grant White.* 1866.—*The Southern Poems of the War. Collected by Emily V. Mason.* 1867.—*The Southern Amaranth. Edited by Sallie A. Brock.* 1869.—*Songs and Ballads of the Southern People.* 1861–65. *Edited by Frank Moore.* 1886.—*Bugle Echoes. Edited by Francis F. Browne.* 1886.—*The Songs of the War. By Brander Matthews, in The Century Magazine.* 1887.—*Our War Songs, North and South. Compiled and Edited by C. S. Brainard.* 1887.]

NORTHERN. I.

UNION ARMY CHORUS.

JOHN BROWN's body lies a-mouldering in the grave;
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave;
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave;
His soul is marching on!

Glory, halle—hallelujah! Glory, halle—hallelujah!
Glory, halle—hallelujah!
His soul is marching on!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord! (*thrice*)
His soul is marching on!

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back! (*thrice*)
His soul is marching on!

His pet lambs will meet him on the way; (*thrice*)
As they go marching on!

They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour-apple tree! (*thrice*)
As they march along!

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union! (*thrice*)
As we are marching on!

Glory, halle—hallelujah! Glory, halle—hallelujah!
Glory, halle—hallelujah!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!

THE RANK AND FILE. 1861.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

We are coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before:
We are coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour:
We are coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast falling into line;
And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door:
We are coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide
To lay us down, for Freedom's sake, our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before:
We are coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand more!

JAMES SLOAN GIBBONS. 1810——.

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother; may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle . . . "Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
The red life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!

Ethel Lynn Beers. 1827–79.

THE FANCY SHOT.

"RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah, Captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead;
There's music around when my barrel's in tune!"
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, Rifleman, steal through the bushes and snatch
From your victim some trinket to hansel first blood—
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud."

"Oh, Captain! I staggered, and sunk on my track,
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette;
For he looked so like you as he lay on his back
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket—this locket of gold;
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! Rifleman, fling me the locket—'tis she,
My brother's young bride, and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband—Hush! soldier, 'twas Heaven's decree;
We must bury him here, by the light of the moon!

"But, hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;
War is a virtue—weakness a sin;
There's lurking and loping around us to-night;
Load again, Rifleman, keep your hand in!"

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY. 1811–75.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

YES, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

The Union forever, Hurrah! boys, Hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star;
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call of our Brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal true and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
And although they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

The Union forever, Hurrah! boys, Hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star;
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

George Frederick Root. 1820——.

SOUTHERN.

DIXIE.

SOUTHRONS, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon-fires are lighted—
Let all hearts be now united!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in South winds flutter!
Send them back your fierce defiance!
Stamp upon the accursed alliance!

Fear no danger! Shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike, and sabre!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannons' ringing voices!
For faith betrayed, and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder!

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter,
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.

Halt not till our Federation
Secures among earth's powers its station!
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story!

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness,—
          To arms!
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow,
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.
  To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
    Advance the flag of Dixie!
        Hurrah! hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
    And live or die for Dixie!
        To arms! To arms!
    And conquer peace for Dixie!
        To arms! To arms!
    And conquer peace for Dixie!

ALBERT PIKE. 1809——.

"CALL ALL."

WHOOP! the Doodles have broken loose,
  Roaring round like the very deuce!
Lice of Egypt, a hungry pack,—
After 'em, boys, and drive 'em back.

Bull-dog, terrier, cur, and fice,
Back to the beggarly land of ice;
Worry 'em, bite 'em, scratch and tear
Everybody and everywhere.

Old Kentucky is caved from under,
Tennessee is split asunder,
Alabama awaits attack,
And Georgia bristles up her back.

Old John Brown is dead and gone!
Still his spirit is marching on,—
Lantern-jawed, and legs, my boys,
Long as an ape's from Illinois!

Want a weapon? Gather a brick,
Club or cudgel, or stone or stick;

Anything with a blade or butt
Anything that can cleave or cut.

Anything heavy, or hard, or keen!
Any sort of slaying machine!
Anything with a willing mind,
And the steady arm of a man behind.

Want a weapon? Why, capture one!
Every Doodle has got a gun,
Belt, and bayonet, bright and new;
Kill a Doodle, and capture two!

Shoulder to shoulder, son and sire!
All, call all! to the feast of fire!
Mother and maiden, and child and slave,
A common triumph or a single grave.

ROCKINGHAM, VA., REGISTER. 1861.

REBELS.

REBELS! 'tis a holy name!
The name our fathers bore
When battling in the cause of Right,
Against the tyrant in his might,
In the dark days of yore.

Rebels! 'tis our family name!
Our father, Washington,
Was the arch-rebel in the fight,
And gave the name to us—a right
Of father unto son.

Rebels! 'tis our given name!
Our mother, Liberty,
Received the title with her fame,
In days of grief, of fear, and shame,
When at her breast were we.

Rebels! 'tis our sealèd name!
A baptism of blood!
The war—ay, and the din of strife—
The fearful contest, life for life—
The mingled crimson flood.

Rebels! 'tis a patriot's name!
In struggles it was given;
We bore it then when tyrants raved,
And through their curses 'twas engraved
On the doomsday-book of heaven.

Rebels! 'tis our fighting name!
For peace rules o'er the land
Until they speak of craven woe,
Until our rights receive a blow
From foe's or brother's hand.

Rebels! 'tis our dying name!
For although life is dear,
Yet, freemen born and freemen bred,
We'd rather live as freemen dead,
Than live in slavish fear.

Then call us rebels, if you will—
We glory in the name;
For bending under unjust laws,
And swearing faith to an unjust cause,
We count a greater shame.

ATLANTA CONFEDERACY.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

WE are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for the property we gained by honest toil;
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far:
Hurrah for the bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brothers, kind were we and just;
But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida—
All raised the flag, the bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Ye men of valor, gather round the banner of the right;
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight.
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesmen are;
Now rally round the bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion State
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate.
Impelled by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Then here's to our Confederacy; strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old we'll fight, our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer;
So cheer for the bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given,
The single star of the bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven!
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.

HARRY McCARTHY. *First sung at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans,* 1861.

"THE BRIGADE MUST NOT KNOW, SIR!"

"WHO'VE ye got there?"—"Only a dying brother,
Hurt in the front just now."
"Good boy! he'll do. Somebody tell his mother
Where he was killed, and how."

"Whom have you there?"—"A crippled courier, Major,
Shot by mistake, we hear.
He was with Stonewall."—"Cruel work they've made here;
Quick with him to the rear!"

"Well, who comes next?"—"Doctor, speak low, speak low, sir;
Don't let the men find out!
It's STONEWALL!"—"God!"—"The brigade must not know, sir,
While there's a foe about!"

Whom have we here—shrouded in martial manner,
Crowned with a martyr's charm?
A grand dead hero, in a living banner,
Born of his heart and arm:

The heart whereon his cause hung—see how clingeth
That banner to his bier!
The arm wherewith his cause struck—hark! how ringeth
His trumpet in their rear!

What have we left? His glorious inspiration,
His prayers in council met.
Living, he laid the first stones of a nation;
And dead, he builds it yet.

ANONYMOUS. 1863.

NORTHERN. II.

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

DEAREST love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh, how proud you stood before me
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.
Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears, how vain;
Yet praying
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along,
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.

Oft in dreams I see you lying
On the battle-plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.

If, amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call,
Who would whisper words of comfort?
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah, the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain!

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way!
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love the starry banner,
Emblem of the free!
Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears, how vain;
Yet praying
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again.

CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER. 1839——.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

WHEN Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church-bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah! hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The village lads and lasses say,
With roses they will strew the way;

And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The laurel-wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow;
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah! hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart;
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore. 1829——.

John Bascom.

Born in Genoa, N. Y., 1827.

THE POPULAR PRESS.

[*Philosophy of English Literature.* 1874.]

IT may be said against much that may be urged for the periodical press, that it is in large part instrumental; that it is a great whispering-gallery, carrying light things and scandalous things and wicked things a long way to many ears that might otherwise happily have missed of them; that the press is often but the tell-tale mechanism of disgraceful national gossip, that has nothing whatever to recommend it. Granting freely the truth of this and other accusations, still we must remember that village gossip is better than family gossip, town gossip is better than village gossip, state gossip than town gossip and national gossip than either. Gossip loses something of its banefulness, obscurity, and petty personality and private hate, at every remove, and the country scandal of a low tavern is as much more concentrate, vicious, and unclean than that of a news-room or county paper as its range is more restricted. Simply to get men out of doors, away from the trite, stupid vulgarity of their cronies, is a great gain. A national interest and the air of national intelligence make way for national truth, and these for universal truth.

It may also be urged against the press, that it gives ready circulation to vice. The accusation is most true. Such, however, is not the natural fellowship even of news, much less of popular discussion. Pestilence may fly on the wings of morning, but these more often distil the dewy fragrance of abounding life. Publicity is allied to light, and favors virtue. Vice, as a rule, has more to gain from concealment than exposure. It settles as a miasma in dark and secluded places, rather than on wind-swept slopes under open heavens.

The literary accusation is thought to lie strongly against newspaper influence, that it debauches language, introducing questionable words and street phrases, passing them from one grade of literary recognition to another, till, forgetful of their low extraction, they are able in quiet effrontery to usurp good society. Here, too, there is truth in the statement; but the fact expressed by it has also its compensations, and by no means unimportant ones. Mere formal criticism, a cold conventional pedantry, the literary barrenness that overtakes letters from time to time, encounter resistance in the somewhat coarse yet vigorous popular appetite; and language is kept more flexible, lithe, and nervous than it otherwise would be. The purely literary tendency cannot safely be left to itself. It is too overwrought and finical. If it is wedded to creative power, well; but when this is wanting, its place may be supplied in part by the popular impulse, by the homely, changeable, but always lively service to which language is put in the newspaper world. As a matter of fact, recent years have been characterized by a large number of critical works on the English language. Some of our periodicals assiduously cultivate style, and many works of the present time could be pointed out which show a high popular estimate of pure, simple composition. It remains to be shown that the language has really been injured by the freedom and license of the popular press. Departure at one point from the staidness of ordinary labor no more incapacitates us to return with relish to it at another than does the raciness of conversation unfit us for the formalities of sober speech.

One pronounced tendency, which has been with us through the entire century, is literary criticism, bold, fearless criticism in all departments. This is the fruit of the large and varied audience which the press gives to every leading work. The world's estimate of it, the discrepancies of opinion which it calls forth, are as instant and inevitable as the sympathetic approval or censure, or the divided feeling that runs through the gathered multitude listening around a political stand. Aside from systematic and direct criticism, aside from that involved in discussion, there are many popular writers who, with open, inquiring eye, arraign topic after topic before them for judgment. Our popular novelists are often of this character, Dickens, George Eliot, George MacDonald; and in more general literature, Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson. Such men are personified criticism, who search all they see.

The present diffusion of literature, so hopeful a sign to philanthropy, does, indeed, intensify the struggle for literary life. In the tossing of the multitudinous waves, much floats for a little that is of slight value, and works that can ill be spared are occasionally engulfed, overwhelmed by things more trivial but more buoyant. Composite tendencies, the half-unconscious conjoint movement of many minds, interlocked in their life, take the place of individual leadership, and thus the conditions of progress are removed, more and more, from the hands of single men. Some pictorial interest, some individual development, may seem to be lost in this upheaval, this uprising of the masses, this general diffusion and stir of intellectual life; but an organic, social growth, that indicates a conquering force at work freely on many minds, is much the more stable, and, at bottom, much the more stimulating and spiritually interesting development.

Edward Atkinson.

BORN in Brookline, Mass., 1827.

THE BASIS OF PROSPERITY FOR THE NEW SOUTH.

[*Conclusion of an Address before the leading men of Georgia, in anticipation of the Cotton Exposition of* 1881.—*Senate Chamber, Atlanta, Ga.*, 1880.]

I HAVE claimed to be a Republican of Republicans, because, from the time I came to man's estate, and even before, I had opposed slavery—not only because I thought it morally and politically wrong, but even more because I considered it the greatest economic blunder under which a State could suffer.

During one of the last months of the civil war I happened to visit the camp near Washington, in which the deserters from Petersburg and Richmond were daily collecting in increasing numbers. I talked with many of them, and found them to be mostly veteran soldiers who had fought on the Confederate side from the beginning. At last I asked a soldier from Louisiana—a vigorous, intelligent-looking man—why he had surrendered. His black eyes gleamed with subdued passion, as he replied: "I have just found out what we have been fighting for."—"What was it?" said I. "Fighting for rich men's niggers, d—— 'em! I won't fight for them any longer."

When I heard these words, gentlemen, I saw before me a vision of the prosperity on which you have just entered in the land of the sunny South. I knew then that no longer would white and black alike be kept in the bonds of poverty and ignorance in order that the few might live in luxury on what they had not earned. It was that man's insight into the cause of the war that marked its end.

That time of prosperity has come; and you, gentlemen, are my witnesses that never has the general welfare of the people of Georgia been as great as in this last year of abundance, and that never before has there been open to you such an opportunity to accumulate wealth as now appears in your near future: but this new wealth will be of that highest type gained by rightful methods, in which each dollar that any man passes to his own credit on his business ledger will mark a dollar's worth of service that he has rendered to his fellow-men.

I have claimed also to be a Democrat of Democrats upon the ground that only those are entitled to the name who fully accept the rule that every man, be he rich or poor, black or white, has an equal stake in righteous government. The rich man has no greater claim to influence merely because he possesses wealth, than the poor man because he desires to attain it, except so far as in the attainment of his property he has gained an honest influence over others. The best reason that could have been assigned for the change of the government of the State of South Carolina when Wade Hampton was chosen was given me by an old negro whom I met at the Capitol in Columbia a few months after the change, of which I asked him the reason: "De reason, boss," said he, "de reason is dat you can't put ign'ance ober intelligence, and make it stay."

Gentlemen, when you trust fully in the democratic principle that every man is entitled to one vote, and when no man fears to have that vote counted, there will be less danger of the continued control of ignorance over intelligence than there is when resort is had to any other method; and only when such is the rule will free institutions be fully established. . . . .

In fact, what is needed now, and what is growing fast, is the sense of national existence. Where is the leader at whose trumpet-call the great party of the nation will arise? Look for your analogy in the very art to which our attention has been devoted. In the kingdom of cotton there is no solid South, no solid North; but each member of the kingdom is dependent upon all the rest. The art begins with the field-hand who first stirs the soil and plants the seed, and ends only when the finished goods are placed upon the shelves of those who distribute them. Each member of the craft depends upon all, and the whole structure of society, North and South, is twisted into the strand and interwoven in the web that constitutes the product of the cotton-field and of the cotton-mill.

So, also, in the art of government, all interests are harmonious. In the question of good money; in that of equal and just taxation, whether under an excise law or a tariff act; in assuring integrity and efficiency in office; in peace, order, and industry,—there is no North, no South, no East, no West: but in both existing parties, and in all sections, there are different minds, different motives, and different methods proposed to attain these ends. These are the great questions of the future, on which the welfare of all depends, without distinction of section, race, or party, as parties now exist. . . . .

It is one of the plainest facts to one who comes among you simply as a student of events, and who addresses you with no reference to the pending election, that your solid South is being rent by forces that will bring right-minded men of the South into zealous coöperation with like-minded men of the North; that your future leaders will be those whose interests are in the living present, and that your own dead past will bury its dead. We can see more clearly than you can yourselves that the color line is fading away; that if any city, county, or State attempts to deny to any man, black or white, the right to speak, act, and vote as he pleases, that section is becoming poor. Emigrants shun it, self-respecting white laborers leave it, and its colored laborers remain only until they can get means to move away.

We see other sections of your Southern land that are more wise, where the black man is permitted to have the white man's chance; where schools are maintained and justice is assured; and these sections are becoming rich and prosperous. For such examples one need not go beyond Atlanta and Chattanooga. One need only to illustrate the process to which I have referred by one of many cases that I could cite where the negro farmer who had migrated from one State where he was abused to another where he was trusted, and, in the second year from that time, received from a banker an advance of one thousand dollars on the cotton crop that he and his children had made, and used the money to pay for the land that he had hired.

More potent than prejudice or passion these great forces slowly but surely work. They may be retarded, but cannot be stopped. Liberty and justice shall surely govern this fair land.

"Steadfast in truth and right
This Nation yet shall be;
'Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free:
This is alone life, joy, empire, and victory.'"

Such is always the imperative law: no man's property is safe, and no man's welfare is assured, where justice is denied to the poor, or where crime goes unpunished; no State can prosper, however rich the land or varied the resources, where human rights are not respected. If States cannot or do not govern themselves justly, and accord an equal chance to all their citizens, their influence in the councils of the nation must be small indeed. But wherever I have been I find great changes have been made, and these great forces working,—on all your lines of railroad new enterprise, thrift, and energy, towns increasing and cities growing; and, as I have said, the color line is fading in these places, whatever may be the case in the interior. I trust the progress I have noted where I have been may be but the symbol of other districts and other States. If it is not, none know the facts as well as you yourselves, and none can assure the remedy except yourselves. By your own acts you shall be justified; and, when the end is reached, what grander chapter in history will ever have been recorded than that which is being now written?

I had read the Scripture where it is written that men should convert their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; but in your neighboring city of Chattanooga I also saw the battery that had belched forth fire and death converted into a fountain of living water to nourish the new industry of the new South.

As you convert the darkness of oppression and slavery to liberty and justice, so shall you be judged by men and by Him who created all the nations of the earth.

David Ames Wells.

Born in Springfield, Mass., 1828.

THE OLD AND THE NEW IDEAS IN TAXATION.

[*Second Report of the Commissioners to Revise the Laws for the Assessment, etc., of Taxes in the State of New York.* 1872.]

THE first attempt made to tax money at interest was instigated against money-lenders because they were Jews; but the Jew was sufficiently shrewd to charge the full tax over to the Christian borrower, including a percentage for annoyance and risk; and now most Christian countries, as the result of early experience, compel or permit the Jew to enter the money-market, and submit, without let or hindrance, his transactions to the "higher law" of trade and political economy. But a class yet exist who would persecute a Jew if he is a money-lender, and they regret that the good old times of roasting him have passed away. They take delight in applying against him, in taxation, rules of evidence admissible in no court since witches have ceased to be tried and condemned. They sigh at the suggestion that all inquisitions shall be abolished; they consider oaths, the rack, the iron boot and the thumbscrew as the visible manifestations of equality. They would tax primarily everything to the lowest atom; first for national purposes, and then for State and local purposes, through separate boards of assessors. They would require every other man to be an assessor or collector, and it is not probable that the work could then be accomplished with accuracy. The average consumption of every inhabitant of this State (New York), annually, is at least $200, or in the aggregate, $800,000,000; and this immense amount would fail to be taxed if the assessment was made at the end of the year, and not daily, as fast as consumption followed production. All this complicated machinery of infinitesimal taxation and mediæval inquisition is to be brought into requisition for the purpose of taxing "money property," which is nothing but a myth. The money-lender parts with his property to the borrower, who puts it in the form of new buildings, or other improvements, upon which he pays a tax. Is not one assessment on the same property sufficient? But if you insist upon another assessment on the money-lender, it requires no prophetic power to predict that he will add the tax in his transactions with the borrower. If a tax of ten per cent. was levied and enforced on every bill of goods, or note given for goods, the tax would be added to the price of goods, and how would this form of tax be different from the tax on the goods?

"Money property" except in coin is imaginary, and cannot exist. There are rights to property of great value. The right to inherit property is valuable; and a mortgage on land is a certificate of right or interest in the property, but it is not the property. Land under lease is as much "money property" as a mortgage on the same land; both will yield an income of money. Labor will command money, and is a valuable power to acquire property, but is not property. If we could make property by making debts, it cannot be doubted that a national debt would be a national blessing. Attacking the bugbear of "money property" is an assault on all property; for "money property" is the mere representative of property. If we tax the representative, the tax must fall upon the thing represented.

A traveller in the Okefinokee swamp slaps the mosquitoes off his right cheek only to find that they immediately alight upon his left cheek; and that when he has driven them from thence, they return and alight on his nose; and that all the time he loses blood as a genuine primary or secondary tax-payer. And so it is with taxation. If we live in any country not wholly barbarous, we cannot escape it; and it is the fate of man to bear his proportion of its burdens in proportion to his expense, property, and consumption. The main question of interest and importance in connection with the subject, therefore, is, shall we have an economical system (and hence a species of labor-saving machine), and a uniform and honest system; or one that is expensive and encourages dishonesty and is arbitrary and inquisitorial? In either case the tax-collector will act the part of the mosquito, and will get blood from all; but in an honest and economical system he will get no unnecessary blood.

WANTS.

[*Why We Trade and How We Trade.* 1888.]

WANTS have their origin in human nature, and are practically illimitable. No one ever has all he wants, though pretension may be made to that effect. In general, every one satisfies his wants by his own labor; but no man who is not a savage or a Robinson Crusoe ever attempts to obtain all he wants by his own labor *directly*, or from the products of one locality; and nature evidently never intended that it should be otherwise. For there is no nation, or country, or community, nor probably any one man, that is not, by reason of differences in soil, climate, physical or mental capacities, at advantage or disadvantage as respects some other nation, country, community, or men, in producing or doing something useful. It is only a brute, furthermore, as economists have long recognized, that can find a full satisfaction for its desires in its immediate surroundings; while poor indeed must be the man of civilization that does not lay every quarter of the globe under contribution every morning for his breakfast. Hence—springing out of this diversity in the powers of production, and of wants in respect to locations and individuals—the origin of trade. Hence its necessity and advantage; and the man who has not sufficient education to read the letters of any printed book perceives by instinct, more clearly, as a general rule, than the man of civilization, that if he can trade freely, he can better his condition and increase the sum of his happiness; for the first thing the savage, when brought in contact with civilized man, wants to do, is to exchange; and the first effort of every new settlement in any new country, after providing temporary food and shelter, is to open a road or other means of communication to some other settlement, in order that they may trade or exchange the commodities which they can produce to advantage, for the products which some others can produce to greater advantage. And, obeying this same natural instinct, the heart of every man, that has not been filled with prejudice of race or country, or perverted by talk about the necessity of tariffs and custom-houses, experiences a pleasurable emotion when it learns that a new road has been opened, a new railroad constructed, or that the time of crossing the seas has been greatly shortened; and if to-day it could be announced that the problem of aërial navigation had been solved, and that hereafter everybody could go everywhere, with all their goods and chattels, for one-tenth of the cost and in one-tenth of the time that is now required, one universal shout of jubilation would arise spontaneously from the whole civilized world. And why? Simply because everybody would feel that there would be forthwith a multitude of new wants, an equal multitude of new satisfactions, an increase of business in putting wants and satisfactions into the relations of equations in which one side would balance the other, and an increase of comfort and happiness everywhere.

William James Stillman.

Born in Schenectady, N. Y., 1828.

JOHN RUSKIN.

[*The Century Magazine.* 1888.]

I WAS sitting one afternoon with Longfellow, on the porch of the old house at Cambridge, when the conversation turned on intellectual development, and he referred to a curious phenomenon, of which he instanced several cases, and which he compared to the double stars, of two minds not personally related but forming a binary system, revolving simultaneously around each other and around some principle which they regarded in different lights. I do not remember his instances, but that which at once came to my mind was the very interesting one of Turner and Ruskin. The complementary relation of the great writer and the imaginative painter is one of the most—indeed the most—interesting that I know in intellectual history: the one a master in all that belongs to verbal expression, but singularly deficient in the gifts of the artist, feeble in drawing, with a most inaccurate perception of color and no power of invention; the other the most stupendous of idealists, the most consummate master of color orchestration the world has ever seen, but so curiously devoid of the gifts of language that he could hardly learn to write grammatically or coherently, and when he spoke omitting so many words that often his utterances, like those of a child, required interpretation by one accustomed to his ways before a stranger could understand them. Ruskin is a man reared and moulded in the straitest Puritanism, abhorring uncleanness of all kinds, generous to extravagance, moved by the noblest humanitarian impulses, morbidly averse to anything that partakes of sensuality, and responsive as a young girl to appeals to his tenderness and compassion. Turner was a miser; churlish; a satyr in his morals,—not merely a sensualist, but satisfied only by occasional indulgences in the most degrading debauchery; and even in his painting sometimes giving expression to images so filthy that when, after his death, the trustees came to overhaul his sketches, there were many which they were obliged to destroy in regard for common decency. It is hardly possible to conceive of a more complete antithesis than that in the natures of these two, who turn, and will turn so long as English art and English letters endure, around the same centre of art and each around the other. In fact, to the great majority of our race Turner is seen through the eyes of Ruskin, and Ruskin is only known as the eulogist of Turner.

The conjunction leaves both misunderstood by the general mind. Ruskin looks at the works of the great landscape painter much as the latter looked at nature,—not for what is in the thing looked at, but for the sentiments it awakens. The world's art does not present anything to rival Turner's in its defiance of nature. He used nature when it pleased him to do so, but when it pleased him better he belied her with the most reckless audacity. He had absolutely no respect for truth. His color was the most splendid of impossibilities, and his topography like the geography of dreams; yet Ruskin has spent a great deal of his life in persuading himself and the world that Turner's color was scientifically correct, and in hunting for the points of view from which he drew his compositions. Ruskin's conviction that Turner was always doing his best, if in a mysterious way, to tell the truth about nature, is invincible. Early in the period of my acquaintance with him we had a vivacious discussion on this matter in his own house; and to convince him that Turner was quite indifferent as to matters of natural phenomena, I called Ruskin's attention to the view out of the window, which was of the Surrey hills, a rolling country whose grassy heights were basking in a glorious summer sunlight and backed by a pure blue sky, requesting him then to have brought down from the room where it was hung a drawing by Turner in which a similar effect was treated. The hill in nature was, as it always will be if covered by vegetation and under the same circumstances, distinctly darker than the sky; Turner's was relieved in pale yellow green against a deep blue sky, stippled down to a delicious aërial profundity. Ruskin gave up the case in point, but still clung to the general rule. In fact, having begun his system of art teaching on the hypothesis that Turner's way of seeing nature was scientifically the most correct that art knew, he had never been able to abandon it and admit that Turner only sought, as was the case, chromatic relations which had no more to do with facts of color than the music of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" has to do with the emotions of the occasion on which it is played. His assumption of Turner's veracity is the corner-stone of his system, and its rejection would be the demolition of that system.

His art criticism is radically and irretrievably wrong. No art can be gauged by its fidelity to nature unless we admit in that term the wider sense which makes nature of the human soul and all that is,—the sense of music, the perception of beauty, the grasp of imagination, "the light that never was, on sea or land," as well as that which serves the lens of the photographer; and Ruskin's own work, his teaching in his classes, and his application of his own standards to all great work, show that he understands the term "fidelity to nature" to mean the adherence to physical facts, the scientific aspects of nature. Greek art he never has really sympathized with, nor at heart accepted as supreme, though years after he took the position he never has avowedly abandoned, he found that in Greek coinage there were artistic qualities of the highest refinement; but Watts has told me that he expressed his surprise that the artist could keep before him so ugly a thing as the Oxford Venus, a cast of which was in his studio, and that he pronounced the horse an animal devoid of all beauty. In my opinion he cares nothing for the plastic qualities of art, or for the human figure, otherwise than as it embodies humanity and moral dignity. The diverse criticisms he makes on Titian, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, put side by side with his notes on Holman Hunt, on George Leslie, and Miss Thompson, in the Royal Academy, and Miss Alexander's drawings, show his appreciation of figure art to be absolutely without any criterion of style or motive in figure painting, if this were not already apparent from his contradictions at different periods of his life. These are puzzling to the casual reader. When he says, in the early part of "Modern Painters," that the work of Michael Angelo in general, the Madonna di San Sisto, and some other works are at the height of human excellence, and later demolishes poor Buonarotti like a bad plaster cast, and sets Raphael down as a mere posturer and dexterous academician, one is at a loss to reconcile his opinions with any standard. The fact I believe to be that his early art education, which was in great part due to J. D. Harding, a painter of high executive powers and keen appreciation of technical abilities in the Italian painters, was in the vein of orthodox standards; that while under the influence of his reverence for his teachers, he accepted the judgment which they, in common with most artists, have passed on the old masters; but that when left to himself, with no kind of sympathy with ideal figure art, nor, I believe, with any form of figure art as such, but with a passion for landscape, a curious enthusiasm for what is minute and intense in execution, and an overweening estimate of his own standards and opinions, he gradually lost all this vicarious appreciation and retained of his admiration of old art only what was in accordance with his own feelings, *i. e.*, the intensity of moral and religious fervor, and, above all, anything that savored of mysticism, the ascetic and didactic—especially the art of the schools of religious passion. This was due to the profound devotional feeling which was the basis of his intellectual nature. He said to me once that he was a long time in doubt whether he should give himself to the church or to art. So far as the world is concerned, I think he took the wrong road. In the church he might not have been, as his father hoped, a bishop, for his views have been too individual for church discipline, but I believe he would have produced a far greater and more beneficial effect on his age. As an art critic he has been like one writing on the sea-sands—his system and his doctrines of art are repudiated by every thoughtful artist I know. Art in certain forms touches him profoundly but only emotionally. Although he drew earnestly for years, he never seemed to understand style in drawing, master as he is of style (*sui generis*) in language; his perception of color is so deficient that he appears to me unable to recognize the true optical color of any object; that is, its color in sunshine as distinguished from its color in shadow; and in painting from nature he is always best pleased with what is most like Turner. . . . .

There is in his character a curious form of individuality so accentuated and so imperious that it produces in him the sense of infallibility. He speaks of his opinions not as matters of opinion but as positive knowledge; yet in personal intercourse I found nothing of the dogmatism which is so notable a feature in his writing. He listened to all objections, and often acknowledged, during discussion, the inconsequence of his conclusions; and during the long and vigorous debates which occupied our evenings he not infrequently admitted error, but on the next day held the old ground as firmly as ever. His intellect, with all its power and intensity, is of the purely feminine type. The love of purity; the quick, kindly, and unreasoning impulse; the uncompromising self-sacrifice when the feeling is on him, and the illogical self-assertion in reaction when it has passed; the passionate admiration of power; the waywardness and often inexplicable fickleness,—all are there. But behind all these feminine traits there is the no less feminine quality of passionate love of justice, flecked, on occasions of personal implication, with acts of great injustice; there is a general inexhaustible tenderness, with occasional instances of absolute cruelty. Any present judgment of him as a whole is difficult if not impossible, because there are in him several different individuals, and the perspective in which we now see them makes of his position, as an art teacher, the dominant element of his personality; whereas, in my persuasion, his art teaching is in his own nature and work subordinate to his moral and humanitarian ideals. He always saw art through a religious medium, and this made him, from the beginning, strain his system of teaching and criticism to meet the demand of direct truth to nature, the roots of his enthusiasm and reverence being not in art but in nature and in her beneficial influence on humanity. . . . .

Of Ruskin the writer, aside from the art critic, it is surely superfluous for me to say anything: for mastery of our language, the greater authorities long ago have given him his place; the multitude of petty critics and pinchbeck rhetoricians who pay him the tribute of tawdry imitation is the ever-present testimony to his power and masterhood. Probably no prose writer of this century has had so many choice extracts made from his writings,—passages of gorgeous description, passionate exhortation, pathetic appeal, or apostolic denunciation; and certainly no one has so moulded the style of all the writers of a class as he, for there scarcely can be found a would-be art critic who does not struggle to fill his throat with Ruskin's thunders, so that a flood of Ruskin—and water —threatens all taste and all study of art. . . . .

Description *à la* Ruskin has become a disease of the literature of the generation, and your novelist coolly stops you in the crisis of his story to describe a sunset in two or three pages which, when all is said, compare with Ruskin as a satyr with Hyperion.

Ruskin obstinately bent all his conclusions and observations to his doctrines—what he wanted to see he saw, nothing else. . . .

He wanted to see truth in Turner's drawings, and he made his truth accordingly. I can but regard his influence on modern landscape painting as pernicious from beginning to end, and coinciding as it did with the advent of a great naturalistic and, therefore, anti-artistic tendency in all branches of study, it was even more disastrous than it would have been in ordinary circumstances. . . . .

But Ruskin's true position is higher than that of art critic in any possible development. It is as a moralist and a reformer and in his passionate love of humanity (not inconsistent with much bitterness, and even unmerited, at times, to individual men) that we must recognize him. His place is in the pulpit, speaking largely and in the unsectarian sense.

Truth is multiform, but of one essence, and, such as he sees it, he is always faithful to it. I have taken large exception to his ideas and teachings in respect to art because I feel that they are misleading. His mistakes in art are in some measure due to his fundamental mistake of measuring it by its moral powers and influence, and the roots of the error are so deeply involved in his character and mental development that it can never be uprooted. It is difficult for me (perhaps for any of his contemporaries) to judge him as a whole, because, besides being his contemporary and a sufferer by what I now perceive to be the fatal error of his system, I was for so many years his close personal friend, and because, while I do not agree with his tenets and am obliged by my own sense of right to combat many of his teachings, I still retain the personal affection for him of those years which are dear to memory, and reverence the man as I know him; and because I most desire that he should be judged rightly,—as a man who for moral greatness has few equals in his day, and who deserves an honor and distinction which he has not received, and in a selfish and sordid world will not receive, but which I believe time will give him,—that of being one who gave his whole life and substance to the furtherance of what he believed to be the true happiness and elevation of his fellow-men. Even were he the sound art critic so many people take him to be, his real nature rises above that office as much as humanity rises above art. When we wish to compare him with men of his kind, it must be with Plato or Savonarola rather than with Hazlitt or Hamerton. Art cannot be clearly estimated in any connection with morality, and Ruskin could never, any more than Plato or Savonarola, escape the condition of being in every fibre of his nature a moralist and not an artist, and as he advanced in life the ethical side of his nature more and more asserted its mastery, though less and less in theological terms. . . . .

He considers himself the pupil of Carlyle—for me he floats in a purer air than Carlyle ever breathed. As a feminine nature he was captivated by the robust masculine force of his great countryman, and there was in the imperial theory of Carlyle much that chimed with Ruskin's own ideas of human government. The Chelsean, regretfully looking back to the day of absolutism and brutal domination of the appointed king, was in a certain sense a sympathetic reply to Ruskin's longings for a firm and orderly government when he felt the quicksands of the transitional order of the day yielding under his feet, but in reality the two regarded Rule from points as far removed from each other as those of Luther and Voltaire. Carlyle's ideal was one of a Royal Necessity, an incarnate law indifferent to the crushed in its marchings and rulings,—burly, brutal, contemptuous of the luckless individual or the overtaken straggler; his Rule exists not for the sake of humanity, but for that of Order, as if

Order and Rule were called out for their own sake; he puffs into perdition the trivial details of individual men, closing accounts by ignoring the fractions. Ruskin loses sight of no detail, but calls in to the benefit of *his* Order and Rule every child and likeness of a child in larger form, full of a tenderness which is utterly human yet inexhaustible. Carlyle's ruler is like a Viking's god, his conception utterly pagan; Ruskin's is Christlike; Carlyle's word is like the mace of Charlemagne, Ruskin's like the sword of the Angel Gabriel; if Ruskin is notably egotistical, Carlyle is utterly selfish; if Ruskin dogmatizes like an Evangelist, Carlyle poses as a Prophet; and the difference, when we come to sum up all the qualities, moral, intellectual, and literary, seems to me to be in favor of Ruskin. Their ideals are similarly antithetical—Ruskin's lying in a hopeful future, an unattainable Utopia, perhaps, but still a blessed dream; Carlyle's in a return to a brutal and barren past, made forever impossible by the successful assertion of human individuality, and for whose irrevocability we thank God with all our hearts and in all hope of human progress. The public estimate has not overrated Ruskin, just as he had not overrated Turner, because the aggregate impression of power received was adequate to the cause; but in the one case as in the other the mistake has been relative, and consisted in misestimating the genius and attributing the highest value to the wrong item in the aggregate. I may be mistaken in my estimate of Ruskin, but I believe that the future will exalt him above it rather than depress him below it.

George William Bagby.

Born in Buckingham Co., Va., 1828. **Died** in Richmond, Va., 1883.

JUD. BROWNIN'S ACCOUNT OF RUBINSTEIN'S PLAYING.

[*Miscellaneous Writings of Dr. George W. Bagby.* 1884.]

"JUD, they say you heard Rubinstein play, when you were in New York."

"I did, in the cool."

"Well, tell us about it."

"What! me? I might's well tell you about the creation of the world."

"Come, now; no mock modesty. Go ahead."

"Well, sir, he had the blamedest biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distractid billiard table on three legs. The lid was heisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a-tore the intire insides clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven."

"Played well, did he?"

"You bet he did; but don't interrup' me. When he first set down he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wished he hadn' come. He tweedle-leedled a little on the trible, and twoodle-oodle-oodled some on the base—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, s'I, 'what sort of fool playin' is that?' And he says, 'Heish!' But presently his hands commenced chasin' one 'nother up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"'Now,' I says to my neighbor, 'he's showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' of it; but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nuthin'. If he'd play me up a tune of some kind or other, I'd—'

"But my neighbor says 'Heish!' very impatient.

"I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird wakin' up away off in the woods, and callin' sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and I see that Ruben was beginnin' to take some interest in his business, and I set down agin. It was the peep o' day. The light come faint from the east, the breeze blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People begun to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms; a leetle more and it tetcht the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed; the birds sang like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

"And I says to my neighbor, 'that's music, that is.'

"But he glar'd at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

"Presently the wind turned; it begun to thicken up, and a kind of grey mist come over things; I got low-spirited d'rectly. Then a silver rain began to fall; I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold. The most curious thing was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook, and led it on, and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was—I never was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight come, without any sunset, and shone on the grave-yards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and between the black sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, and played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could a-cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with guitars did. Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my hankerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a gazin' at me a snivlin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me, mad as Tucker.

"Then, all of a sudden, old Ruben changed his tune. He ripped and he rar'd, he tipped and tar'd, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afeard of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick, he gave 'em no rest, day nor night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumpt spang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"'*Go it, my Rube!*'

"Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, 'Put him out! Put him out!'

"'Put your great-grandmother's grizzly grey greenish cat into the middle of next month!' I says. 'Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me.'

"With that, some several p'licemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

"He had changed his tune again. He hopt-light ladies and tip-toed fine from eend to eend of the key-board. He played soft, and low, and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles in heaven was lit, one by one. I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetenin' sweetness with white sugar, mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Ruben he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, 'Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me.'

"He stopt a minute or two, to fetch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears and he scratched her cheeks, till she farly yelled. He knockt her down and he stompt on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter-stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the trible into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard-two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he crost over first lady, he balanced to pards, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, doubled and twisted and tied and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-'leven thousand double bow-knots. By jings! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetcht up his right wing, he fetcht up his left wing, he fetcht up his centre, he fetcht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments and by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege-guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shell, shrapnel, grape, canister, mortars, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a'goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, nine-pences, glory, ten-penny nails, my Mary Ann, hallelujah, Samson in a 'simmon tree, Jeroosal'm, Tump Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle—ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle — raddle-addle-addle-addle-addle — riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—reetle-eetle-eetle-eetle-eetle-eetle—p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! per lang! per-plang! p-r-r-r-r-r-r-lang! BANG!

"With that *bang!* he lifted hisself bodily into the ar', and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows and his nose, striking every single solitary key on that pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quivers, and I know'd no mo'.

"When I come too, I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to ag'in. Day was a breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas hotel, and I pledge you my word I didn't know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, '*Hot music on the half shell for two!*' I pintedly did."

Fitz-James O'Brien.

BORN in County Limerick, Ireland, 1828. DIED at Cumberland, Md., 1862.

THE SKATERS.

[*Poems and Stories. Edited, with a Sketch of the Author, by William Winter.* 1881.]

LIKE clouds they scud across the ice,
His hand holds hers as in a vice;
The moonlight strikes the back-blown hair
Of handsome Madge and Rupert Clare.

The ice resounds beneath the steel;
It groans to feel his spurning heel;
While ever with the following wind
A shadowy skater flits behind.

"Why skate we thus so far from land?
O Rupert Clare, let go my hand!
I cannot see—I cannot hear—
The wind about us moans with fear!"

His hand is stiffer than a vice,
His touch is colder than the ice,
His face is paler than the moon
That paves with light the lone lagoon!

"O Rupert Clare, I feel—I trace
A something awful in your face!
You crush my hand—you sweep me on—
Until my breath and sense are gone!"

His grasp is stiffer than a vice,
His touch is colder than the ice;
She only hears the ringing tune
Of skates upon the lone lagoon.

"O Rupert Clare! sweet Rupert Clare!
For heaven's mercy hear my prayer!
I could not help my heart you know!
Poor Willy Gray,—he loves me so!"

His grip is stiffer than a vice,
His lip is bluer than the ice;
While ever thrills the ringing tune
Of skates along the lone lagoon.

"O Rupert Clare! where are your eyes?
The rotten ice before us lies!
You dastard! Loose your hold, I say!—
O God! Where are you, Willy Gray?"

A shriek that seems to split the sky,—
A wilder light in Rupert's eye,—
She cannot—cannot loose that grip;
His sinewy arm is round her hip!

But like an arrow on the wind
The shadowy skater scuds behind;
The lithe ice rises to the stroke
Of steel-shod heels that seem to smoke.

He hurls himself upon the pair;
He tears his bride from Rupert Clare;
His fainting Madge, whose moist eyes say,
Ah! here, at last, is Willy Gray!

The lovers stand with heart to heart,—
"No more," they cry, "no more to part!"
But still along the lone lagoon
The steel skates ring a ghostly tune!

And in the moonlight, pale and cold,
The panting lovers still behold
The self-appointed sacrifice
Skating toward the rotten ice!

FROM "THE DIAMOND LENS."

ANIMULA.

THE three months succeeding Simon's catastrophe I devoted night and day to my diamond lens. I had constructed a vast galvanic battery, composed of nearly two thousand pairs of plates,—a higher power I dared not use, lest the diamond should be calcined. By means of this enormous engine I was enabled to send a powerful current of electricity continually through my great diamond, which it seemed to me gained in lustre every day. At the expiration of a month I commenced the grinding and polishing of the lens, a work of intense toil and exquisite delicacy. The great density of the stone, and the care required to be taken with the curvatures of the surfaces of the lens, rendered the labor the severest and most harassing that I had yet undergone.

At last the eventful moment came; the lens was completed. I stood trembling on the threshold of new worlds. I had the realization of Alexander's famous wish before me. The lens lay on the table, ready to be placed upon its platform. My hand fairly shook as I enveloped a drop of water with a thin coating of oil of turpentine, preparatory to its examination,—a process necessary in order to prevent the rapid evaporation of the water. I now placed the drop on a thin slip of glass under the lens, and throwing upon it, by the combined aid of a prism and a mirror, a powerful stream of light, I approached my eye to the minute hole drilled through the axis of the lens. For an instant I saw nothing save what seemed to be an illuminated chaos, a vast luminous abyss. A pure white light, cloudless and serene, and seemingly limitless as space itself, was my first impression. Gently, and with the greatest care, I depressed the lens a few hairs'-breadths. The wondrous illumination still continued, but as the lens approached the object a scene of indescribable beauty was unfolded to my view.

I seemed to gaze upon a vast space, the limits of which extended far beyond my vision. An atmosphere of magical luminousness permeated the entire field of view. I was amazed to see no trace of animalculous life. Not a living thing, apparently, inhabited that dazzling expanse. I comprehended instantly that, by the wondrous power of my lens, I had penetrated beyond the grosser particles of aqueous matter, beyond the realms of infusoria and protozoa, down to the original gaseous globule, into whose luminous interior I was gazing, as into an almost boundless dome filled with a supernatural radiance.

It was, however, no brilliant void into which I looked. On every side I beheld beautiful inorganic forms, of unknown texture, and colored with the most enchanting hues. These forms presented the appearance of what might be called, for want of a more specific definition, foliated clouds of the highest rarity; that is, they undulated and broke into vegetable formations, and were tinged with splendors compared with which the gilding of our autumn woodlands is as dross compared with gold. Far away into the illimitable distance stretched long avenues of these gaseous forests, dimly transparent, and painted with prismatic hues of unimaginable brilliancy. The pendent branches waved along the fluid glades until every vista seemed to break through half-lucent ranks of many-colored drooping silken pennons. What seemed to be either fruits or flowers, pied with a thousand hues, lustrous and ever varying, bubbled from the crowns of this fairy foliage. No hills, no lakes, no rivers, no forms animate or inanimate, were to be seen, save those vast auroral copses that floated serenely in the luminous stillness, with leaves and fruits and flowers gleaming with unknown fires, unrealizable by mere imagination.

How strange, I thought, that this sphere should be thus condemned to solitude! I had hoped, at least, to discover some new form of animal life,—perhaps of a lower class than any with which we are at present acquainted, but still some living organism. I found my newly discovered world, if I may so speak, a beautiful chromatic desert.

While I was speculating on the singular arrangements of the internal economy of Nature, with which she so frequently splinters into atoms our most compact theories, I thought I beheld a form moving slowly through the glades of one of the prismatic forests. I looked more attentively, and found that I was not mistaken. Words cannot depict the anxiety with which I awaited the nearer approach of this mysterious object. Was it merely some inanimate substance, held in suspense in the attenuated atmosphere of the globule? or was it an animal endowed with vitality and motion? It approached, flitting behind the gauzy, colored veils of cloud-foliage, for seconds dimly revealed, then vanishing. At last the violet pennons that trailed nearest to me vibrated; they were gently pushed aside, and the form floated out into the broad light.

It was a female human shape. When I say human, I mean it possessed the outlines of humanity,—but there the analogy ends. Its adorable beauty lifted it illimitable heights beyond the loveliest daughter of Adam.

I cannot, I dare not, attempt to inventory the charms of this divine revelation of perfect beauty. Those eyes of mystic violet, dewy and serene, evade my words. Her long, lustrous hair following her glorious head in a golden wake, like the track sown in heaven by a falling star, seems to quench my most burning phrases with its splendors. If all the bees of Hybla nestled upon my lips, they would still sing but hoarsely the wondrous harmonies of outline that enclosed her form.

She swept out from between the rainbow-curtains of the cloud-trees into the broad sea of light that lay beyond. Her motions were those of some graceful naiad, cleaving, by a mere effort of her will, the clear, unruffled waters that fill the chambers of the sea. She floated forth with the serene grace of a frail bubble ascending through the still atmosphere of a June day. The perfect roundness of her limbs formed suave and enchanting curves. It was like listening to the most spiritual symphony of Beethoven the divine, to watch the harmonious flow of lines. This, indeed, was a pleasure cheaply purchased at any price. What cared I, if I had waded to the portal of this wonder through another's blood? I would have given my own to enjoy one such moment of intoxication and delight.

Breathless with gazing on this lovely wonder, and forgetful for an instant of everything save her presence, I withdrew my eye from the microscope eagerly,—alas! As my gaze fell on the thin slide that lay beneath my instrument, the bright light from mirror and from prism sparkled on a colorless drop of water! There, in that tiny bead of dew, this beautiful being was forever imprisoned. The planet Neptune was not more distant from me than she. I hastened once more to apply my eye to the microscope.

Animula (let me now call her by that dear name which I subsequently bestowed on her) had changed her position. She had again approached the wondrous forest, and was gazing earnestly upwards. Presently one of the trees—as I must call them—unfolded a long ciliary process, with which it seized one of the gleaming fruits that glittered on its summit, and, sweeping slowly down, held it within reach of Animula. The sylph took it in her delicate hand and began to eat. My attention was so entirely absorbed by her, that I could not apply myself to the task of determining whether this singular plant was or was not instinct with volition.

I watched her, as she made her repast, with the most profound attention. The suppleness of her motions sent a thrill of delight through my frame; my heart beat madly as she turned her beautiful eyes in the direction of the spot in which I stood. What would I not have given to have had the power to precipitate myself into that luminous ocean, and float with her through those groves of purple and gold! While I was thus breathlessly following her every movement, she suddenly started, seemed to listen for a moment, and then cleaving the brilliant ether in which she was floating, like a flash of light pierced through the opaline forest, and disappeared.

Instantly a series of the most singular sensations attacked me. It seemed as if I had suddenly gone blind. The luminous sphere was still before me, but my daylight had vanished. What caused this sudden disappearance? Had she a lover or a husband? Yes, that was the solution! Some signal from a happy fellow-being had vibrated through the avenues of the forest, and she had obeyed the summons.

The agony of my sensations, as I arrived at this conclusion, startled me. I tried to reject the conviction that my reason forced upon me. I battled against the fatal conclusion,—but in vain. It was so. I had no escape from it. I loved an animalcule!

It is true that, thanks to the marvellous power of my microscope, she appeared of human proportions. Instead of presenting the revolting aspect of the coarser creatures that live and struggle and die in the more easily resolvable portions of the water drop, she was fair and delicate and of surpassing beauty. But of what account was all that? Every time that my eye was withdrawn from the instrument, it fell on a miserable drop of water, within which, I must be content to know, dwelt all that could make my life lovely.

Could she but see me once! Could I for one moment pierce the mystical walls that so inexorably rose to separate us, and whisper all that filled my soul, I might consent to be satisfied for the rest of my life with the knowledge of her remote sympathy. It would be something to have established even the faintest personal link to bind us together,—to know that at times, when roaming through those enchanted glades, she might think of the wonderful stranger, who had broken the monotony of her life with his presence, and left a gentle memory in her heart!

But it could not be. No invention of which human intellect was capable could break down the barriers that nature had erected. I might feast my soul upon her wondrous beauty, yet she must always remain ignorant of the adoring eyes that day and night gazed upon her, and, even when closed, beheld her in dreams. With a bitter cry of anguish I fled from the room, and, flinging myself on my bed, sobbed myself to sleep like a child.

THE SPILLING OF THE CUP.

I arose the next morning almost at daybreak, and rushed to my microscope. I trembled as I sought the luminous world in miniature that contained my all. Animula was there. I had left the gas-lamp, surrounded by its moderators, burning, when I went to bed the night before. I found the sylph bathing, as it were, with an expression of pleasure animating her features, in the brilliant light which surrounded her. She tossed her lustrous golden hair over her shoulders with innocent coquetry. She lay at full length in the transparent medium, in which she supported herself with ease, and gambolled with the enchanting grace that the nymph Salmacis might have exhibited when she sought to conquer the modest Hermaphroditus. I tried an experiment to satisfy myself if her powers of reflection were developed. I lessened the lamp-light considerably. By the dim light that remained, I could see an expression of pain flit across her face. She looked upward suddenly, and her brows contracted. I flooded the stage of the microscope again with a full stream of light, and her whole expression changed. She sprang forward like some substance deprived of all weight. Her eyes sparkled and her lips moved. Ah! if science had only the means of conducting and reduplicating sounds, as it does the rays of light, what carols of happiness would then have entranced my ears! what jubilant hymns to Adonaïs would have thrilled the illumined air!

I now comprehended how it was that the Count de Gabalis peopled his mystic world with sylphs,—beautiful beings whose breath of life was lambent fire, and who sported forever in regions of purest ether and purest light. The Rosicrucian had anticipated the wonder that I had practically realized.

How long this worship of my strange divinity went on thus I scarcely know. I lost all note of time. All day from early dawn, and far into the night, I was to be found peering through that wonderful lens. I saw no one, went nowhere, and scarce allowed myself sufficient time for my meals. My whole life was absorbed in contemplation as rapt as that of any of the Romish saints. Every hour that I gazed upon the divine form strengthened my passion,—a passion that was always overshadowed by the maddening conviction that, although I could gaze on her at will, she never, never could behold me!

At length, I grew so pale and emaciated, from want of rest, and continual brooding over my insane love and its cruel conditions, that I determined to make some effort to wean myself from it. "Come," I said, "this is at best but a fantasy. Your imagination has bestowed on Animula charms which in reality she does not possess. Seclusion from female society has produced this morbid condition of mind. Compare her with the beautiful women of your own world, and this false enchantment will vanish."

I looked over the newspapers by chance. There I beheld the advertisement of a celebrated *danseuse* who appeared nightly at Niblo's. The Signorina Caradolce had the reputation of being the most beautiful as well as the most graceful woman in the world. I instantly dressed and went to the theatre.

The curtain drew up. The usual semicircle of fairies in white muslin were standing on the right toe around the enamelled flower-bank, of green canvas, on which the belated prince was sleeping. Suddenly a flute is heard. The fairies start. The trees open, the fairies all stand on the left toe, and the queen enters. It was the Signorina. She bounded forward amid thunders of applause, and, lighting on one foot, remained poised in air. Heavens! was this the great enchantress that had drawn monarchs at her chariot-wheels? Those heavy muscular limbs, those thick ankles, those cavernous eyes, that stereotyped smile, those crudely painted cheeks! Where were the vermeil blooms, the liquid expressive eyes, the harmonious limbs of Animula?

The Signorina danced. What gross, discordant movements! The play of her limbs was all false and artificial. Her bounds were painful athletic efforts; her poses were angular and distressed the eye. I could bear it no longer; with an exclamation of disgust that drew every eye upon me, I rose from my seat in the very middle of the Signorina's *pas-de-fascination*, and abruptly quitted the house.

I hastened home to feast my eyes once more on the lovely form of my sylph. I felt that henceforth to combat this passion would be impossible. I applied my eye to the lens. Animula was there,—but what could have happened? Some terrible change seemed to have taken place during my absence. Some secret grief seemed to cloud the lovely features of her I gazed upon. Her face had grown thin and haggard; her limbs trailed heavily; the wondrous lustre of her golden hair had faded. She was ill!—ill, and I could not assist her! I believe at that moment I would have gladly forfeited all claims to my human birthright, if I could only have been dwarfed to the size of an animalcule, and permitted to console her from whom fate had forever divided me.

I racked my brain for the solution of this mystery. What was it that afflicted the sylph? She seemed to suffer intense pain. Her features contracted, and she even writhed, as if with some internal agony. The wondrous forests appeared also to have lost half their beauty. Their hues were dim and in some places faded away altogether. I watched Animula for hours with a breaking heart, and she seemed absolutely to wither away under my very eye. Suddenly I remembered that I had not looked at the water-drop for several days. In fact, I hated to see it; for it reminded me of the natural barrier between Animula and myself. I hurriedly looked down on the stage of the microscope. The slide was still there,—but, great heavens! the water-drop had vanished! The awful truth burst upon me; it had evaporated, until it had become so minute as to be invisible to the naked eye; I had been gazing on its last atom, the one that contained Animula,—and she was dying!

I rushed again to the front of the lens, and looked through. Alas! the last agony had seized her. The rainbow-hued forests had all melted away, and Animula lay struggling feebly in what seemed to be a spot of dim light. Ah! the sight was horrible: the limbs once so round and lovely shrivelling up into nothings; the eyes—those eyes that shone like heaven—being quenched into black dust; the lustrous golden hair now lank and discolored. The last throe came. I beheld that final struggle of the blackening form—and I fainted.

When I awoke out of a trance of many hours, I found myself lying amid the wreck of my instrument, myself as shattered in mind and body as it. I crawled feebly to my bed, from which I did not rise for months.

They say now that I am mad; but they are mistaken. I am poor, for I have neither the heart nor the will to work; all my money is spent, and I live on charity. Young men's associations that love a joke invite me to lecture on Optics before them, for which they pay me, and laugh at me while I lecture. "Linley, the mad microscopist," is the name I go by. I suppose that I talk incoherently while I lecture. Who could talk sense when his brain is haunted by such ghastly memories, while ever and anon among the shapes of death I behold the radiant form of my lost Animula!

THE CHALLENGE.

A WARRIOR hung his plumèd helm
On the rugged trunk of an aged elm;
"Where is the knight so bold," he cried,
"That dares my haughty crest deride?"

The wind came by with a sullen howl,
And dashed the helm on the pathway foul,
And shook in scorn each sturdy limb,—
For where was the knight that could fight with him?

Roger Atkinson Pryor.

BORN in Dinwiddie Co., Va., 1828.

THE SOUTH LOYAL.

[*The Union: A Plea for Reconciliation. Address on Decoration Day, Brooklyn, N. Y.,* 30 *May*, 1877.]

BE assured, Southern statesmanship is not so blinded in its proverbial sagacity as not to see that henceforth the strength and security of the South are to be found only under the shield of the Union. Against the perils of foreign invasion it gains in the Union the bulwark of a mighty prestige and an invincible army. As a guaranty of peace between its discordant peoples the ever-imminent intervention of the

Federal arm will operate to deter the unruly and to tranquillize the timid. Freedom and facility of access to every part of this vast and opulent land opens to the enterprise of the South a boundless field of adventure, and imparts to its industrial and commercial energies a quickening impulse of development and fruition. Meanwhile, an expedient devised to balk the ambition of the white race recoils upon its source, and by augmenting the political power of the South, enables its aspiring spirits to play a splendid and superior part on the theatre of Federal affairs.

If, in contrast with the brilliant future offered to the South in the Union, you contemplate for a moment the destiny to which it would be condemned by another civil convulsion, caused by another revolt against the Federal power; the havoc and carnage of a war aggravated by a conflict between races and issuing inevitably in the catastrophe of a remorseless subjugation, you cannot, on the supposition that the Southern people are rational beings, impute to them any other policy or purpose than to cleave to the Union as their only and their all-sufficient shelter and support. . . . .

Nor to the restoration of the Union is the Confederate soldier any the less reconciled by the destruction of slavery. True, the material interests of the South were essentially implicated in the maintenance of the system; but, philosophically, it was the occasion, not the cause, of secession. For the cause of secession you must look beyond the incident of the anti-slavery agitation to that irrepressible conflict between the principles of State sovereignty and Federal supremacy, which menacing the Union in the conception as the twin children of the patriarch wrestled for the mastery in their mother's womb, again endangered its existence in 1798 on occasion of the Alien and Sedition laws; and again in 1819 on occasion of the admission of Missouri; and still again in 1833 on occasion of the protective tariff; and which, arrested by no concession and accommodated by no compromise, continued to rage with increasing fury, until, provoking the revolt of the South, it terminated finally in the absolute and resistless ascendancy of the national power. In 1861 the people of the South resented the intervention of the Federal Government to restrict the extension of slavery; but it was the principle, not the object, of the interference that encountered their opposition; and any other usurpation of Federal power on the sovereign rights of the States would equally have challenged their resistance. Nor, suffer me to say, was slavery any more the point of your attack than of our defence; for, otherwise, in beginning the war the Federal Government would not have been so scrupulous to proclaim through all its organs, its purpose not to touch any the least of the securities of slave property.

No, people of the North, impartial history will record that slavery fell not by any effort of man's will, but by the immediate intervention and act of the Almighty himself: and, in the anthem of praise ascending to Heaven for the emancipation of four million human beings, the voice of the Confederate soldier mingles its note of devout gratulation. The Divinity that presided over the destinies of the Republic at its nativity graciously endowed it with every element of stability save *one*; and now that in the exuberance of its bounty the same propitious Providence is pleased to replace the weakness of slavery by the unconquerable strength of freedom, we may fondly hope that the existence of our blessed Union is limited only by the mortality that measures the duration of all human institutions.

But why argue on speculative grounds to prove the patriotism of the Confederate soldier, since within these few months he has, by so memorable an illustration, vindicated his fidelity to the Union? You cannot have forgotten—for the land still trembles with the agitations of the crisis—that when of late a disputed succession to the Presidency appalled the country with the imminence of civil war: when business stood still and men held their breath in apprehension of a calamity of which the very shadow sufficed to eclipse all the joy of the nation: you cannot but remember, how, obdurate to the entreaties of party, and impenetrable to the promptings of resentment, and responsive only to the inspirations of patriotism, the Confederate soldier in Congress spoke peace to the affrighted land. Your difficulty was his opportunity; he had only to say the word, and the fatal fourth of March would have passed without the choice of a Federal executive, and the Union have been involved in the agonies of a dynastic struggle. But, with a sublime magnanimity he spurned the proffered revenge—and yet do you say the Confederate soldier is false to his allegiance? Pardon me if, even in this presence, I make bold to protest that he was never faithless to his trust: to declare that when you thought him treacherous to the Union, he was only true to his State; and to tell you that when he braved all the wrath of your majestic power, it was only in heroic fidelity to a weak but, with him, an all-commanding cause. If your reproach be just, and the Confederate soldier were a conscious culprit, then indeed is reconciliation a folly and a crime; for if false to you once he may betray you again: and instead of alluring him to your embrace by these overtures of fraternity, you should repel him from your presence as a perfidious outcast. No, patriots of the Union! The Confederate soldier offers not to your confidence a conscience stained with the guilt of recreancy. Veterans of the Union! he comes not into your companionship with a confession of criminality; but for the credentials of his loyalty to the Union he proudly adduces the constancy with which he clung to the fortunes of his ill-starred Confederacy.

Oliver Bell Bunce.

BORN in New York, N. Y., 1828. DIED there, 1890.

MEN AND WOMEN AT HOME.

[*Bachelor Bluff: His Opinions, Sentiments, and Disputations.* 1882.]

"JACK BUNKER is a whole-souled fellow, who knows when a thing is *recherché*, and who has the wit to appreciate a bit of bachelor felicity. He always breakfasts in his library—this being the name his man James gives to his book-room—where he has a few books, a few pictures, and gathers all the little tasteful articles that he owns—a vase or two, a statuette, a rare print, a bit of china, all of which he tones up with warm upholstery. I, for my own part, like to eat in my best apartment; to partake of my meals under the pleasantest and most enlivening conditions. Eating and drinking is with me a fine art. That 'good digestion may wait on appetite and health on both,' I put my mind in its sweetest, its calmest, its most contented mood, by means of all the agreeable surroundings I can command. Hence I looked around Jack Bunker's cozy apartment, *tasting* all the points. There was a glowing blaze from bituminous coal in the low, polished grate. On a brass pendant stood the shining coffee-pot, from which issued low, murmuring music and delicious odors. The firelight was glancing up on the picture-frames, and the gilt backs of the books, on the warm-tinted walls and the ceiling, and on drapery that fell over the doorway, and partly shut out, partly let in at the windows the bright glances of light from the morning sun. Then the brilliant white cloth on the table, and the easy-chairs for host and guest, and a new picture only sent home the day before, standing on an easel near, and the morning paper warming by the fire—well, it was a pleasant picture. Jack rubbed his hands, evidently enjoying the air of comfort, brightness, and warmth that filled the whole space, and delighted with my appreciation of it all; and sat himself down in his cozy chair and invited me to mine, and looked around at the books and the pictures, and hoped I was pleased.

"I am not going to describe the breakfast further. My sole purpose has been to draw two pictures, in order to show that domestic bliss is not better understood or oftener realized by Benedicks than bachelors. But no doubt some one will ask why all these conditions of domestic happiness are not possible with 'lovely women' to enhance the bliss of the scene."

"But think," said young Carriway, who had a weakness for sentiment—"think of some beautiful creature sitting by the side of the urn, serving your coffee, applauding your pictures, listening to you as you read a bit of news from the morning journal, perhaps with her hands in yours, or with her dainty foot on the fender, chatting with you softly but joyously over many pleasant themes."

"Humph!" replied Bluff, "it must be admitted that this is a pretty picture. But what if the 'lovely woman' comes down to the breakfast-room frouzy and fierce? What if she appears in a dressing-gown and curl-papers? What if she has a chronic fondness for *déshabillé?* What if she prove one of those whose nerves never get calm or in accord until after the morning is well passed? In my bachelor-home, domestic bliss is mine, beyond doubt; if I open the door to a 'lovely woman,' there is no telling what Pandora's box I shall uncover. Besides, it is a conviction of mine that refined and perfect domestic comfort is understood by men only."

"Heresy! heresy!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once.

"Heresy it may be, but my opinion is well-grounded for all that. Women are not personally selfish enough to be fastidious in these things. They are usually neat to circumspection; but it is a cheerless and aggressive neatness—moral and inflammatory rather than luxurious and artistic. They are neat because they constitutionally hate dust, not because neatness is important to their own selfish comfort. Women are rarely epicureans. They have no keen enjoyment of eating and drinking in dreams and laziness; they do not understand intellectual repose. It is not the quiet, the serenity, the atmosphere of home, that they at heart care about. Give a woman a new ribbon, and she will go without her dinner. Promise her a ball, and she will sit nightly for a month in a fireless room, muffled up in a shawl, and never murmur. She is fond of dress, not of comfort; of decoration, not of peace; of excitement, not felicity. And then, moreover, she is too willing to be ill-at-ease; too easily satisfied in all those things that pertain to personal comfort, and is far too much disposed to make the best of everything to enter fully into the necessity of creating domestic comfort. She likes home because there she has authority, there she receives her friends and shows her furniture, there she can give parties, and thereby get invitations to other parties. When matrimony introduces a man to *recherché* breakfasts, to perfect little dinners, to delightful social evenings, to perfectly-appointed parlors, then I shall believe that true domestic bliss is feminine in conception."

"To my mind," remarked Auger, a grave doctor of laws, "your notions about domestic bliss are dangerous and revolutionary. They will be construed into arguments against marriage; and marriage, you know, is the great conserver of public morality, and the great promoter of public welfare."

"But if I once succeed," retorted Bluff, "in showing womankind that our domestic comfort is not, as society goes, a necessary consequence of marriage, the whole sex will set at work to make it so."

"No doubt," Auger replied, "if woman had reason to believe that she did not bestow this boon upon man, she would be sure to seek out the way to secure for him the felicity she knows so well how to appreciate for herself."

"Now, there you are wrong," exclaimed Bluff. "Women have no true appreciation of this domestic felicity, even while they have remained calm in the assurance that men, hungering for the peace of home, must come to them for it. They have, with very great egotism, scorned with a supreme scorn the idea of men being able to have anything orderly, neat, or tasteful around them without women to supply the conditions. They have carried this idea so far as to look upon celibacy as not only a cheerless thing, but as by necessary implication a wicked thing; and yet instead of women being, as they suppose, the source of domestic bliss, they are radically and constitutionally its obstacles and enemies."

"There could be no home without women," exclaimed Carriway, with great warmth.

"I shall not quote history," replied the Bachelor, coolly, "to show that domesticity in women has always been enforced; that in Eastern countries it is secured by compelled seclusion; that in all times it has been the tyranny of man which has subjected her to the boundary of home: but I will simply give you a reason or two why in the nature of things women have not the keen sympathy with domestic felicity that men have—that is, if you care to hear them."

"Go on."

"Men and women, as a consequence of their distinct daily occupations, have very different aspirations and expectations in regard to matrimony. How many of our young women, for instance, think of domestic well-being as the desired end of marriage? Do they not contemplate the gayeties rather than the serenities which marriage is to assure them? Are not their marriage-dreams of balls, of parties, of the opera, of visiting, of travelling? of carriages, dresses, jewels, household splendor? of social success, and the triumph of position attained? Instead of Lares and Penates, do they not dream of the dazzle and the dash of life? And this is a natural consequence of their peculiar position. Marriage is to give them their career, and hence within it centre all their ambitions, all their hopes, all the largeness of their future. But, with man, marriage is something very different. Men are out in the world, busy in the great battle of life—absorbed in its contests, filled sometimes with the triumph of success, and sometimes with the chagrin of defeat. Spurred by the stern necessity of achieving, they have surrendered all their energies to the struggle; they are busy with stratagems and manœuvres, keenly occupied with hopes and anxieties, and sometimes even struggling desperately against ruin. This is the life of the man; and this stirring career away from home renders home to him necessary as a place of repose, where he may take off his armor, relax his strained attention, and surrender himself to perfect rest.

"But home is not this to a woman. It is not her retreat, but her battleground. She does not fly to its shelter as an escape from defeat or for a temporary lull; it is her arena, her boundary, her sphere. To a woman the house is life militant; to a man it is life in repose. She at home is armed with all her energies; he at home has thrown down his arms. She has no other sphere for her activities: ordering her household, subduing its rebellions, directing its affairs, make up her existence. She bustles, she stirs, she controls, she directs, she exhausts herself in its demands, and then seeks for recreation and rest elsewhere. 'I am wearied,' says the husband; 'let me sit by the fire and smoke, and dream, and rest.' 'I am wearied,' says the wife; 'let me be refreshed by a visit to my friends, by an evening at the opera, at the theatre, at the concert.'

"And so we see how a natural and radical antagonism may exist between man and wife as to the pleasures and the needs of home. Of course, in a vast majority of cases, these antagonisms are compromised. Between affectionate couples they never break out into warfare; but they assuredly exist, and two such distinct sets of ideas must be watched by both husband and wife if they would not have them the father of many discontents and much infelicity. Do you not see how woman, by the very necessities of her existence, must have a different idea of home than what man has?"

"This," said Carriway, "is very like arguing that the play of 'Hamlet' is better with the part of Hamlet omitted. We all know the grace and charm women give to life; we all think with pleasure of that spot which woman renders an oasis in the desert of life."

"Yes, my dear sir, we all think of that oasis because we love to contemplate it, because it is so essential to our happiness. We make an ideal home, and place an ideal woman in it; but, when the reality comes, how confoundedly often we are disappointed!"

"Do you then mean to say, flatly, that celibacy is better than marriage?" asked Auger.

"By no means. What I hope to do is to convince 'lovely woman' that, if we are to continue to marry her, she must endeavor to work up to our ideals of domestic felicity. She must try and find an outlet for her energies, so that at home she can fall into our luxuriousness, our love of repose, our enjoyment of supreme ease. You see women—I purposely do not use the word ladies—are very busy endeavoring to make a world of their 'pent-up Utica.' They sometimes are disposed to have it brilliant and animated; but too often, in blind servility to one of their gods, Propriety, make it very cold and orderly. The amount of absolute cheerlessness a woman can stand is my amazement."

"Cheerlessness!"

"Yes, cheerlessness," replied the Bachelor, emphatically. "Our women have an affection for flowers, ribbons, laces, silks, music, pets; but are singularly insensible to cheerlessness. They like dark rooms. They prefer heat from a hole in the wall rather than from a bright blaze. They ask you to dine under a dim jet of gas. They will shiver through a cold storm in autumn, rather than light a fire a day earlier than the almanac permits. A woman may have all the known virtues of her class; all the gentleness, humility, grace, domestic virtue, poets have sung about—and yet, if you should ask for a blaze on the hearth on a dark, wet, chilly day in September, ten chances to one the request would be too much for her patience.

"Some women," continued the Bachelor, finding that no one interrupted him, "are slovenly—let us hope not many—I have seen untidy toilets, though; but, when a woman is not slovenly, she is often so neat, trim, precise, methodical, and circumspect, that she excludes all color, all freedom, all *tone* from her house. Upon all forms of untidiness such a woman makes tempestuous warfare. Now, this is utterly destructive to domestic bliss—an essential element of which is ease and a sense of completeness. One cannot be content if always under the smell of soapsuds, or if ceaselessly disturbed by the bustle of administration. The ultimatum of a woman's household luxury is apt to be the satisfaction of saying, 'There is not a speck of dust to be seen.' But this negative idea of home will not do. It is not sufficient to say there is no dust, no disorder, no untidiness, no confusion. We must have active ideas at work. We must have colors and sounds and sights to cheer, to refine, to delight us. But, you see, to create a paradise of indolence, to fill the mind with an ecstasy of repose, to render home a heaven of the senses—women are usually too virtuous to do this. Daintiness in man takes an artistic form; in woman it assumes a formidable order, a fearful cleanliness, a precision of arrangement that freeze us."

"But all this," broke in Carriway, "is no longer the case. There was a time, no doubt, when your picture would have been strictly true. But now art has entered the house; color, banished by Puritan asceticism, has reasserted itself. Do we not see on every hand the new arts and the new devices for making home beautiful?"

"For making home a museum!" growled the Bachelor. "Yes, there is now a craze for what is called household art, but it is for the most part only a new form of cheerlessness, a passion for making the parlor a show-room, the splendor of which must not be touched and scarcely looked upon save by the outside world. It is art for Mrs. Grundy, and not for the inmates of the house. Mrs. Grundy is the power of powers. If a woman has only two rooms in the world, one of these is furnished, garnished, set in order, and kept for the approbation of that venerable lady. Domestic comfort must live elsewhere than in the apartments devoted to this lady—who exacts of all her devotees velvet carpet that must not be trod on, damask furniture that must not be sat on, and all forms of finery that must not be warmed by good, honest fires, lest the dust alight on them, or opened to the pleasant rays of the sun, lest his beams fade them. The disorder that sometimes is held up as domestic comfort I feel no sympathy with; domestic bliss is to my taste first-cousin to elegance, and an elegance that enters into one's daily being. Unless one is a man of wealth it is better to banish set-up conventional parlors altogether, live and dine in the best apartment, and, seated among books, pictures, and the best furniture, invoke peace and comfort. Give us, I emphatically say, in our households color and cheeriness—not cold art nor cold pretensions of any kind, but warmth, brightness, animation. Bring in pleasing colors, choice pictures, *bric-à-brac*, and what-not; but let in also the sun; light the fires; and have everything for daily use."

"You have omitted one important thing," remarked Carriway.

"What is that?"

"Love!"

"Ah! that is something which bachelors, however agreeable they may make their apartments, must often sigh for. But love flourishes well when such notions as I have advanced are heeded; and then, men are such devotees of the senses, that so fair and delicate a thing as love will perish if women do not look well to make it a companion of domestic felicity."

George Perry.

Born in Richmond, Mass., 1828. Died in New York, N. Y., 1888.

SIVA, DESTROYER.

[*Written shortly before his death.—The Home Journal.* 1888.]

WHOSE voice shall say him nay?
Whose arm shall bar his way?
Lord of unbounded sway!
Siva, Destroyer.

Proud kings, whose lightest breath
To men is life or death,
Heeds he your ruth or wrath?
Siva, Destroyer.

Mother with bleeding breast
Bowed o'er thy birdling's nest,
Shall thy last woe arrest
Siva, Destroyer?

Maiden with eyes of love
Fixed on the heaven above,
Hast thou a prayer to move
Siva, Destroyer?

Youth of the lion heart,
Brave for life's noblest art,
Shall fame's fair glory thwart
Siva, Destroyer?

Earth, in thy sweet array,
Bride of celestial day,
Hast thou one bloom to stay
Siva, Destroyer?

Stars on the dome of night,
Climbing to your far height
Do ye escape his might?
Siva, Destroyer.

What voice shall say him nay,
What arm shall bar his way,
Lord of unbounded sway!
Siva, Destroyer.

Hiram Corson.

BORN in Philadelphia, Penn., 1828.

SPIRITUALITY A TEST OF LITERATURE.

[*An Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry.* 1886.]

LITERATURE, in its most restricted art-sense, is an expression in letters of the life of the spirit of man coöperating with the intellect. Without the coöperation of the spiritual man, the intellect produces only thought; and pure thought, whatever be the subject with which it deals, is not regarded as literature, in its strict sense. For example, Euclid's "Elements," Newton's "Principia," Spinoza's "Ethica," and Kant's "Critique of the Pure Reason," do not properly belong to literature. (By the "Spiritual" I would be understood to mean the whole domain of the emotional, the susceptible or impressible, the sympathetic, the intuitive; in short, that mysterious something in the constitution of man by and through which he holds relationship with the essential spirit of things, as opposed to the phenomenal of which the senses take cognizance.)

The term literature is sometimes extended in meaning (and it may be so extended) to include all that has been committed to letters, on all subjects. There is no objection to such extension in ordinary speech, no more than there is to that of the signification of the word "beauty" to what is purely abstract. We speak, for example, of the beauty of a mathematical demonstration; but beauty, in its strictest sense, is that which appeals to the spiritual nature, and must, therefore, be concrete, personal, not abstract. Art beauty is the embodiment, adequate, effective embodiment, of coöperative intellect and spirit—"the accommodation," in Bacon's words, "of the shows of things to the desires of the mind."

It follows that the relative merit and importance of different periods of a literature should be determined by the relative degrees of spirituality which these different periods exhibit. The intellectual power of two or more periods, as exhibited in their literatures, may show no marked difference, while the spiritual vitality of these same periods may very distinctly differ. And if it be admitted that literature proper is the product of coöperative intellect and spirit (the latter being always an indispensable factor, though there can be no high order of literature that is not strongly articulated, that is not well freighted, with thought), it follows that the periods of a literature should be determined by the ebb and flow of spiritual life which they severally register, rather than by any other considerations. There are periods which are characterized by a "blindness of heart," an inactive, quiescent condition of the spirit, by which the intellect is more or less divorced from the essential, the eternal, and it directs itself to the shows of things. Such periods may embody in their literatures a large amount of thought,—thought which is conversant with the externality of things; but that of itself will not constitute a noble literature, however perfect the forms in which it may be embodied, and the general sense of the civilized world, independently of any theories of literature, will not regard such a literature as noble. It is made up of what must be, in time, superseded; it has not a sufficiently large element of the essential, the eternal, which can be reached only through the assimilating life of the spirit. The spirit may be so "cabined, cribbed, confined" as not to come to any consciousness of itself; or it may be so set free as to go forth and recognize its kinship, respond to the spiritual world outside of itself, and, by so responding, *know* what merely intellectual philosophers call the *unknowable.*

Henry Timrod.

Born in Charleston, S. C., 1829. Died at Columbia, S. C., 1867.

THE COTTON BOLL.

[*The Poems of Henry Timrod. Edited by Paul H. Hayne.* 1873.]

WHILE I recline
At ease beneath
This immemorial pine,
Small sphere!
(By dusky fingers brought this morning here
And shown with boastful smiles),
I turn thy cloven sheath,
Through which the soft white fibres peer,
That, with their gossamer bands,
Unite, like love, the sea-divided lands,
And slowly, thread by thread,
Draw forth the folded strands,
Than which the trembling line,
By whose frail help yon startled spider fled
Down the tall spear-grass from his swinging bed,
Is scarce more fine;
And as the tangled skein
Unravels in my hands,
Betwixt me and the noonday light
A veil seems lifted, and for miles and miles
The landscape broadens on my sight,
As, in the little boll, there lurked a spell
Like that which, in the ocean shell,
With mystic sound
Breaks down the narrow walls that hem us round,
And turns some city lane
Into the restless main,
With all his capes and isles!

Yonder bird,
Which floats, as if at rest,
In those blue tracts above the thunder, where
No vapors cloud the stainless air,

And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When, from the City of the Blest,
Rings down some golden chime,
Sees not from his high place
So vast a cirque of summer space
As widens round me in one mighty field,
Which, rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail its earliest daylight in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns;
And, broad as realms made up of many lands,
Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hills and purple lawns
Of sunset, among plains which roll their streams
Against the Evening Star!
And lo!
To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of snow,
The endless field is white;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As Polar lands would flash beneath a tropic day!
Nor lack there (for the vision grows,
And the small charm within my hands—
More potent even than the fabled one,
Which oped whatever golden mystery
Lay hid in fairy wood or magic vale,
The curious ointment of the Arabian tale—
Beyond all mortal sense
Doth stretch my sight's horizon, and I see,
Beneath its simple influence,
As if, with Uriel's crown,
I stood in some great temple of the Sun,
And looked, as Uriel, down!)
Nor lack there pastures rich and fields all green
With all the common gifts of God.
For temperate airs and torrid sheen
Weave Edens of the sod;
Through lands which look one sea of billowy gold
Broad rivers wind their devious ways;
A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays;
And through yon purple haze
Vast mountains lift their plumèd peaks cloud-crowned;
And, save where up their sides the ploughman creeps,
An unhewn forest girds them grandly round,
In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps!
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze
Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth!
Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays

Above it, as to light a favorite hearth!
Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the West
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers!
And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers!
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man:

But these are charms already widely blown!
His be the meed whose pencil's trace
Hath touched our very swamps with grace,
And round whose tuneful way
All Southern laurels bloom;
The Poet of "The Woodlands," unto whom
Alike are known
The flute's low breathing and the trumpet's tone,
And the soft west wind's sighs;
But who shall utter all the debt,
O Land wherein all powers are met
That bind a people's heart,
The world doth owe thee at this day,
And which it never can repay,
Yet scarcely deigns to own!
Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing
The source wherefrom doth spring
That mighty commerce which, confined
To the mean channels of no selfish mart,
Goes out to every shore
Of this broad earth, and throngs the sea with ships
That bear no thunders; hushes hungry lips
In alien lands;
Joins with a delicate web remotest strands;
And gladdening rich and poor,
Doth gild Parisian domes,
Or feed the cottage-smoke of English homes,
And only bounds its blessings by mankind!
In offices like these, thy mission lies,
My Country! and it shall not end
As long as rain shall fall and Heaven bend
In blue above thee; though thy foes be hard
And cruel as their weapons, it shall guard
Thy hearth-stones as a bulwark; make thee great
In white and bloodless state;
And haply, as the years increase—
Still working through its humbler reach
With that large wisdom which the ages teach—
Revive the half-dead dream of universal peace!
As men who labor in that mine
Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the bed

Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of brine
Above them, and a mighty muffled roar
Of winds and waters, yet toil calmly on,
And split the rock, and pile the massive ore,
Or carve a niche, or shape the archèd roof;
So I, as calmly, weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,
Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each dawn
Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
Of many gathering armies. Still,
In that we sometimes hear,
Upon the Northern winds, the voice of woe
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though I know
The end must crown us, and a few brief years
Dry all our tears,
I may not sing too gladly. To Thy will
Resigned, O Lord! we cannot all forget
That there is much even Victory must regret.
And, therefore, not too long
From the great burthen of our country's wrong
Delay our just release!
And, if it may be, save
These sacred fields of peace
From stain of patriot or of hostile blood!
Oh, help us, Lord! to roll the crimson flood
Back on its course, and, while our banners wing
Northward, strike with us! till the Goth shall cling
To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave
Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate
The lenient future of his fate
There, where some rotting ships and crumbling quays
Shall one day mark the Port which ruled the Western seas.

Hinton Rowan Helper.

Born near Mocksville, N. C., 1829.

A SOUTHERNER ON SOUTHERN LITERATURE BEFORE THE WAR.

[*The Impending Crisis of the South.* 1857.]

QUALITY, rather than quantity, is the true standard of estimation. The fact, however, matters little for our present purpose; for the South, we are sorry to say, is as much behind the North in the former as in the latter. We do not forget the names of Gayarré, Benton, Simms, and other eminent citizens of the Slave States, who have by their contributions to American letters conferred honor upon themselves and upon our common country, when we affirm that those among our authors who enjoy a cosmopolitan reputation are, with a few honorable exceptions, natives of the Free North; and that the names which most brilliantly illustrate our literature, in its every department, are those which have grown into greatness under the nurturing influence of free institutions. "Comparisons are odious," it is said; and we will not unnecessarily render them more so, in the present instance, by contrasting, name by name, the literary men of the South with the literary men of the North. We do not depreciate the former, nor overestimate the latter. But let us ask, whence come our geographers, our astronomers, our chemists, our meteorologists, our ethnologists, and others, who have made their names illustrious in the domain of the Natural Sciences? Not from the Slave States, certainly. In the Literature of Law, the South can furnish no name that can claim peership with those of Story and of Kent; in History, none that tower up to the altitude of Bancroft, Prescott, Hildreth, Motley, and Washington Irving; in Theology, none that can challenge favorable comparison with those of Edwards, Dwight, Channing, Taylor, Bushnell, Tyler, and Wayland; in Fiction, none that take rank with Cooper and Mrs. Stowe, and but few that may do so with even the second-class novelists of the North; in Poetry, none that can command position with Bryant, Halleck, and Percival, with Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell, with Willis, Stoddard, and Taylor, with Holmes, Saxe, and Burleigh; and—we might add twenty other Northern names before we found their Southern peer, with the exception of poor Poe, who, within a narrow range of subjects, showed himself a poet of consummate art, and occupies a sort of debatable ground between our first- and second-class writers.

We might extend this comparison to our writers in every department of letters, from the compiler of school-books to the author of the most profound ethical treatise, and with precisely the same result. But we forbear. The task is distasteful to our State pride, and would have been entirely avoided had not a higher principle urged us to its performance. It remains for us now to enquire—

What has produced this literary pauperism of the South? One single word, most pregnant in its terrible meanings, answers the question. That word is—Slavery! But we have been so long accustomed to the ugly thing itself, and have become so familiar with its no less ugly fruits, that the common mind fails to apprehend the connection between the one as cause and the other as effect; and it therefore becomes necessary to give a more detailed answer to our interrogatory.

Obviously, then, the conditions requisite to a flourishing literature are wanting at the South. These are—

I. Readers. The people of the South are not a reading people. Many of the adult population never learned to read; still more do not care to read. We have been impressed, during a temporary sojourn in the North, with the difference between the middle and laboring classes in the Free States, and the same classes in the Slave States, in this respect. Passing along the great routes of travel in the former, or taking our seat in the comfortable cars that pass up and down the avenues of our great commercial metropolis, we have not failed to contrast the employment of our fellow-passengers with that which occupies the attention of the corresponding classes on our various Southern routes of travel. In the one case, a large proportion of the passengers seem intent upon mastering the contents of the newspaper, or some recently published book. The merchant, the mechanic, the artisan, the professional man, and even the common laborer, going to or returning from their daily avocations, are busy with their morning or evening paper, or engaged in an intelligent discussion of some topic of public interest. This is their leisure hour, and it is given to the acquisition of such information as may be of immediate or ultimate use, or to the cultivation of a taste for elegant literature. In the other case, newspapers and books seem generally ignored, and noisy discussions of village and State politics, the tobacco and cotton crops, filibusterism in Cuba, Nicaragua, or Sonora, the price of negroes generally, and especially of "fine looking wenches," the beauties of lynch law, the delights of horse-racing, the excitement of street-fights with bowie-knives and revolvers, the "manifest destiny" theory that justifies the stealing of all territory contiguous to our own, and kindred topics, constitute the warp and woof of conversation. All this is on a level with the general intelligence of the Slave States. It is true, these States have their educated men,—the majority of whom owe their literary culture to the colleges of the North. Not that there are no Southern colleges—for there are institutions, so called, in a majority of the Slave States.—Some of them, too, are not deficient in the appointments requisite to our higher educational institutions; but, as a general thing, Southern colleges are colleges only in *name*, and will scarcely take rank with a third-rate Northern academy, while our academies, with a few exceptions, are immeasurably inferior to the public schools of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. The truth is, there is a vast inert mass of stupidity and ignorance, too dense for individual effort to enlighten or remove, in all communities cursed with the institution of slavery. Disguise the unwelcome truth as we may, slavery is the parent of ignorance, and ignorance begets a whole brood of follies and of vices, and every one of these is inevitably hostile to literary culture. The masses, if they think of literature at all, think of it only as a costly luxury, to be monopolized by the few. . . . . .

II. Another thing essential to the creation of a literature is Mental Freedom. How much of *that* is to be found in the region of Slavery? We will not say that there is *none;* but if it exists, it exists as the outlawed antagonist of human chattelhood. He who believes that the despotism of the accursed institution expends its malignant forces upon the *slave*, leaving intact the white and (so-called) free population, is the victim of a most monstrous delusion. One end of the yoke that bows the African to the dust presses heavily upon the neck of his Anglo-Saxon master. The entire mind of the South either stultifies itself into acquiescence with Slavery, succumbs to its authority, or chafes in indignant protest against its monstrous pretensions and outrageous usurpations. A free press is an institution almost unknown at the South. Free speech is considered as treason against slavery: and when people dare neither speak nor print their thoughts, free thought itself is well-nigh extinguished. All that can be said in *defence* of human bondage may be spoken freely; but question either its morality or its policy, and the terrors of lynch law are at once invoked to put down the pestilent heresy. The legislation of the Slave States for the suppression of the freedom of speech and the press is disgraceful and cowardly to the last degree, and can find its parallel only in the meanest and bloodiest despotisms of the Old World. No institution that could bear the light would thus sneakingly seek to burrow itself in utter darkness. Look, too, at the mobbings, lynchings, robberies, social and political proscriptions, and all manner of nameless outrages, to which men in the South have been subjected, simply upon the suspicion that they were the enemies of Slavery. We could fill page after page of this volume with the record of such atrocities. But a simple reference to them is enough. Our countrymen have not yet forgotten why John C. Underwood was, but a few months since, banished from his home in Virginia, and the accomplished Hedreck driven from his college professorship in North Carolina. They believed Slavery inimical to the best interest of the South, and for daring to give expression to this belief in moderate yet manly language, they were ostracised by the despotic Slave Power, and compelled to seek a refuge from its vengeance in States where the principles of freedom are better understood. Pending the last Presidential election, there were thousands, nay, tens of thousands of voters in the Slave States, who desired to give their suffrages for the Republican nominee, John C. Fremont, himself a Southron, but a non-slaveholder. The Constitution of the United States guaranteed to these men an expression of their preference at the ballot-box. But were they permitted such an expression? Not at all. They were denounced, threatened, overawed, by the Slave Power,—and it is not too much to say that there was really no *Constitutional election*—that is, no such free expression of political preferences as the Constitution aims to secure—in a majority of the Slave States.

From a multiplicity of facts like these, the inference is unavoidable, that Slavery tolerates no freedom of the press—no freedom of speech—no freedom of opinion. To expect that a whole-souled, manly literature can flourish under such conditions is as absurd as it would be to look for health amid the pestilential vapors of a dungeon, or for the continuance of animal life without the aid of oxygen.

III. Mental activity—force—enterprise—are requisite to the creation of literature. Slavery tends to sluggishness—imbecility—inertia. Where free thought is treason, the masses will not long take the trouble of thinking at all. Desuetude begets incompetence—the *dare-not* soon becomes the *cannot.* The mind thus enslaved necessarily loses its interest in the processes of other minds; and its tendency is to sink down into absolute stolidity or sottishness. Our remarks find melancholy confirmation in the abject servilism in which multitudes of the non-slaveholding whites of the South are involved. In them, ambition, pride, self-respect, hope, seem alike extinct. Their slaveholding fellows are, in some respects, in a still more unhappy condition—helpless, nerveless, ignorant, selfish; yet vainglorious, self-sufficient, and brutal. Are these the chosen architects who are expected to build up "a purely Southern literature"?

The truth is, slavery destroys, or vitiates, or pollutes, whatever it touches. No interest of society escapes the influence of its clinging curse. It makes Southern religion a stench in the nostrils of Christendom—it makes Southern politics a libel upon all the principles of Republicanism—it makes Southern literature a travesty upon the honorable profession of letters. Than the better class of Southern authors themselves, none will feel more keenly the truth of our remarks. They write books, but can find for them neither publishers nor remunerative sales at the South. The executors of Calhoun seek, for his works, a Northern publisher. Benton writes history and prepares voluminous compilations, which are given to the world through a Northern publisher. Simms writes novels and poems, and they are scattered abroad from the presses of a Northern publisher. Eighty per cent. of all the copies sold are probably bought by Northern readers.

When will Southern authors understand their own interests? When will the South, as a whole, abandoning its present suicidal policy, enter upon that career of prosperity, greatness, and true renown to which God by his word and his providences is calling it?

Martha Joanna Lamb.

BORN in Plainfield, Mass., 1829.

AN OLD-FASHIONED THANKSGIVING.

[*Magazine of American History. Edited by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. December*, 1886.]

OUR party arrived, after a tiresome drive, on the night before the day big with the fate of many fowls. Sent early to bed, we were prepared for Thanksgiving breakfast at the regulation hour, where the delicious chicken served so bountifully was but the foretaste of what was to follow as the day progressed. Then came family devotions, each person present, old and young, participating in the service by reading two verses of Scripture, and kneeling while the prayer was offered, in which these words were uttered: "It is both the duty and the privilege of a Christian people to recognize their obligations to the bountiful Giver of all good, and to recognize the fresh and continued evidence of the divine favor and forbearance during the past year." The host, at this date, was a portly, well-preserved, warm-hearted man, of some four-score years, whose eye-sight (without the aid of glasses) was perfect, but who walked with crutches, one foot having been destroyed. He was a most delightful story-teller, and was ever in his best and happiest humor with a group of grandchildren clustered about him—one usually occupying the place of honor on his sound knee—listening with bated breath to the stirring accounts of his exploits in the Revolutionary army. He was just fifteen years of age when hostilities began, and his diverting narrative of how he skipped behind his uncle at the battle of Bunker Hill, to escape being shot by the enemy, brought him very close to the heart of his juvenile audience. He grew older and of more consequence as the war advanced, and was engaged in serious work. Tragic, indeed, was the story of how he was four days without food in the woods of Maine, wandering from the Penobscot River, up which his sloop had been chased by the British, through the wilderness to Boston. All his varied experiences were, for us, most exciting and bewildering.

The hostess, who as we have seen was his junior by three years, was exceedingly tall, commanding in appearance, and very grave and earnest in conversation. She was kind and gentle and lovable, but rarely laughed with us. When we claimed her attention, she explained to us the true character of the Thanksgiving festival, and said it ought always to be regarded as a strictly religious celebration. She told us that it was originally suggested by the Hebrew feast of tabernacles, and was not unusual in Europe before the discovery of America; that such a day was observed in Leyden, Holland, on the 3d of October, 1575, the first anniversary of the deliverance of that city from siege; and that her ancestors who came over in the *Mayflower*, in 1620, held the first New England Thanksgiving, within ten months after landing at Plymouth. Looking into her sweet, deep-blue eyes and animated face while these words fell from her lips, we could almost, with but slight help of the imagination, see the far-away light on the Atlantic coast, as Governor Bradford's four men came back from fowling to rejoice and be thankful all together. One grandchild, lifted suddenly among the clouds of fancy with the thrilling idea, ran screaming through the house: "I can touch the first Thanksgiving in the world! Our dear grandmother was there just after she came over in the *Mayflower*, more than two hundred years ago, and I can put my hand upon her living hand, and kiss her beautiful white hair!" The check to such an ambitious flight came quickly, and the severe and well-timed rebuke for inattention and inaccuracy was singularly effectual. Just then a rollicking rover brought sensational news from the kitchen, to the effect that a big conflagration had broken out in the brick oven, that six puddings were filled with plums, and that "Lady Jane Grey, Queen Elizabeth, and Marie Antoinette, with their heads cut off, were being dressed for dinner!" We were wisely restrained from inquisitive questioning and from individual investigation, by the order to make ready for church. When the adult visitors were also equipped, it was found that a part of our juvenile delegation had moved on in advance, perched hatless and cloakless on the back of a quaint little white pony some three and a half feet high, belonging to one of the party. Such boisterous proceedings suggested far too much levity for the solemn and important occasion, and we were called back and dismounted, to our infinite regret, and to the apparent dissatisfaction of the notable pony, with his oval-shaped ears standing up as straight as church spires, above wicked-looking eyes, for he was never averse to a frolic. But every trace of mirth and irreverence was subdued before we reached the sacred edifice, which we entered with as much gravity and somewhat of the dignity of our elders. This old meeting-house, fashioned after a pattern never much known beyond New England, and long since obsolete, was a curiosity in its way. Its pews were square-like boxes, and the family, when seated on all sides of one, queerly resembled a sleigh-riding party—the children and other inconsequential persons being placed with their backs to the minister. The pulpit was high and straight, and over the head of the preacher was suspended an immense sounding-board. The deacons had a pew to themselves in front of the pulpit; and the choir nearly filled the great galleries extending across three sides of the building, suggesting to the very young mind the old picture of Xerxes and his hosts—especially in rising to sing a hymn, with the leader brandishing his enormous tuning-fork. When the choir stood, the congregation stood also. The Thanksgiving sermon to which we listened was most impressive. The learned pastor infused into it the heat of his own enthusiasm, the full measure of his own gratitude for blessings received. There was no ambiguity in his expressions, no confusion in his own thoughts of how much to attempt or how to discriminate. His style was simple and direct, his speech as spontaneous as that of an ingenuous, impetuous boy, his piety as transparent as glass. . . . .

The mystery of mysteries was the cooking of the Thanksgiving dinner. To most of us, at that period, the long crane in the monster fireplace was a novelty, and the iron kettles of varied shapes and sizes hanging upon it, with their boiling and stewing contents, of greater moment than the British Museum has ever been to us since. Steaming pies, mince, apple, and pumpkin, coming from the brick oven, together with a regiment of puddings, whetted our appetites marvelously; and chickens roasting before the fire in a movable tin bake-oven were declared "done" by a self-appointed committee a dozen times or more before the banquet hour arrived. The chicken pie, without which no New England Thanksgiving could have been complete, we did not discover until we were served to it at the table. But we had secret advices from our cheery host that it was baking, with a friendly caution against indecorous interrogation where so many amateur cooks were concerned; and while we waited, with a polite exhibition of excessive patience not very cordially felt, he charmed us with another invoice of captivating stories.

Charles Graham Halpine.

Born in Oldcastle, County Meath, Ireland, 1829. Died in New York, N. Y., 1868.

THE THOUSAND AND THIRTY-SEVEN.

[*Baked Meats of the Funeral. By Private Miles O'Reilly.* 1866.]

THREE years ago, to-day,
  We raised our hands to Heaven,
And, on the rolls of muster,
  Our names were thirty-seven;
There were just a thousand bayonets,
  And the swords were thirty-seven,
As we took the oath of service
  With our right hands raised to Heaven.

Oh, 'twas a gallant day,
  In memory still adored.
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
  With the musket and the sword!
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
  And beneath a cloudless heaven
Far flashed a thousand bayonets,
  And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets
  Two hundred march to-day;
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
  And hundreds in Maryland clay;
While other hundreds—less happy—drag
  Their mangled limbs around,
And envy the deep, calm, blessed sleep
  Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords—one night a week ago,
  The remnant, just eleven—
Gathered around a banqueting-board
  With seats for thirty-seven.
There were two came in on crutches,
  And two had each but a hand,
To pour the wine and raise the cup
  As we toasted "Our Flag and Land!"

And the room seemed filled with whispers
  As we looked at the vacant seats,
And with choking throats we pushed aside
  The rich but untasted meats;
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses
  As we stood up—just eleven—
And bowed as we drank to the Loved and the Dead
  Who had made us Thirty-seven!

20 *April*, 1864.

SAMBO'S RIGHT TO BE KILT.

[*Life and Adventures, Songs, etc., of Private Miles O'Reilly.* 1864.]

SOME tell us 'tis a burnin' shame
  To make the naygers fight;
An' that the thrade of bein' kilt
  Belongs but to the white:
But as for me, upon my sowl!
  So liberal are we here,
I'll let Sambo be murthered instead of myself,
  On every day in the year.

On every day in the year, boys,
  And in every hour of the day;
The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,
  An' divil a word I'll say.

In battle's wild commotion
  I shouldn't at all object
If Sambo's body should stop a ball
  That was comin' for me direct;
And the prod of a Southern bagnet,
  So ginerous are we here,
I'll resign, and let Sambo take it
  On every day in the year.
    On every day in the year, boys,
      And wid none o' your nasty pride,
    All my right in a Southern bagnet prod
      Wid Sambo I'll divide!

The men who object to Sambo
  Should take his place and fight;
And it's betther to have a nayger's hue
  Than a liver that's wake an' white.
Though Sambo's black as the ace of spades,
  His finger a thrigger can pull,
And his eye runs sthraight on the barrel-sights
  From undher its thatch of wool.
    So hear me all, boys darlin',
      Don't think I'm tippin' you chaff,
    The right to be kilt we'll divide wid him,
      And give him the largest half!

1862.

Philander Deming.

Born in Carlisle, Schoharie Co., N. Y., 1829.

TOMPKINS.

[*Tompkins and Other Folks.* 1885.]

HE was a small, wiry man, about forty years of age, with a bright young face, dark eyes, and iron-gray hair. We were reclining in a field, under a clump of pines, on a height overlooking Lake Champlain. Near by were the dull-red brick buildings of the University of Vermont. Burlington, blooming with flowers and embowered in trees, sloped away below us. Beyond the town, the lake, a broad plain of liquid blue, slept in the June sunshine, and in the farther distance towered the picturesque Adirondacks.

"It is certainly true," said Tompkins, turning upon his side so as to face me, and propping his head with his hand, while his elbow rested on the ground. "Don't you remember, I used to insist that they were peculiar, when we were here in college?"

I remembered it very distinctly, and so informed my old classmate.

"I always said," he continued, "that I could not do my best in New England, because there is no sentiment in the atmosphere, and the people are so peculiar."

"You have been living in Chicago?" I remarked inquiringly.

"That has been my residence ever since we were graduated; that is, for about seventeen years," he replied.

"You are in business there, I believe?" I questioned.

Tompkins admitted that he was, but did not name the particular line.

"Halloo!" he suddenly called out, rising to his feet, and looking toward the little brown road near us. I looked in the same direction, and saw a plainly dressed elderly couple on foot, apparently out for a walk. Tompkins went hastily toward them, helped the lady over the fence, the gentleman following, and a moment later I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Pember, of Chicago.

Tompkins gathered some large stones, pulled a board off the fence in rather a reckless manner, and fixed a seat for the couple where they could lean against a tree. When they were provided for, I reclined again, but Tompkins stood before us, talking and gesticulating.

"This," said he, "is the identical place, Mrs. Pember. Here you can see the beauties I have so often described. Before you are the town and the lake, and beyond them the mountains of Northern New York; and (if you will please to turn your head) that great blue wall behind you, twenty miles away, is composed of the highest mountains in Vermont. The mountains in front of you are the Adirondacks, and those behind you are the Green Mountains. You are at the central point of this magnificent Champlain Valley; and you are comfortably seated here beneath the shade, on this the loveliest day of summer. Dear friends, I congratulate you," and Tompkins shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Pember.

"And there, Timothy," observed the old gentleman, pointing at the University buildings with his cane, "is actually where you went to college."

"It was in those memorable and classic halls, as my classmate here can testify," replied Tompkins. "And here we roamed in 'Academus' sacred shade,' and a good deal beyond it. We went fishing and boating during term-time, and made long trips to the mountains in the vacations. In the mean time this wonderful valley was photographed upon the white and spotless sensorium of my youthful soul."

"Going, going, going!" cried Mrs. Pember, with a light, rippling laugh, glancing at me. "That is the way I stop Mr. Tompkins when he gets too flowery."

Tompkins looked at me and reddened. "I own up," he remarked, "I am an auctioneer in Chicago."

I hastened to say that I felt sure he was a good one, and added, in the kindest way I could, that I had just been wondering how he had become such a good talker.

"Is it a good deal of a come-down?" asked Tompkins, with a mixture of frankness and embarrassment.

I replied that the world was not what we had imagined in our college days, and that the calling of an auctioneer was honorable.

A general conversation followed, in the course of which it appeared that Tompkins had boarded at the home of the Pembers for several years. They evidently looked upon him almost as their own son. They were travelling with him during his summer rest.

"This is a queer world," observed Tompkins, dropping down beside me, and lying flat on his back, with his hands under his head. "I came to college from a back neighborhood over in York State, and up to the day I was graduated, and for a long time afterward, I thought I must be President of the United States, or a Presbyterian minister, or a great poet, or something remarkable, and here I am an auctioneer."

Occasional remarks were made by the rest of us for a while, but soon the talking was mainly done by Tompkins.

Said he, "Since I was graduated, I never was back here but once before, and that was four years ago next August. I was travelling this way then, and reached here Saturday evening. I was in the pork business at that time, as a clerk, and had to stop off here to see a man for the firm. I put up at the best hotel, feeling as comfortable and indifferent as I ever did in my life. There was not the shadow of an idea in my mind of what was going to happen. On Sunday morning I walked about town, and it began to come down on me."

"What, the town?" asked Mrs. Pember.

"No; the strangest and most unaccountable feeling I ever had in my life," answered Tompkins. "It was thirteen years since I had said good-by to college. It had long ago become apparent to me that the ideas with which I had graduated were visionary and impracticable. I comprehended that the college professors were not the great men I had once thought them, and that a college president was merely a human being. I had been hardened by fighting my way, as a friendless young man has to do in a great city. As the confidential clerk of a large pork-house in Chicago, I felt equal to the 'next man,' whoever he might be. If a professor had met me as I got off the cars here Saturday night, it would have been easy for me to snub him. But Sunday morning, as familiar objects began to appear in the course of my walk, the strange feeling of which I have spoken came over me. It was the feeling of old times. The white clouds, the blue lake, this wonderful scenery, thrilled me, and called back the college dreams."

As he spoke, my old classmate's voice trembled.

"You may remember that I used to like Horace and Virgil and Homer," he remarked, sitting up, crossing his feet tailor-fashion, and looking appealingly at me.

I replied, enthusiastically and truly, that he had been one of our best lovers of the poets.

"Well," continued Tompkins, "that Sunday morning those things began to come back to me. It wasn't exactly delightful. My old ambition to do something great in the world awoke as if from a long sleep. As I prolonged my walk the old associations grew stronger. When I came near the college buildings it seemed as if I still belonged here. The hopes of an ideal career were before me as bright as ever. The grand things I was going to do, the volumes of poems and other writings by Tompkins, and his marvellous successes were as clear as day. In short, the whole thing was conjured up as if it were a picture, just as it used to be when I was a student in college, and it was too much for me."

Tompkins seemed to be getting a little hoarse, and his frank face was very serious.

"Timothy," suggested Mr. Pember, "may be you could tell us what that big rock is, out in the lake."

"Why, father, don't you remember? That is rock Dunder," said Mrs. Pember.

"I guess it is," said the old gentleman, musingly.

"Well," resumed Tompkins, "as I was saying, on one side were Homer and Virgil and Horace and Tompkins, and on the other was pork. I cannot explain it, but somehow there it was. The two pictures, thirteen years apart, were brought so close together that they touched. It was something I do not pretend to understand. Managing to get by the college buildings, I came up to this spot where we are now. You will infer that my eyes watered badly, and to tell the truth they did. Of course it is all very well," explained Tompkins, uncrossing his legs, turning upon his side, and propping his head on his hand again,—"of course it is all very well to rake down the college, and say *Alma Mater* doesn't amount to anything. The boys all do it, and they believe what they say for the first five or six years after they leave here. But we may as well understand that if we know how to slight the old lady, and don't go to see her for a dozen years, she knows how to punish. She had me across her knee, that Sunday morning, in a way that I would have thought impossible. After an hour I controlled myself, and went back to the hotel. I brushed my clothes, and started for church, with a lump in my throat all the while. My trim business suit didn't seem so neat and nobby as usual. The two pictures, the one of the poets and the other of pork, were in my mind. I shied along the sidewalk in a nervous condition, and reaching the church without being recognized managed to get a seat near the door. Could I believe my senses? I knew that I was changed, probably past all recognition, but around me I saw the faces of my Burlington friends exactly as they had been thirteen years before. I did not understand then, as I do now, that a young man in business in Chicago will become gray-headed in ten years, though he might have lived a quiet life in Vermont for a quarter of a century, without changing a hair."

"It is the same with horses," suggested Mr. Pember. "Six years on a horse-car in New York about uses up an average horse, though he would have been good for fifteen years on a farm."

"Exactly," said Tompkins. "You can imagine how I felt that Sunday, with my hair half whitewashed."

"You know I always said you might have begun coloring your hair, Timothy," said Mrs. Pember kindly.

"Yes," replied Tompkins, with an uneasy glance at me; "but I didn't do it. There was one thing in the church there, that morning, that I shall never have a better chance to tell of, and I am going to tell it now, while you are here."

This last sentence was addressed to me, and my old classmate uttered the words with a gentleness and a frankness that brought back my best recollections of him in our college days, when he was "little Tompkins," the warmest-hearted fellow in our class.

"Do you remember Lucy Cary?" he asked.

I replied that I did, very well indeed; and the picture of a youthful face, of Madonna-like beauty, came out with strange distinctness from the memories of the past, as I said it.

"Well, I saw Lucy there," continued Tompkins, "singing in the choir in church, looking just as she did in the long-ago days when we used to serenade her. I am willing to tell you about it."

Tompkins said this in such a confiding manner that I instinctively moved toward him and took hold of his hand.

"All right, classmate," he said, sitting up, and looking me in the eyes in a peculiarly winning way that had won us all when he was in college.

"Why, boys!" exclaimed Mrs. Pember, with her light laugh.

Tompkins found a large stone, put it against a tree, and sat down on it, while I reclined at his feet. He said:

"You have asked me, Mrs. Pember, very often, about the people up here, and now I will tell you about some of them. Do you notice that mountain away beyond the lake, in behind the others, so that you can see only the top, which is shaped like a pyramid? That is old Whiteface, and it is more than forty miles from here. It used to be understood that there was nothing whatever over there except woods and rocks and bears and John Brown. But the truth is, right at the foot of the mountain, in the valley on this side, there is a little village called Wilmington, and it is the centre of the world. Lucy Cary and I were born there. It was not much of a village then, and it is about the same now. There was no church, and no store, and no hotel, in my time; there were only half a dozen dwelling-houses, and a blacksmith shop, and a man who made shoes. Lucy lived in the house next to ours. Her father was the man who made shoes. Lucy and I picked berries and rambled about with Rover, the dog, from the time we were little. Of course you will naturally think there is something romantic coming, but there is not. We were just a couple of children playing together; and we studied together as we grew older. They made a great deal of studying and schooling over there. They had almost as much respect for learning then in Wilmington as they have now among the White Mountains, where they will not allow any waiters at the hotels who cannot talk Greek.

"It was quite an affair when Lucy and I left Wilmington and came to Burlington. The departure of two inhabitants was a loss to the town. It was not equal to the Chicago fire, but it was an important event. I went to college, and Lucy came over the lake to work in a woollen factory. *There* is where she worked," pointing to the beautiful little village of Winooski, a mile away behind us, in the green valley of Onion River.

"And she had to work there for a living, while you went to college?" asked Mrs. Pember.

"That was it," said Tompkins. "We used to serenade her sometimes, with the rest; but she seemed to think it was not exactly the right thing for a poor factory-girl, and so we gave it up. I used to see her occasionally, but somehow there grew up a distance between us."

"How was that?" inquired Mrs. Pember.

"Well, to tell the truth," answered Tompkins, "I think my college ideas had too much to do with it. I did not see it at the time, but it has come over me lately. When a young chap gets his head full of new ideas, he is very likely to forget the old ones."

"You did not mean to do wrong, I am sure," said Mrs. Pember.

"The excuse I have," continued Tompkins, "is that I had to work and scrimp and suffer so myself, to get along and pay my way, that I hardly thought of anything except my studies and how to meet my expenses. Then there was that dream of doing some great thing in the world. I taught the district school in Wilmington three months during my sophomore year to get money to go on with, and I think that helped to make me ambitious. It was the sincere conviction of the neighborhood over there that I would be president of the college or of the United States. I do not think they would have conceded that there was much difference in the two positions. I felt that I would be disgraced if I did not meet their expectations. By one of those coincidences which seemed to follow our fortunes, Lucy made a long visit home when I was teaching in Wilmington. She was one of my pupils. She was a quiet little lady, and hardly spoke a loud word, that I remember, all winter."

"Did you try to talk to her, Timothy?" asked Mrs. Pember.

"I do not claim that I did," answered Tompkins. "I was studying hard to keep up with my class, and that was the reason. But I wish I had paid more attention to Lucy Cary that winter. I would not have you think there was anything particular between Lucy and me. It was not that."

"We will think just what we please," interrupted Mrs. Pember, in a serious tone.

"Well," continued the narrator, "it would be absurd to suppose there was any such thing."

There was a long pause. "You had better tell the rest of the story, Timothy," said the old gentleman, persuasively.

"Yes, I will," responded Tompkins. "After I came back to college I got along better than before I had taught. The money I received for teaching helped me, and another thing aided me. The folks in Wilmington found out how a poor young man works to get through college. Some of us used to live on a dollar a week apiece, and board ourselves in our rooms, down there in the buildings; and we were doing the hardest kind of studying at the same time. We would often club together, one doing the cooking for five or six. The cook would get off without paying. It was one of the most delightful things in the world to see a tall young man in a calico dressing-gown come out on the green, where we would be playing foot-ball, and make the motions of beating an imaginary gong for dinner. In order to appreciate it, you need to work hard and play hard and live on the slimmest kind of New England fare. But there is one thing even better than that. To experience the most exquisite delight ever known by a Burlington student, you ought to have an uncle Jason. While I was teaching in Wilmington, my uncle

Jason, from North Elba, which was close by, came there. When he found out what an important man I was, and how I was fighting my way, he sympathized wonderfully. He was not on good terms at our house, but he called at my school, and almost cried over me. He was not a man of much learning, but he looked upon those who were educated as a superior order of beings. I was regarded in the neighborhood as a sort of martyr to science, a genius who was working himself to death. I was the only public man ever produced by the settlement up to that date. It was part of the religion of the place to look upon me as something unusual, and uncle Jason shared the general feeling. I could see, as he sat there in the school-house observing the school, that he was very proud of me. Before leaving, he called me into the entry and gave me a two-dollar bill. It was generous, for he was a poor man, and had his wife and children to support. It brought the tears to my eyes when he handed me the money, and told me I was the flower of the family and the pride of the settlement. I felt as if I would rather die than fail of fulfilling the expectations of my friends. There was great delight in it, and it was an inexpressible joy to know that my relatives and the neighbors cared so much for me.

"To comprehend this thing fully, Mrs. Pember, you ought to be in college, and when you are getting hard up, and see no way but to leave, get letters, as I did from uncle Jason, with five or six dollars at a time in them. Such a trifle would carry you through to the end of the term, and save your standing in the class. If you were a Burlington college boy, while you might be willing to depart this life in an honorable manner, you would not be willing to lose your mark and standing as a student. You would regard the consequences of such a disaster as very damaging to your character, and certain to remain with you forever.

"I may as well say, while it is on my mind, that I *do* think this matter of education is a little overdone in this part of the country. A young man is not the centre of the universe merely because he is a college student, or a graduate, and it is not worth while to scare him with any such idea. The only way he can meet the expectation of his friends, under such circumstances, is to get run over accidentally by the cars. That completes his martyrdom, and affords his folks an opportunity to boast of what he would have been if he had lived."

"Tell us more about Lucy," said Mrs. Pember.

"Yes, certainly," replied Tompkins. "Lucy had a wonderful idea of poetry and writing. It is really alarming to a stranger to see the feeling there is up here in that way. The impression prevails generally that a writer is superior to all other people on earth. I remember to have heard that one of our class, a year after we were graduated, started a newspaper back here about ten miles, on the bank of the Onion River.

He might just as well have started it under a sage bush out on the alkali plains. He gave it some queer Greek name, and I heard that the publication was first semi-weekly, then weekly, and then very weakly indeed, until it came to a full stop at the end of six months. It would have been ridiculous anywhere else; but being an attempt at literature, I suppose it was looked upon here as respectable."

"And did you use to write poetry?" queried Mrs. Pember.

"Not to any dangerous extent," replied Tompkins. "I do not deny that I tried while in college, but I reformed when I went West. I think uncle Jason always had an idea that it might be better for me to be Daniel Webster. He stood by me after I left college, and for three years I continued to get those letters, with five or six dollars at a time in them. They kept me from actual suffering sometimes, before I got down off my stilts, and went to work, like an honest man, in the pork business."

"I thought you were going to tell us something about that girl," suggested Mrs. Pember.

"Yes, I was," rejoined Tompkins. "When I saw Lucy here, four years ago, in the gallery with the singers, I felt as if it would be impossible for me to face her and talk with her. She would not have known me, for one thing. When I was a brown-haired boy, making poetry and being a martyr, and doing serenading, and living on codfish and crackers and soup, I could meet Lucy with a grand air that made her shudder; but, as I sat there in church, gray and worn, I dreaded to catch her eye, or have her see me. Although there was not three years' difference in our ages, yet it seemed to me that I was very old, while she was still blooming. Then there was the feeling that I had not become a great poet, or orator, or anything really worth while. On the contrary, I was just nobody. It seemed like attending my own funeral. I felt disgraced. Of course it was not all true. I had been a good, square, honest, hard-working man."

"Yes, you had indeed, Timothy," assented Mrs. Pember, with an emphatic nod.

"Yes indeed, I had," repeated Tompkins, his chin quivering. "It was not the thing for a fair-minded man to think so poorly of himself; but I was alone, and the old associations and the solemn services were very impressive. There was Lucy in the choir; she always could sing like a nightingale. When I heard her voice again, it overcame me. I did not hear much of the sermon. I think it was something about temptation and the suggestions of the evil one; but I am not sure, for I had my head down on the back of the pew in front of me most of the time. I had to fight desperately to control my feelings. One minute I would think that as soon as the services closed I would rush around and shake hands with my old acquaintances, and the next minute would be doing my best to swallow the lump in my throat. It was as tough a sixty minutes as I ever passed. But finally the services were ended. I felt that it was plainly my duty to stop in the porch and claim the recognition of my friends. I did pause, and try for a few seconds to collect myself; but the lump grew bigger and choked me, while the tears *would* flow. Besides that, as the adversary just then, in the meanest possible manner, suggested to my soul, there was that pork. I knew I would have to tell of it if I stopped. But I did not stop; I retreated. When I reached my room in the hotel I felt a longing to get out of town. Fortunately, I could not leave on Sunday. So in the afternoon I sat with the landlord on his broad front platform, or piazza. It was not the person who keeps the place now, but one of the oldest inhabitants, who knew all about the Burlington people. He guessed that I was a college boy; he thought he remembered something about my appearance. I did not mind talking freely with a landlord, for hotels and boarding-houses had been my home in Chicago. I had always been a single man, just as I am to this day. This landlord was a good-hearted old chap, and it was pleasant to talk with him. While we were sitting there, who should come along the street but Lucy, with a book in her hand. She was on the opposite sidewalk, and did not look up. She would not look at a hotel on Sunday. I asked the landlord about her, and he told me all there was to tell. She was living in one end of a little wooden cottage over toward Winooski, another factory-woman occupying the other part of the house. They made a home together. The landlord said Lucy was an excellent woman, and might have married one of the overseers in the factory any time she chose for years back, but that she preferred a single life.

"When I got back to Chicago I kept thinking about Lucy Cary. The old times when we used to live in Wilmington came back to my mind. The truth of it was, I was getting along a little, at last, in Chicago in the way of property, and I found myself all the while planning how I could have Lucy Cary near me."

"Did you want to marry her, Timothy?" inquired Mrs. Pember.

"It was not that," he replied; "but I wanted to become acquainted with her again. I knew she was the best girl I had ever seen. She always was just as good and pious as anybody could be. We were like brother and sister, almost, when young; and when I thought of home and my folks and old Wilmington and the college days, somehow Lucy was the centre of it all. In fact, almost everything else was gone. My folks were scattered, and Lucy and uncle Jason were nearly the only persons up this way that I could lay claim to. There is a kind of lonesome streak comes over a man when he has been grinding away in a great city for a good many years, and comes back to the old places, and sees them so fresh and green and quiet, and he can't get over it. He will cling to anything that belongs to old times. I was strongly influenced to write to Lucy, but finally I did not. I determined that I would get all I could for two or three years, and then I would come here and face things. I would get something comfortable, and would have a place I could call my own in Chicago. Then, when I had it fixed, I would come and see uncle Jason and Lucy, and stand the racket. Of course it was nonsense to feel shy, but it seemed to me that I could not say a word until I had something to brag of. They knew, in a general kind of way, that I was in Chicago, dealing in pork, or doing auctioneering or something, and that was as much humiliation as I could endure. To be sure, it was nothing to be ashamed of, for I had been an honest, faithful man; but to come back to my friends empty-handed, without money or fame, and gray-headed at that, was more than I could stand. If I had *had* anything or *been* anything, just to take the edge off, I could have managed it. As it was, I looked ahead and worked. If any man in Chicago has tried and planned and toiled during the last three years, I am that man. There has been a picture before my mind of a pleasant home there."

"And have you calculated to marry Lucy Cary?" inquired Mrs. Pember, in an eager voice.

"Perhaps it was not just in that way I thought of it," replied the narrator, very seriously. "You know I told you that the landlord said she preferred a single life."

"Timothy Tompkins," exclaimed the old lady apprehensively, "don't deny it,—don't! Think how dreadfully you will feel if you know you have told a lie!"

"It is nothing to be ashamed of, Timothy," said Mr. Pember, in a kind and sympathetic voice.

"If you put it in that way," answered my old classmate, in strangely mournful tones, "all I can say is, there was never anything between us, —nothing at all."

"And did you come here this time to see her?" inquired Mrs. Pember, almost starting from her seat, and with the thrill of a sudden guess in her voice.

"I suppose it was as much that as anything," replied Tompkins doggedly, looking down, and poking with a short stick in the ground at his feet.

"And that is what has made you act so queer," mused Mrs. Pember. "Have you seen her?"

"Let *him* tell the story, Caroline," urged the old gentleman peevishly.

Tompkins looked gloomily out upon the lake and the broad landscape for a few moments; and then, resuming his narrative, said:

"As I was saying, I have worked hard, and have got a nice little pile. I am worth thirty-five thousand dollars. When I made up my mind to come East this summer, the money to pay uncle Jason for what he had done was all ready. It made me choke to think how long I had let it run. I figured it up as near as I could—the two hundred that came to me in college, and the two hundred after that; and I put in the simple interest at seven per cent., according to the York State law, which brought the sum total up to nearly nine hundred; and to fix it all right I made it an even thousand dollars. Then I bought a new buckskin bag, and went to a bank in Chicago and got the money all in gold. I knew that would please uncle Jason. He once talked of going to California to dig. I suppose he had never seen a pile of the real yellow coin in his life. I wrote to him that I was to be in Burlington, and that I would be ever so glad if he would come over and see me. I met him yesterday afternoon, as he got off the boat, down at the steamboat landing. He knew me, and I knew him, although we were both changed a good deal. After we had talked a little, and got used to each other, I took him up to my room in the hotel. I was in a hurry to get at the business part of my visit with him first; for it seemed to me that it would be better to let him see, to begin with, that I was not exactly poor, nor such an ungrateful cub as may be he had thought I was. It was my resolve that before we talked of anything else I would get that money off my conscience. I knew that then I could hold up my head, and discuss our neighborhood and old times, and it would be plain sailing for me. I had pictured to my mind a dozen times how uncle Jason would look with that new yellow buckskin bag crammed with gold on his knee, steadying it with his hand and talking to me. So when I got him up to my room, and seated him in a chair, I began the performance. I got red in the face, and spluttered, and flourished round with the bag and the gold; and, to tell the truth, I fully expected to make the old man's hair rise right up. But it did not work. He got shaky and trembled, and somehow did not seem to want the money at all, and finally owned how it was. He said that he had never given me a cent; it was all Lucy Cary's doing. And she had made him promise, on his everlasting Bible oath, as he called it, that he would not tell. She had put him up to the whole thing; even that first two-dollar bill had come from her wages."

My old classmate ceased speaking. He was becoming flushed and excited. He gazed abstractedly at the broad blue mirror of old Champlain, upon which he and I had looked together so often in the days of our youth.

Mr. Pember sat silently. Mrs. Pember was whimpering behind her handkerchief.

I ventured the inquiry, "Have you seen Lucy yet?"

Tompkins's face quivered; he was silent.

Mrs. Pember's interest in the question restored her. "Tell us, have you seen her?" she asked.

"I heard of it yesterday," Tompkins replied huskily, with an effort.

"Why, Timothy, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Pember, rising from her seat and coming to him, as he bent his head and buried his face in his hands. The motherly woman took off his soft hat, and stroking his hair said: "You had better tell; it will do you good." And then she put his hat on again, and stood wiping her eyes in sympathy, while he struggled with himself.

The storm of feeling passed away, and Tompkins, having gained control of his emotions, slowly lifted his face from his hands, and sat peering out under his hat-brim, looking apparently at a boat upon the lake. At last he said, in a calm voice: "She is dead."

It was very still after this announcement. The softest breath of June scarcely whispered in the pines overhead, and the vast landscape below seemed strangely at rest in the fervid brightness of the summer noon.

Guy Humphreys McMaster.

Born in Clyde, N. Y., 1829. Died at Bath, N. Y., 1887.

CARMEN BELLICOSUM.

[*The Knickerbocker Magazine.* 1849.]

IN their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
While the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night-encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn;
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;

While the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires:
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers,
And the villainous saltpeter
Rang a fierce, discordant metre
Round our ears:
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks.
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the bare-headed Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broadsword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet-loud;
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

Carl Schurz.

Born in Liblar, near Cologne, Germany, 1829.

CLAY.

[*Life of Henry Clay.* 1888.]

HIS most potent faculty has left the most imperfect monuments behind it. He was without question the greatest parliamentary orator, and one of the greatest popular speakers, America has ever had.

Webster excelled him in breadth of knowledge, in keenness of reasoning, in weight of argument, and in purity of diction. But Clay possessed in a far higher degree the true oratorical temperament,—that force of nervous exaltation which makes the orator feel himself, and appear to others, a superior being, and almost irresistibly transfuses his thoughts, his passions, and his will into the mind and heart of the listener. Webster would instruct and convince and elevate, but Clay would overcome his audience. There could scarcely be a more striking proof of his power than the immediate effect we know his speeches to have produced upon those who heard them, compared with the impression of heavy tameness we receive when merely reading the printed reports.

In the elements, too, which make a man a leader, Clay was greatly the superior of Webster, as well as of all other contemporaries, excepting Andrew Jackson. He had not only in rare development the faculty of winning the affectionate devotion of men, but his personality imposed itself without an effort so forcibly upon others that they involuntarily looked to him for direction, waited for his decisive word before making up their minds, and not seldom yielded their better judgment to his will-power.

While this made him a very strong leader, he was not a safe guide. The rare brightness of his intellect and his fertile fancy served, indeed, to make himself and others forget his lack of accurate knowledge and studious thought; but these brilliant qualities could not compensate for his deficiency in that prudence and forecast which are required for the successful direction of political forces. His impulses were vehement, and his mind not well fitted for the patient analysis of complicated problems and of difficult political situations. His imagination frequently ran away with his understanding. His statesmanship had occasionally something of the oratorical character. Now and then he appeared to consider it as important whether a conception or a measure would sound well, as whether, if put into practice, it would work well. He disliked advice which differed from his preconceived opinions; and with his imperious temper and ardent combativeness he was apt, as in the struggle about the United States Bank, to put himself, and to hurry his party, into positions of great disadvantage. It is a remarkable fact that during his long career in Congress he was in more or less pronounced opposition to all administrations, even those of his own party, save that of Jefferson, under which he served only one short session in the Senate, and that of John Quincy Adams, of which he was a member. . .

On the other hand, he never sought to organize or strengthen his following by the arts of the patronage-monger. The thought that a political party should be held together by the public plunder, or that the party leader should be something like a paymaster of a body of henchmen at the public expense, or that a party contest should be a mere scramble for spoils, was entirely foreign to his mind, and far below the level of his patriotic aspirations.

It has been said that Clay was surrounded by a crowd of jobbers and speculators eager to turn his internal improvement and tariff policies to their private advantage. No doubt those policies attracted such persons to him. But there is no reason for suspecting that he was ever in the slightest degree pecuniarily interested in any scheme which might have been advanced by his political position or influence. In no sense was he a money-maker in politics. His integrity as a public man remained without blemish throughout his long career. He preserved an equally intact name in the conduct of his private affairs. In money-matters he was always a man of honor, maintaining the principles and the pride of a gentleman. The financial embarrassments which troubled his declining days were caused, not by reckless extravagance, nor by questionable speculations, but by the expenses inseparable from high public station and great renown, and by engagements undertaken for others, especially his sons. He was a kind husband, and an indulgent father. There is ample evidence of his warm solicitude as to the welfare of his children, of his constant readiness to assist them with his counsel, and of his self-sacrificing liberality in providing for their needs and in aiding them in their troubles. . . . .

The desire of so distinguished a political leader to be President was natural and legitimate. Even had he cherished it less ardently, his followers would have more than once pushed him forward. But no one can study Clay's career without feeling that he would have been a happier and a greater man if he had never coveted the glittering prize. When such an ambition becomes chronic, it will be but too apt to unsettle the character and darken the existence of those afflicted with it by confusing their appreciation of all else. As Cæsar said that the kind of death most to be desired was "a sudden one," so the American statesman may think himself fortunate to whom a nomination for the presidency comes, if at all, without a long agony of hope and fear. During a period of thirty years, from the time when he first aspired to be Monroe's successor until 1848, Clay unceasingly hunted the shadow whose capture would probably have added nothing either to his usefulness or his fame, but the pursuit of which made his public life singularly restless and unsatisfactory to himself. Nor did he escape from the suspicion of having occasionally modified the expression of his opinions according to supposed exigencies of availability. The peculiar tone of his speech against the Abolitionists before the campaign of 1840, his various letters on the annexation of Texas in 1844, and some equivocations on other subjects during the same period, illustrated the weaken-ing influence of the presidential candidate upon the man; and even his oft-quoted word that he would "rather be right than be President" was spoken at a time when he was more desirous of being President than sure of being right. . . . .

Whatever Clay's weaknesses of character and errors in statesmanship may have been, almost everything he said or did was illumined by a grand conception of the destinies of his country, a glowing national spirit, a lofty patriotism. Whether he thundered against British tyranny on the seas, or urged the recognition of the South American sister republics, or attacked the high-handed conduct of the military chieftain in the Florida war, or advocated protection and internal improvements, or assailed the one-man power and spoils politics in the person of Andrew Jackson, or entreated for compromise and conciliation regarding the tariff or slavery; whether what he advocated was wise or unwise, right or wrong,—there was always ringing through his words a fervid plea for his country, a zealous appeal in behalf of the honor and the future greatness and glory of the Republic, or an anxious warning lest the Union, and with it the greatness and glory of the American people, be put in jeopardy. It was a just judgment which he pronounced upon himself when he wrote: "If any one desires to know the leading and paramount object of my public life, the preservation of this Union will furnish him the key."

Silas Weir Mitchell.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1829.

WITH A DECANTER OF MADEIRA.

[*A Masque and other Poems.* 1887.]

A DECANTER OF MADEIRA, AGED 86, TO GEORGE BANCROFT, AGED 86, GREETING:

GOOD Master, you and I were born
In "Teacup days" of hoop and hood,
And when the silver cue hung down,
And toasts were drunk, and wine was good;

When kin of mine (a jolly brood)
From sideboards looked, and knew full well
What courage they had given the beau,
How generous made the blushing belle.

Ah me! what gossip could I prate
Of days when doors were locked at dinners!
Believe me, I have kissed the lips
Of many pretty saints—or sinners.

Lip-service have I done, alack!
I don't repent, but come what may,
What ready lips, sir, I have kissed,
Be sure at least I shall not say.

Two honest gentlemen are we,—
I Demi John, whole George are you;
When Nature grew us one in years
She meant to make a generous brew.

She bade me store for festal hours
The sun our south-side vineyard knew;
To sterner tasks she set your life,
To statesman, writer, scholar, grew.

Years eighty-six have come and gone:
At last we meet. Your health to-night.
Take from this board of friendly hearts
The memory of a proud delight.

The days that went have made you wise,
There's wisdom in my rare bouquet.
I'm rather paler than I was;
And, on my soul, you're growing gray.

I like to think, when Toper Time
Has drained the last of me and you,
Some here shall say, They both were good,—
The wine we drank, the man we knew.

NEWPORT, 3 *October*, 1886.

THE "HOT CORNER."

[*Roland Blake.* 1886.]

TOWARDS evening Francis received a hasty order to take three companies of the provost's guard to the front as reinforcements. Blake asked leave to join the party, as for the time his duties did not detain him. Receiving permission, he hastily rejoined his friend.

A short march through dense woods and mud brought them into a position indicated by an aid. It was for the time out of danger, and Blake, despite his experience of war, began to look about him with the interested curiosity which never left him. Before them rose a little elevation, from which the ground fell away to the front; behind them, from a still higher eminence, a number of guns were throwing shells over our lines into those of the rebels, who were replying in like fashion. The earth was covered with the early green leaflets, twigs. and branches, mowed by bullets which flew in constant flight overhead. The whoop and scream of shells and the howl of solid shot made a chorus wild as the orchestra of hell, and now and again the increasing fire of small arms added the whir and whistle of their balls to the tumultuous din of war.

A half hour later an order to advance to the top of the slope carried them forward under fire. Francis watched his men anxiously as they fell into line on the summit of the hillock, aware that some of them had seen but little service. Meanwhile a fragment of a brigade passed by them, having fallen back in order to renew its ammunition. The infantry men chaffed the dismounted troopers as they passed.

"Steady!" said Francis, with his ever-ready smile,—"steady!" and Blake moved along the line, talking to the men, and keenly observant.

Still the leaves and branches dropped as from unseen scythes in air, and about them the bullets flew, now with a dull thud on the trees and now with a duller sound on limb or trunk of man. A half-dozen men dropped in as many minutes, and, as usual, the soldiers began to tend into groups, with some instinctive sense of obtaining protection by neighborhood to their fellows.

"Steady!" said Francis; "mark time! Now, again! That's better!"

The signs of nervous excitement were visible enough: one man incessantly wiped his gun-barrel, another buttoned and unbuttoned his coat, a third stood, pale and tremulous, looking hastily to left and right, whilst a tall soldier attracted the attention of Blake by talking volubly.

"Now, steady!" said Blake, facing them and marking time as he stepped backward. "So! That will do. Now forward—double quick!"

They passed the torn abatis and slashes which before dawn lay in front of the rebel lines and now within our own, and in a few moments were at the front, behind the breastworks to the left of the murderous "Angle." Kneeling in double rows, they took the places left vacant by a part of a regiment sent back in turn to replenish its cartridge belts.

The "Hot Corner" to the right and the adjoining lines, which Lee had lost at dawn, had been furiously contested in repeated charges all that long day of May. But now for a brief season there was a respite.

The firing ceased a few moments after they reached their station, and Blake had leisure to observe the effect of the most ferocious struggle of the war. The lines were straight to left and right, but to the westward of where he stood was the "Hot Corner," better known as "the Angle." Its open side looked towards the rebel lines. Originally a well-built breastwork, it had been continually strengthened as chance allowed, and was now a mass of earth, tree-trunks, and rails. The woods were dense on each side, and in them during the brief pauses in this awful day the combatants of either side lay close to the disputed barrier. Blake walked down the lines to the left, crouching low to avoid a shot. Before him lay a broad clearing, and twelve hundred yards distant a thick wood, which sheltered the rebel lines and ran towards and up to the bloody angle. The smoke lifted slowly, as if reluctantly unveiling the countless wounded and dead in the open. The dusk was gradually deepening. For an hour or two there had been no serious assault; yet those who had met the gallant Confederates knew but too well their habit of a final and desperate onset just before nightfall. Officers came and went, ammunition was distributed, tired men rose from brief repose, new brigades came up, and a relative stillness of grim expectation fell on the close-set lines behind the torn field-works. Then there was stir and movement in among the distant woods. Forms of men dimly seen filled the dark interspaces of the far-away forests across the clearing, and swarmed out of them until long gray lines, one behind another, in close formation, told to those who watched them what was coming.

Standing behind Francis's men, glass in hand, Blake awaited the onset. His friend passed him, smiling as ever. The gray lines grew nearer, advancing slowly; the officers well in front, marking time, then pausing and at last falling into and behind the moving mass. Then they came faster. Just in front of Blake a single officer, in a gray shirt and without a coat, kept his place before his men. The long gray line, five hundred yards distant, broke with wild yells into a rush; a fury of musketry burst forth at the angle to the left in the denser woods; officers cried out, "Keep cool! Steady! Hold your fire!"

Blake dropped his glass. Francis cried out to him, "Get down, you fool!" As he crouched he saw the now irregular line, and even the set, grim faces of the men,—earth has seen no braver.

Then the fury of fire and smoke began,—an inconceivable tumult of shouts, cries, oaths, the ping-ping of minie and musket-shot, and a darkness of gray death-mists flashing venomous tongues of fire. Through torn smoke-veils Blake saw the near faces, black and furious. Of the awful struggle, as men were shot, stabbed, pulled over as prisoners to either side, beaten down with clubbed muskets, he knew little that he could recall a day after. There was a pause, confusion, wild shouts, hurrahs, to left and right, a sense of having won,—he knew not how or why,—and he found himself leaping down from the top of the breastwork with an amazed sense of victory, in his left hand an empty revolver, still smoking, in his right a broken musket. He drew a long breath, and, perfectly exhausted, looked about him. He was unhurt. Around him were prisoners, dead and wounded soldiers, men afoot tottering, men on the ground convulsed, and a mere mob of smoke-begrimed soldiers, with alert officers swiftly moving to and fro, swearing, and howling orders in an effort to get their people together.

The smoke lifted or blew away, and Blake stared half dazed at the broken columns melted to a mob on the plain, some staggering, some crawling away wounded, some in broken groups, the greater mass huddled together and making for the sheltering forest.

The fight was over; but not a hundred yards distant the colonel who had led the immediate attack was seen in the dusky twilight walking calmly and scornfully away. As he became visible, shots went by him. Then a soldierly emotion touched some heart as brave as his own; an officer leaped on to the breastwork and called out, "Damn it, don't fire! Three cheers for the Reb!" A wild hurrah rose from the Northern line. Whether the officer concerned understood it or not were hard to say, but he wheeled suddenly, faced our breastworks, saluted formally as if on parade, and again turning, renewed his walk, while cheer on cheer thundered along our lines.

Blake raised his field-glass and watched him. Suddenly he saw him sway, recover himself, and then, doubling up, drop on the ground.

"My God, how pitiful!" exclaimed the New England man.

It was now getting darker; but Blake noted well where he fell. Victory is only less confusing than defeat. Threading his way through the thickly-lying dead and wounded gray and blue,—for thrice the Confederates had been within the captured lines,—he moved slowly along among perplexing masses of intertangled brigades and regiments in search of his friend. At last, returning, he found Francis. They shook hands warmly. Both felt the immense sense of relief which the close of a battle brings to the bravest.

Murat Halstead.

BORN in Paddy's Run, Butler Co., Ohio, 1829.

TO THE YOUNG MAN AT THE DOOR.

[*Address on "The Maxims, Markets, and Missions of the Press," delivered before the Wisconsin Press Association,* 23 *January,* 1889.]

WE need to guard against ways of exclusiveness—against the assumption that for some mysterious reason the press has rights that the people have not; that there are privileges of the press in which the masses and the classes do not participate. The claim of privilege is a serious error. One neither gains nor loses rights in a profession. We have the same authority to speak as editors that we have as citizens. If we use a longer "pole to knock the persimmons," because we have a larger constituency for our conversational ability, that doesn't affect rights. It simply increases responsibility. One can say of a meritorious man or enterprise, or of a rascally schemer or scheme, as an editor the same that he could say as a citizen, a tax-payer, a lawyer, minister, farmer, or blacksmith. It conduces to the better understanding of our business to know that we are like other folks, and not set apart, baptized, anointed, or otherwise sanctified, for an appointed and exclusive and unique service.

It is in our line of occupation to buy white paper, impress ink upon it in such form as may be expressive of the news and our views, and agreeable to our friends or disagreeable to our foes, and sell the sheet, when the paper becomes, by the inking thereof, that peculiar manufactured product, a newspaper, for a margin of profit. We should not go about magnifying our office. We are as gifted and good as anybody, so far as our natural rights are concerned, and are better or worse according to our behavior. It is our position to stand on the common ground with the people, and publish the news, and tell the truth about it as well as we can; and we shall, through influences certain in their operation, find the places wherein we belong. No one can escape the logic of his labor.

Communications from young gentlemen in, or fresh from college, or active in other shops, who propose to go into journalism or newspaperdom, and want to know how to do it, are a common experience, for there is a popular fascination about our employment. There is nothing one could know—neither faculty to perform nor ability to endure—perfection of recollection, thoroughness in history, capacity to apply the lessons of philosophy, comprehension of the law, or cultiavted intuition of the Gospel—that would not be of service going into newspaperdom. But it is beyond me to prescribe a course of study. It is easier, when you have the knack, to do than to tell.

When the Young Man comes to say that he would be willing to undertake to run a newspaper,—and we know that Young Man as soon as we see his anxious face at the door, and sympathize with him, for we may remember to have been at the door instead of the desk, and willing to undertake the task of the gentleman who sat at the desk and asked what was wanted—when perhaps the youth at the door had in his pocket an essay on the Mound-builders that he believed was the news of the day—and we don't like to speak unkindly to the Young Man. But there are so many of him. He is so numerous that he is monotonous, and it is not always fair to utter the commonplaces of encouragement. It is well to ask the Young Man, who is willing to come in and do things, what he has done (and often he hasn't done anything but have his being).

What is it that he knows how to do better than any one else can do it? If there be anything, the question settles itself, for one who knows how to do right well something that is to do, has a trade. The world is under his feet, and its hardness is firm footing. We must ask what the Young Man wants to do; and he comes back with the awful vagueness that he is willing to do anything; and that always means nothing at all. It is the intensity of the current of electricity that makes the carbon incandescent and illuminating. The vital flame is the mystery that is immortal in the soul and in the universe.

Who can tell the Young Man how to grasp the magic clew of the globe that spins with us? There is no turnpike or railroad that leads into journalism. There are no vacancies for didactic amateurs. Nobody is wanted. And yet we are always looking out for Somebody, and once in awhile he comes. He does not ask for a place, but takes that which is his. Do not say to the Young Man, there are no possibilities. There certainly are more than ever before. Young Man, if you want to get into journalism, break in. Don't ask how. It is the finding of it out that will educate you to do the essential thing. The Young Man must enter the newspaper office by main strength and awkwardness, and make a place for himself.

The machines upon which we impress the sheets we produce for the market—and we all know how costly they are in their infinite variety of improvements, for the earnings of the editor are swept away by the incessant, insatiable requirements of the press-maker—this facile mechanism is not more changeable than The Press itself, in its larger sense—and the one thing needful, first and last, is Man. With all the changes, the intelligence of the printer and the personal force of the editor are indispensable.

Charles Dudley Warner.

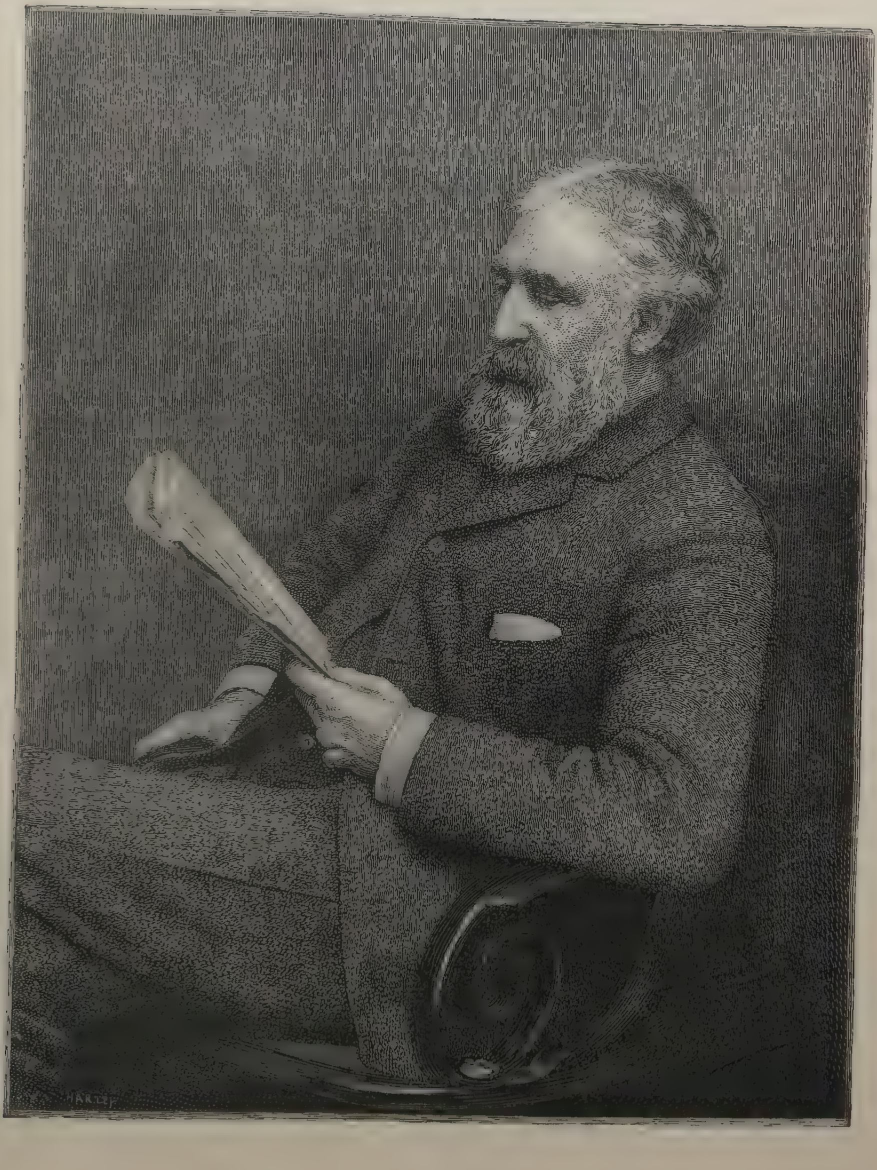
Born in Plainfield, Mass., 1829.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GARDENING.

[*My Summer in a Garden.* 1870.—*Seventh Edition.* 1888.]

HOEING AS A LUXURY.

MY mind has been turned to the subject of fruit and shade trees in a garden. There are those who say that trees shade the garden too much, and interfere with the growth of the vegetables. There may



Yours sincerely
Chas. Dudley Warner

be something in this: but when I go down the potato-rows, the rays of the sun glancing upon my shining blade, the sweat pouring from my face, I should be grateful for shade. What is a garden for? The pleasure of man. I should take much more pleasure in a shady garden. Am I to be sacrificed, broiled, roasted, for the sake of the increased vigor of a few vegetables? The thing is perfectly absurd. If I were rich, I think I would have my garden covered with an awning, so that it would be comfortable to work in it. It might roll up and be removable, as the great awning of the Roman Coliseum was,—not like the Boston one, which went off in a high wind. Another very good way to do, and probably not so expensive as the awning, would be to have four persons of foreign birth carry a sort of canopy over you as you hoed. And there might be a person at each end of the row with some cool and refreshing drink. Agriculture is still in a very barbarous stage. I hope to live yet to see the day when I can do my gardening, as tragedy is done, to slow and soothing music, and attended by some of the comforts I have named. These things come so forcibly into my mind sometimes as I work that perhaps, when a wandering breeze lifts my straw hat, or a bird lights on a near currant-bush, and shakes out a full-throated summer song, I almost expect to find the cooling drink and the hospitable entertainment at the end of the row. But I never do. There is nothing to be done but to turn round and hoe back to the other end.

CALVIN.

Let us have peas. I have been a zealous advocate of the birds. I have rejoiced in their multiplication. I have endured their concerts at four o'clock in the morning without a murmur. Let them come, I said, and eat the worms, in order that we, later, may enjoy the foliage and the fruits of the earth. We have a cat, a magnificent animal, of the sex which votes (but not a pole-cat),—so large and powerful that, if he were in the army, he would be called Long Tom. He is a cat of fine disposition, the most irreproachable morals I ever saw thrown away in a cat, and a splendid hunter. He spends his nights, not in social dissipation, but in gathering in rats, mice, flying-squirrels, and also birds. When he first brought me a bird, I told him that it was wrong, and tried to convince him, while he was eating it, that he was doing wrong; for he is a reasonable cat, and understands pretty much everything except the binomial theorem and the time down the cycloidal arc. But with no effect. The killing of birds went on, to my great regret and shame.

The other day I went to my garden to get a mess of peas. I had seen the day before that they were just ready to pick. How I had lined the ground, planted, hoed, bushed them! The bushes were very fine,—

seven feet high, and of good wood. How I had delighted in the growing, the blowing, the podding! What a touching thought it was that they had all podded for me! When I went to pick them I found the pods all split open, and the peas gone. The dear little birds, who are so fond of the strawberries, had eaten them all. Perhaps there were left as many as I planted; I did not count them. I made a rapid estimate of the cost of the seed, the interest of the ground, the price of labor, the value of the bushes, the anxiety of weeks of watchfulness. I looked about me on the face of Nature. The wind blew from the south so soft and treacherous! A thrush sang in the woods so deceitfully! All Nature seemed fair. But who was to give me back my peas? The fowls of the air have peas; but what has man!

I went into the house. I called Calvin. (That is the name of our cat, given him on account of his gravity, morality, and uprightness. We never familiarly call him John.) I petted Calvin. I lavished upon him an enthusiastic fondness. I told him that he had no fault; that the one action that I had called a vice was an heroic exhibition of regard for my interests. I bade him go and do likewise continually. I now saw how much better instinct is than mere unguided reason. Calvin knew. If he had put his opinion into English (instead of his native catalogue), it would have been, "You need not teach your grandmother to suck eggs." It was only the round of Nature. The worms eat a noxious something in the ground. The birds eat the worms. Calvin eats the birds. We eat—no, we do not eat Calvin. There the chain stops. When you ascend the scale of being, and come to an animal that is, like ourselves, inedible, you have arrived at a result where you can rest. Let us respect the cat. He completes an edible chain. . . .

The pleasure of gardening in these days when the thermometer is at ninety, is one that I fear I shall not be able to make intelligible to my readers, many of whom do not appreciate the delight of soaking in the sunshine. I suppose that the sun, going through a man, as it will on such a day, takes out of him rheumatism, consumption, and every other disease, except sudden death—from sunstroke. But, aside from this, there is an odor from the evergreens, the hedges, the various plants and vines, that is only expressed and set afloat at a high temperature, which is delicious; and, hot as it may be, a little breeze will come at intervals, which can be heard in the tree-tops, and which is an unobtrusive benediction. I hear a quail or two whistling in the ravine; and there is a good deal of fragmentary conversation going on among the birds, even on the warmest days. The companionship of Calvin, also, counts for a good deal. He usually attends me, unless I work too long in one place; sitting down on the turf, displaying the ermine of his breast, and watching my movements with great intelligence. He has a feline and genuine love for the beauties of Nature, and will establish himself where there is a good view, and look on it for hours. He always accompanies us when we go to gather the vegetables, seeming to be desirous to know what we are to have for dinner. He is a connoisseur in the garden; being fond of almost all the vegetables, except the cucumber,—a dietetic hint to man. I believe it is also said that the pig will not eat tobacco. These are important facts. It is singular, however, that those who hold up the pigs as models to us never hold us up as models to the pigs.

I wish I knew as much about natural history and the habits of animals as Calvin does. He is the closest observer I ever saw; and there are few species of animals on the place that he has not analyzed. I think that he has, to use a euphemism very applicable to him, got outside of every one of them, except the toad. To the toad he is entirely indifferent; but I presume he knows that the toad is the most useful animal in the garden. I think the Agricultural Society ought to offer a prize for the finest toad. When Polly comes to sit in the shade near my strawberry-beds, to shell peas, Calvin is always lying near in apparent obliviousness; but not the slightest unusual sound can be made in the bushes that he is not alert, and prepared to investigate the cause of it. It is this habit of observation, so cultivated, which has given him such a trained mind, and made him so philosophical. It is within the capacity of even the humblest of us to attain this.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL PLUMBER.

Speaking of the philosophical temper, there is no class of men whose society is more to be desired for this quality than that of plumbers. They are the most agreeable men I know; and the boys in the business begin to be agreeable very early. I suspect the secret of it is that they are agreeable by the hour. In the driest days, my fountain became disabled: the pipe was stopped up. A couple of plumbers, with the implements of their craft, came out to view the situation. There was a good deal of difference of opinion about where the stoppage was. I found the plumbers perfectly willing to sit down and talk about it,—talk by the hour. Some of their guesses and remarks were exceedingly ingenious; and their general observations on other subjects were excellent in their way, and could hardly have been better if they had been made by the job. The work dragged a little,—as it is apt to do by the hour. The plumbers had occasion to make me several visits. Sometimes they would find, upon arrival, that they had forgotten some indispensable tool; and one would go back to the shop, a mile and a half, after it; and his comrade would await his return with the most exemplary patience, and sit down and talk,—always by the hour. I do not know but it is a habit to have something wanted at the shop. They seemed to me very good workmen, and always willing to stop and talk about the job, or anything else, when I went near them. Nor had they any of that impetuous hurry that is said to be the bane of our American civilization. To their credit be it said that I never observed anything of it in them. They can afford to wait. Two of them will sometimes wait nearly half a day while a comrade goes for a tool. They are patient and philosophical. It is a great pleasure to meet such men. One only wishes there was some work he could do for *them* by the hour. There ought to be reciprocity. I think they have very nearly solved the problem of Life: it is to work for other people, never for yourself, and get your pay by the hour. You then have no anxiety, and little work. If you do things by the job, you are perpetually driven: the hours are scourges. If you work by the hour, you gently sail on the stream of Time, which is always bearing you on to the haven of Pay, whether you make any effort or not. Working by the hour tends to make one moral. A plumber working by the job, trying to unscrew a rusty, refractory nut, in a cramped position, where the tongs continually slipped off, would swear; but I never heard one of them swear, or exhibit the least impatience at such a vexation, working by the hour. Nothing can move a man who is paid by the hour. How sweet the flight of time seems to his calm mind!

IN PRAISE OF ONIONS.

A garden ought to produce one everything,—just as a business ought to support a man, and a house ought to keep itself. We had a convention lately to resolve that the house should keep itself; but it won't. There has been a lively time in our garden this summer; but it seems to me there is very little show for it. It has been a terrible campaign; but where is the indemnity? Where are all "sass" and Lorraine? It is true that we have lived on the country; but we desire, besides, the fruits of the war. There are no onions, for one thing. I am quite ashamed to take people into my garden, and have them notice the absence of onions. It is very marked. In onion is strength; and a garden without it lacks flavor. The onion in its satin wrappings is among the most beautiful of vegetables; and it is the only one that represents the essence of things. It can almost be said to have a soul. You take off coat after coat and the onion is still there; and, when the last one is removed, who dare say that the onion itself is destroyed, though you can weep over its departed spirit? If there is any one thing on this fallen earth that the angels in heaven weep over more than another, it is the onion.

I know that there is supposed to be a prejudice against the onion; but I think there is rather a cowardice in regard to it. I doubt not that all men and women love the onion; but few confess their love. Affection for it is concealed. Good New Englanders are as shy of owning it as they are of talking about religion. Some people have days on which they eat onions,—what you might call "retreats," or their "Thursdays." The act is in the nature of a religious ceremony, an Eleusinian mystery; not a breath of it must get abroad. On that day they see no company; they deny the kiss of greeting to the dearest friend; they retire within themselves, and hold communion with one of the most pungent and penetrating manifestations of the moral vegetable world. Happy is said to be the family which can eat onions together. They are, for the time being, separate from the world, and have a harmony of aspiration. There is a hint here for the reformers. Let them become apostles of the onion; let them eat, and preach it to their fellows, and circulate tracts of it in the form of seeds. In the onion is the hope of universal brotherhood. If all men will eat onions at all times, they will come into a universal sympathy. Look at Italy. I hope I am not mistaken as to the cause of her unity. It was the Reds who preached the gospel which made it possible. All the Reds of Europe, all the sworn devotees of the mystic Mary Ann, eat of the common vegetable. Their oaths are strong with it. It is the food, also, of the common people of Italy. All the social atmosphere of that delicious land is laden with it. Its odor is a practical democracy. In the churches all are alike; there is one faith, one smell. The entrance of Victor Emmanuel into Rome is only the pompous proclamation of a unity which garlic had already accomplished; and yet we, who boast of our democracy, eat onions in secret.

THE SCHOLAR'S MISSION.

[*From an Address delivered before the Alumni of Hamilton College.—The Century Magazine.* 1872.]

THE scholar who is cultured by books, reflection, travel, by a refined society, consorts with his kind, and more and more removes himself from the sympathies of common life. I know how almost inevitable this is, how almost impossible it is to resist the segregation of classes according to the affinities of taste. But by what mediation shall the culture that is now the possession of the few be made to leaven the world and to elevate and sweeten ordinary life? By books? Yes. By the newspaper? Yes. By the diffusion of works of art? Yes. But when all is done that can be done by such letters missive from one class to another, there remains the need of more personal contact, of a human sympathy, diffused and living. The world has had enough of charities. It wants respect and consideration. We desire no longer to be legislated for, it says, we want to be legislated with. Why do you never come to see me but you bring me something? asks the sensitive and poor seamstress. Do you always give some charity to your friends? I want companionship, and not cold pieces; I want to be treated like a human being who has nerves and feelings, and tears too, and as much interest in the sunset, and in the birth of Christ, perhaps, as you. And the mass of uncared-for ignorance and brutality, finding a voice at length, bitterly repels the condescensions of charity; you have your culture, your libraries, your fine houses, your church, your religion, and your God, too; let us alone, we want none of them. In the bear-pit at Berne, the occupants, who are the wards of the city, have had meat thrown to them daily for I know not how long, but they are not tamed by this charity, and would probably eat up any careless person who fell into their clutches, without apology.

Do not impute to me Quixotic notions with regard to the duties of men and women of culture, or think that I undervalue the difficulties in the way, the fastidiousness on the one side, or the jealousies on the other. It is by no means easy to an active participant to define the drift of his own age; but I seem to see plainly that unless the culture of the age finds means to diffuse itself, working downward and reconciling antagonisms by a commonness of thought and feeling and aim in life, society must more and more separate itself into jarring classes, with mutual misunderstandings and hatred and war. To suggest remedies is much more difficult than to see evils; but the comprehension of dangers is the first step towards mastering them. The problem of our own time—the reconciliation of the interests of classes—is as yet very illy defined. This great movement of labor, for instance, does not know definitely what it wants, and those who are spectators do not know what their relations are to it. The first thing to be done is for them to try to understand each other. One class sees that the other has lighter or at least different labor, opportunities of travel, a more liberal supply of the luxuries of life, a higher enjoyment and a keener relish of the beautiful, the immaterial. Looking only at external conditions, it concludes that all it needs to come into this better place is wealth, and so it organizes war upon the rich, and it makes demands of freedom from toil and of compensation which is in no man's power to give it, and which would not, if granted over and over again, lift it into that condition it desires. It is a tale in the Gulistan, that a king placed his son with a preceptor, and said: "This is your son; educate him in the same manner as your own." The preceptor took pains with him for a year, but without success, whilst his own sons were completed in learning and accomplishments. The king reproved the preceptor, and said: "You have broken your promise, and not acted faithfully." He replied: "O king, the education was the same, but the capacities are different. Although silver and gold are produced from a stone, yet these metals are not to be found in every stone. The star Canopus shines all over the world, but the scented leather comes only from Yemen." "'Tis an absolute, and, as it were, a divine perfection," says Montaigne, "for a man to know how loyally to enjoy his being. We seek other conditions, by reason we do not understand the use of our own; and go out of ourselves, because we know not how there to reside."

But nevertheless it becomes a necessity for us to understand the wishes of those who demand a change of condition, and it is necessary that they should understand the compensations as well as the limitations of every condition. The dervish congratulated himself that although the only monument of his grave would be a brick, he should at the last day arrive at and enter the gate of Paradise, before the king had got from under the heavy stones of his costly tomb. Nothing will bring us into this desirable mutual understanding except sympathy and personal contact. Laws will not do it; institutions of charity and relief will not do it.

A MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY.

[*In the Wilderness.* 1878.—*Tenth Edition.* 1888.]

EARLY on the morning of the 23d of August, 1877, a doe was feeding on Basin Mountain. The night had been warm and showery, and the morning opened in an undecided way. The wind was southerly: it is what the deer call a dog-wind, having come to know quite well the meaning of "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky." The sole companion of the doe was her only child, a charming little fawn, whose brown coat was just beginning to be mottled with the beautiful spots which make this young creature as lovely as the gazelle. The buck, its father, had been that night on a long tramp across the mountain to Clear Pond, and had not yet returned: he went ostensibly to feed on the succulent lily-pads there. "He feedeth among the lilies until the day break and the shadows flee away, and he should be here by this hour; but he cometh not," she said, "leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills." Clear Pond was too far off for the young mother to go with her fawn for a night's pleasure. It was a fashionable watering-place at this season among the deer; and the doe may have remembered, not without uneasiness, the moonlight meetings of a frivolous society there. But the buck did not come: he was very likely sleeping under one of the ledges on Tight Nippin. Was he alone? "I charge you, by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not nor awake my love till he please."

The doe was feeding, daintily cropping the tender leaves of the young shoots, and turning from time to time to regard her offspring. The fawn had taken his morning meal, and now lay curled up on a bed of moss, watching contentedly, with his large, soft brown eyes, every movement of his mother. The great eyes followed her with an alert entreaty; and, if the mother stepped a pace or two farther away in feeding, the fawn made a half-movement, as if to rise and follow her. You see, she was his sole dependence in all the world. But he was quickly reassured when she turned her gaze on him; and if, in alarm, he uttered a plaintive cry, she bounded to him at once, and, with every demonstration of affection, licked his mottled skin till it shone again.

It was a pretty picture,—maternal love on the one part, and happy trust on the other. The doe was a beauty, and would have been so considered anywhere, as graceful and winning a creature as the sun that day shone on,—slender limbs, not too heavy flanks, round body, and aristocratic head, with small ears, and luminous, intelligent, affectionate eyes. How alert, supple, free, she was! What untaught grace in every movement! What a charming pose when she lifted her head, and turned it to regard her child! You would have had a companion-picture, if you had seen, as I saw that morning, a baby kicking about among the dry pine-needles on a ledge above the Ausable, in the valley below, while its young mother sat near, with an easel before her, touching in the color of a reluctant landscape, giving a quick look at the sky and the outline of the Twin Mountains, and bestowing every third glance upon the laughing boy,—art in its infancy.

The doe lifted her head a little with a quick motion, and turned her ear to the south. Had she heard something? Probably it was only the south wind in the balsams. There was silence all about in the forest. If the doe had heard anything, it was one of the distant noises of the world. There are in the woods occasional moanings, premonitions of change, which are inaudible to the dull ears of men, but which, I have no doubt, the forest-folk hear and understand. If the doe's suspicions were excited for an instant, they were gone as soon. With an affectionate glance at her fawn, she continued picking up her breakfast.

But suddenly she started, head erect, eyes dilated, a tremor in her limbs. She took a step; she turned her head to the south; she listened intently. There was a sound,—a distant, prolonged note, bell-toned, pervading the woods, shaking the air in smooth vibrations. It was repeated. The doe had no doubt now. She shook like the sensitive mimosa when a footstep approaches. It was the baying of a hound! It was far off,—at the foot of the mountain. Time enough to fly; time enough to put miles between her and the hound, before he should come upon her fresh trail; time enough to escape away through the dense forest, and hide in the recesses of Panther Gorge; yes, time enough. But there was the fawn. The cry of the hound was repeated, more distinct this time. The mother instinctively bounded away a few paces. The fawn started up with an anxious bleat: the doe turned; she came back; she couldn't leave it. She bent over it, and licked it, and seemed to say, "Come, my child: we are pursued: we must go." She walked away towards the west, and the little thing skipped after her. It was slow going for the slender legs, over the fallen logs, and through the rasping bushes. The doe bounded in advance, and waited: the fawn scrambled after her slipping and tumbling along, very groggy yet on its legs, and whining a good deal because its mother kept always moving away from it. The fawn evidently did not hear the hound: the little innocent would even have looked sweetly at the dog, and tried to make friends with it, if the brute had been rushing upon him. By all the means at her command the doe urged her young one on; but it was slow work. She might have been a mile away while they were making a few rods. Whenever the fawn caught up, he was quite content to frisk about. He wanted more breakfast, for one thing; and his mother wouldn't stand still. She moved on continually; and his weak legs were tangled in the roots of the narrow deer-path.

Shortly came a sound that threw the doe into a panic of terror,—a short, sharp yelp, followed by a prolonged howl, caught up and re-echoed by other bayings along the mountain-side. The doe knew what that meant. One hound had caught her trail, and the whole pack responded to the "view-halloo." The danger was certain now: it was near. She could not crawl on in this way: the dogs would soon be upon them. She turned again for flight: the fawn, scrambling after her, tumbled over, and bleated piteously. The baying, emphasized now by the yelp of certainty, came nearer. Flight with the fawn was impossible. The doe returned and stood by it, head erect, and nostrils distended. She stood perfectly still, but trembling. Perhaps she was thinking. The fawn took advantage of the situation, and began to draw his luncheon ration. The doe seemed to have made up her mind. She let him finish. The fawn, having taken all he wanted, lay down contentedly, and the doe licked him for a moment. Then, with the swiftness of a bird, she dashed away, and in a moment was lost in the forest. She went in the direction of the hounds.

According to all human calculations, she was going into the jaws of death. So she was: all human calculations are selfish. She kept straight on, hearing the baying every moment more distinctly. She descended the slope of the mountain until she reached the more open forest of hard-wood. It was freer going here, and the cry of the pack echoed more resoundingly in the great spaces. She was going due east, when (judging by the sound, the hounds were not far off, though they were still hidden by a ridge) she turned short away to the north, and kept on at a good pace. In five minutes more she heard the sharp, exultant yelp of discovery, and then the deep-mouthed howl of pursuit. The hounds had struck her trail where she turned, and the fawn was safe.

The doe was in good running condition, the ground was not bad, and she felt the exhilaration of the chase. For the moment, fear left her, and she bounded on with the exaltation of triumph. For a quarter of an hour she went on at a slapping pace, clearing the moose-bushes with bound after bound, flying over the fallen logs, pausing neither for brook nor ravine. The baying of the hounds grew fainter behind her. But she struck a bad piece of going, a dead-wood slash. It was marvellous to see her skim over it, leaping among its intricacies, and not breaking her slender legs. No other living animal could do it. But it was killing work. She began to pant fearfully; she lost ground. The baying of the hounds was nearer. She climbed the hard-wood hill at a slower gait; but, once on more level, free ground, her breath came back to her, and she stretched away with new courage, and maybe a sort of contempt of her heavy pursuers.

After running at high speed perhaps half a mile farther, it occurred to her that it would be safe now to turn to the west, and, by a wide circuit, seek her fawn. But, at the moment, she heard a sound that chilled her heart. It was the cry of a hound to the west of her. The crafty brute had made the circuit of the slash, and cut off her retreat. There was nothing to do but to keep on; and on she went, still to the north, with the noise of the pack behind her. In five minutes more she had passed into a hillside clearing. Cows and young steers were grazing there. She heard a tinkle of bells. Below her, down the mountain-slope, were other clearings, broken by patches of woods. Fences intervened; and a mile or two down lay the valley, the shining Ausable, and the peaceful farm-houses. That way also her hereditary enemies were. Not a merciful heart in all that lovely valley. She hesitated: it was only for an instant. She must cross the Slidebrook Valley if possible and gain the mountain opposite. She bounded on; she stopped. What was that? From the valley ahead came the cry of a searching hound. All the devils were loose this morning. Every way was closed but one, and that led straight down the mountain to the cluster of houses. Conspicuous among them was a slender white wooden spire. The doe did not know that it was the spire of a Christian chapel. But perhaps she thought that human pity dwelt there, and would be more merciful than the teeth of the hounds.

> "The hounds are baying on my track:
> O white man! will you send me back?"

In a panic, frightened animals will always flee to human-kind from the danger of more savage foes. They always make a mistake in doing so. Perhaps the trait is the survival of an era of peace on earth; perhaps it is a prophecy of the golden age of the future. The business of this age is murder,—the slaughter of animals, the slaughter of fellow-men, by the wholesale. Hilarious poets who have never fired a gun write hunting-songs,—*Ti-ra-la:* and good bishops write war-songs,—*Ave the Czar!*

The hunted doe went down the "open," clearing the fences splendidly, flying along the stony path. It was a beautiful sight. But consider what a shot it was! If the deer, now, could only have been caught! No doubt there were tender-hearted people in the valley who would have spared her life, shut her up in a stable, and petted her. Was there one who would have let her go back to her waiting fawn? It is the business of civilization to tame or kill.

The doe went on. She left the saw-mill on John's Brook to her right; she turned into a wood-path. As she approached Slidebrook, she saw a boy standing by a tree with a raised rifle. The dogs were not in sight; but she could hear them coming down the hill. There was no time for hesitation. With a tremendous burst of speed she cleared the stream, and, as she touched the bank, heard the "ping" of a rifle-bullet in the air above her. The cruel sound gave wings to the poor thing. In a moment more she was in the opening: she leaped into the travelled road. Which way? Below her in the wood was a load of hay: a man and a boy, with pitchforks in their hands, were running towards her. She turned south, and flew along the street. The town was up. Women and children ran to the doors and windows; men snatched their rifles; shots were fired; at the big boarding-houses, the summer boarders, who never have anything to do, came out and cheered; a camp-stool was thrown from a veranda. Some young fellows shooting at a mark in the meadow saw the flying deer, and popped away at her; but they were accustomed to a mark that stood still. It was all so sudden! There were twenty people who were just going to shoot her; when the doe leaped the road-fence, and went away across a marsh toward the foot-hills. It was a fearful gauntlet to run. But nobody except the deer considered it in that light. Everybody told what he was just going to do; everybody who had seen the performance was a kind of hero,—everybody except the deer. For days and days it was the subject of conversation; and the summer boarders kept their guns at hand, expecting another deer would come to be shot at.

The doe went away to the foot-hills, going now slower, and evidently fatigued, if not frightened half to death. Nothing is so appalling to a recluse as half a mile of summer boarders. As the deer entered the thin woods, she saw a rabble of people start across the meadow in pursuit. By this time, the dogs, panting, and lolling out their tongues, came swinging along, keeping the trail, like stupids, and consequently losing ground when the deer doubled. But, when the doe had got into the timber, she heard the savage brutes howling across the meadow. (It is well enough, perhaps, to say that nobody offered to shoot the dogs.)

The courage of the panting fugitive was not gone: she was game to the tip of her high-bred ears. But the fearful pace at which she had just been going told on her. Her legs trembled, and her heart beat like a trip-hammer. She slowed her speed perforce, but still fled industriously up the right bank of the stream. When she had gone a couple of miles, and the dogs were evidently gaining again, she crossed the broad, deep brook, climbed the steep left bank, and fled on in the direction of the Mount Marcy trail. The fording of the river threw the hounds off for a time. She knew, by their uncertain yelping up and down the opposite bank, that she had a little respite: she used it, however, to push on until the baying was faint in her ears; and then she dropped, exhausted, upon the ground.

This rest, brief as it was, saved her life. Roused again by the baying pack, she leaped forward with better speed, though without that keen feeling of exhilarating flight that she had in the morning. It was still a race for life; but the odds were in her favor, she thought. She did not appreciate the dogged persistence of the hounds, nor had any inspiration told her that the race is not to the swift. She was a little confused in her mind where to go; but an instinct kept her course to the left, and consequently farther away from her fawn. Going now slower, and now faster, as the pursuit seemed more distant or nearer, she kept to the south-west, crossed the stream again, left Panther Gorge on her right, and ran on by Haystack and Skylight in the direction of the Upper Ausable Pond. I do not know her exact course through this maze of mountains, swamps, ravines, and frightful wildernesses. I only know that the poor thing worked her way along painfully, with sinking heart and unsteady limbs, lying down "dead beat" at intervals, and then spurred on by the cry of the remorseless dogs, until, late in the afternoon, she staggered down the shoulder of Bartlett, and stood upon the shore of the lake. If she could put that piece of water between her and her pursuers, she would be safe. Had she strength to swim it?

At her first step into the water she saw a sight that sent her back with a bound. There was a boat mid-lake: two men were in it. One was rowing: the other had a gun in his hand. They were looking towards her: they had seen her. (She did not know that they had heard the baying of hounds on the mountains, and had been lying in wait for her an hour.) What should she do? The hounds were drawing near. No escape that way, even if she could still run. With only a moment's hesitation she plunged into the lake, and struck obliquely across. Her tired legs could not propel the tired body rapidly. She saw the boat headed for her. She turned toward the centre of the lake. The boat turned. She could hear the rattle of the oar-locks. It was gaining on her. Then there was a silence. Then there was a splash of the water just ahead of her, followed by a roar round the lake, the words "Confound it all!" and a rattle of the oars again. The doe saw the boat nearing her. She turned irresolutely to the shore whence she came: the dogs were lapping the water, and howling there. She turned again to the centre of the lake.

The brave, pretty creature was quite exhausted now. In a moment more, with a rush of water, the boat was on her, and the man at the oars had leaned over and caught her by the tail.

"Knock her on the head with that paddle!" he shouted to the gentleman in the stern.

The gentleman *was* a gentleman, with a kind, smooth-shaven face, and might have been a minister of some sort of everlasting gospel. He took the paddle in his hand. Just then the doe turned her head, and looked at him with her great, appealing eyes.

"I can't do it! my soul, I can't do it!" and he dropped the paddle. "Oh, let her go!"

"Let H. go!" was the only response of the guide as he slung the deer round, whipped out his hunting-knife, and made a pass that severed her jugular.

And the gentleman ate that night of the venison.

The buck returned about the middle of the afternoon. The fawn was bleating piteously, hungry and lonesome. The buck was surprised. He looked about in the forest. He took a circuit, and came back. His doe was nowhere to be seen. He looked down at the fawn in a helpless sort of way. The fawn appealed for his supper. The buck had nothing whatever to give his child,—nothing but his sympathy. If he said anything, this is what he said: "I'm the head of this family; but, really, this is a novel case. I've nothing whatever for you. I don't know what to do. I've the feelings of a father; but you can't live on *them.* Let us travel."

The buck walked away: the little one toddled after him. They disappeared in the forest.

AMERICAN POSSIBILITIES.

[*The Finer Issues of American Life.—From "The Southern Collegian.*" 1888.]

IT has lately been my fortune to travel over considerable portions of the United States. I cannot tell you how my conception of the extent, the variety, the resources, the power of the country has been enlarged. The kindling vision I have of its magnitude and possibilities, of pride in it, might seem to you the language of extravagance. But what has impressed me more than the magnitude and the almost infinite resources, and what has given me the most glowing hopes for the future of the republic is the diversity, the individuality of towns, cities, States, the independent life and *sui generis* development of each and all, the local public spirit, the local public pride, the belief of every citizen that his city is the handsomest, his State the best; in short, a pride in his State as, for one reason or another, the most important in the Federal Union. There is not only diversity of climate, of production, but of character, of manners, a free development of life in all conditions, and always some variety in the working out of principles common to all States in each State government; in its institutions of education, of charity, of amusement, of social life. This variety is the charm of America; in this variety is its safety. As to all the rest of the world, says the citizen, there is the federal capitol; as to the other States of the Union, here is my State capitol! This State pride is as strong and assertive in the smallest State as in the largest, in the newest-born as in any of the original thirteen; as active and as boastful in the new territory as in the State—it declares itself as something definite in the fresh settlement as soon as the tents are pitched and the horses coralled, and it is full-blown while yet the capital is on wheels. Since I have seen and comprehended this almost extravagant State appreciation, I have seen where resides the certain check to the inconsiderate spirit of federal centralization. It is simply wondrous how this local spirit plants itself everywhere with the spreading republic, each new community crystallizing itself at once as if it had the traditions of a century, and that it does not weaken, while at the same time the national spirit grows stronger and more assertive. It is a vast territory which we occupy, and it may be still extended; if a spirit of centralization prevailed it would drop to pieces of its own weight; with State autonomy fully and stoutly maintained, with an opportunity for local ambition and the freest local development, it has every calculable chance of permanence. . . . .

If the human race ever had a chance to come to something fine and noble it is here in America, where development is so free, so little hindered, and where State communities have had opportunity to evolve so freely their peculiar character. Something fine, I say, ought to be expected in the mingling of so many races—great races—differing in fibre and in temperament, some superior outcome in music, painting, sculpture, literature, in a clearer philosophy of life, in a better conception of what man should be. Of course this will not come about—quite the reverse will come about—if the university is not considered as important as the factory, and the ability to appreciate the best piece of literature is not rated so highly as the smartness which can run a ward caucus or make money by adroit means. The Brooklyn bridge impresses one as almost as much a wonder as the Great Pyramid, yet neither is as valuable to the world as the Iliad. Socrates would probably stand in a maze in Chicago to see seven pigs killed in a minute, but doubtless he would put a few questions as to the great progress in civilization which would make this achievement seem small compared with the writing of the Antigone.

It is a hard struggle to keep up the intellectual life when material forces are so strong and human nature so readily believes that self-indulgence is happiness; but it is not a hopeless struggle, for after all it is a matter of individual choosing—it is left to every one to decide whether he will cultivate the intellectual side in his effort to make a place for himself in the world.

I have sometimes fancied that I could invent a rule by which we can secure most easily that which we all desire, namely contentment. It is a clear delusion to suppose we can attain it by endeavoring to get everything within our reach. If we obtain a thousand dollars, we certainly want another thousand; if we get a million, the necessity is just as imperative to get another million; if we add a piece of land to our possessions, we must add another piece; there is no end to the land we want. I suppose a person never, yet, was satisfied with getting. There is absolutely no limit in that direction. Do you say it is the same with knowledge, with self-cultivation, as it is with property? Very true, but one pursuit enlarges the man, the other materializes him. And since contentment is not to be had by getting, suppose we try to attain it from the other side, by limiting our wants and our desires. It is certainly the easier way, even if only happiness is our object. I cannot imagine a man happy with the inordinate hunger of possession. I can imagine him fairly happy, relieved from this strain, with limited desires, in a life that delights in intellectual pursuits, and enjoys, without envy, books, friendship, the love and companionship of good women, nature—which never denies itself to the humblest—and his fair share of a citizen's responsibilities. Given contentment as the goal, the man, I am sure, would reach it more certainly in this way than if he let his desire of acquisition of material things rule him. And, then, consider what a State of men and women you would have if this spirit predominated, and not the greed of possession.

Is this Utopian talk, even for a scholar's holiday? It seems to me the most practical kind of talk, unless it is true that the body is more real than the mind, and matter more real than the things of the spirit. There is a great deal of vague talk about progress, about civilization. It is a natural ambition to want to contribute to the one and to advance the other. But I fancy that the most good a man can do for the world is to be good himself, and his greatest contribution to civilization will be to civilize himself. And in saying this I am not making any vague or impossible condition.

James Gillespie Blaine.

Born in West Brownsville, Penn., 1830.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND RECONSTRUCTION.

[*Twenty Years of Congress.* 1884–86.]

EQUIPPED with these rare endowments, it is not strange that Mr. Seward made a deep impression upon the mind of the President. In conflicts of opinion the superior mind, the subtle address, the fixed purpose, the gentle yet strong will, must in the end prevail. Mr. Seward gave to the President the most luminous exposition of his own views, warm, generous, patriotic in tone. He set before him the glory of an Administration which should completely reëstablish the union of the States, and reunite the hearts of the people, now estranged by civil conflict. He impressed him with the danger of delay to the Republic and with the discredit which would attach to himself if he should leave to another President the grateful task of reconciliation. He pictured to him the National Constellation no longer obscured but with every star in its orbit, all revolving in harmony, and once more shining with a brilliancy undimmed by the smallest cloud in the political heavens.

By his arguments and by his eloquence Mr. Seward completely captivated the President. He effectually persuaded him that a policy of anger and hate and vengeance could lead only to evil results · that the one supreme demand of the country was confidence and repose; that the ends of justice could be reached by methods and measures altogether consistent with mercy. The President was gradually influenced by Mr. Seward's arguments, though their whole tenor was against his strongest predilections and against his pronounced and public committals to a policy directly the reverse of that to which he was now, almost imperceptibly to himself, yielding assent. The man who had in April avowed himself in favor of "the halter for intelligent, influential traitors," who passionately declared during the interval between the fall of Richmond and the death of Mr. Lincoln that "traitors should be arrested, tried, convicted and hanged," was now about to proclaim a policy of reconstruction without attempting the indictment of even one traitor, or issuing a warrant for the arrest of a single participant in the Rebellion aside from those suspected of personal crime in connection with the noted conspiracy of assassination.

In this serious struggle with the President, Mr. Seward's influence was supplemented and enhanced by the timely and artful interposition of clever men from the South. A large class in that section quickly perceived the amelioration of the President's feelings, and they used every judicious effort to forward and develop it. They were ready to forget all the hard words of Johnson, and to forgive all his harsh acts, for the great end to be gained to their States and their people by turning him aside from his proclaimed policy of punishing a great number of rebels with the utmost severity of the law. Johnson's wrath was evidently appeased by the complaisance shown by leading men of the South. He was not especially open to flattery, but it was noticed that words of commendation from his native section seemed peculiarly pleasing to him.

The tendency of his mind under such influences was perhaps not unnatural. It is the common instinct of mankind to covet in an especial degree the good will of those among whom the years of childhood and boyhood are spent. Applause from old friends and neighbors is the most grateful that ever reaches human ears. When Washington's renown filled two continents, he was still sensitive respecting his popularity among the freeholders of Virginia. When Bonaparte had kingdoms and empires at his feet, he was jealous of his fame with the untamed spirits of Corsica, where among the veterans of Paoli he had received the fiery inspiration of war. The boundless admiration and gratitude of America never compensated Lafayette for the failure of his career in France. This instinct had its full sway over Johnson. It was not in the order of nature that he should esteem his popularity among Northern men, to whom he was a stranger, as highly as he would esteem it among the men of the South, with whom he had been associated during the whole of his career. In that section he was born. There he had acquired the fame which brought him national honors, and after his public service should end he looked forward to a peaceful close of life in the beautiful land which had always been his home.

Still another influence wrought powerfully on the President's mind. He had inherited poverty in a community where during the slave system riches were especially envied and honored. He had been reared in the lower walks of life among a people peculiarly given to arbitrary social distinctions and to aristocratic pretensions as positive and tenacious as they were often ill-founded and unsubstantial. From the ranks of the rich and the aristocratic in the South, Johnson had always been excluded. Even when he was governor of his State, or a senator of the United States, he found himself socially inferior to many whom he excelled in intellect and character. His sentiments were regarded as hostile to slavery, and to be hostile to slavery was to fall inevitably under the ban in any part of the South for the fifty years preceding the war. His political strength was with the non-slave-holding white population of Tennessee which was vastly larger than the slave-holding population, the proportion indeed being twenty-seven to one. With these a "good fellow" ranked all the higher for not possessing the graces or, as they would term them, the "airs" of society.

As Mr. Johnson grew in public favor and increased in reputation, as his talents were admitted and his power in debate appreciated, he became eager to compel recognition from those who had successfully proscribed him. A man who is born to social equality with the best of his community, and accustomed in his earlier years to its enjoyment, does not feel the sting of attempted exclusion, but is rather made pleasantly conscious of the *prestige* which inspires the adverse effort, and can look upon its bitterness in a spirit of lofty disdain. Wendell Phillips, descended from a long line of distinguished ancestry, was amused rather than disconcerted by the strenuous but futile attempts to ostracize him for the maintenance of opinions which he lived to see his native city adopt and enforce. But the feeling is far different in a man who has experienced only a galling sense of inferiority. To such a one, advancing either in fortune or in fame, social prominence seems a necessity, without which other gifts constitute only the aggravations of life.

It was therefore with a sense of exaltation that Johnson beheld as applicants for his consideration and supplicants for his mercy, many of those in the South who had never recognized him as a social equal. A mind of true loftiness would not have been swayed by such a change of relative positions, but it was inevitable that a mind of Johnson's type, which if not ignoble was certainly not noble, should yield to its flattering and seductive influence. In the present attitude of the leading men of the South towards him, he saw the one triumph which sweetened his life, the one requisite which had been needed to complete his happiness. In securing the good opinion of his native South, he would attain the goal of his highest ambition, he would conquer the haughty enemy who during all the years of his public career had been able to fix upon him the badge of social inferiority.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

BORN in Charleston, S. C., 1830. DIED at Copse Hill, Forest Station, Ga., 1886.

VICKSBURG.

[*Poems. Complete Edition.* 1882.]

FOR sixty days and upwards,
A storm of shell and shot
Rained round us in a flaming shower,
But still we faltered not.
"If the noble city perish,"
Our grand young leader said,
"Let the only walls the foe shall scale
Be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upwards,
The eye of heaven waxed dim;
And e'en throughout God's holy morn,
O'er Christian prayer and hymn,
Arose a hissing tumult,
As if the fiends in air
Strove to engulf the voice of faith
In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
There was trembling on the marts,
While the tempest raged and thundered,
'Mid the silent thrill of hearts;
But the Lord, our shield, was with us,
And ere a month had sped,
Our very women walked the streets
With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gambolled,
Their faces purely raised,
Just for a wondering moment,
As the huge bombs whirled and blazed;

Then turned with silvery laughter
  To the sports which children love,
Thrice-mailed in the sweet, instinctive thought
  That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster,
  From scores of flame-clad ships,
And about us, denser, darker,
  Grew the conflict's wild eclipse,
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
  Like a type of doom and ire,
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
  Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels
  Those death-shafts warned aside,
And the dove of heavenly mercy
  Ruled o'er the battle tide;
In the houses ceased the wailing,
  And through the war-scarred marts
The people strode, with the step of hope,
  To the music in their hearts.

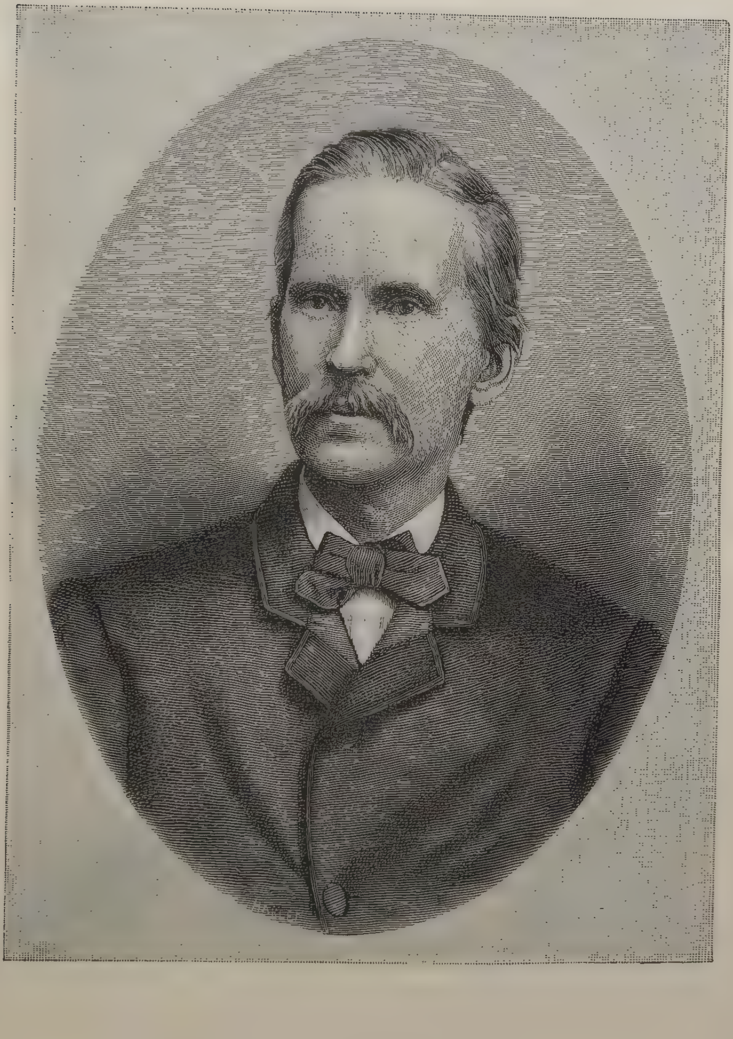
A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WINDS.

O FRESH, how fresh and fair
  Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of balm!
And the green earth lapped in bliss,
To the magic of her kiss
Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-crested calm!

From the distant Tropic strand, mm
Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet, faint undertune,
From its fields of purpling flowers
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal blooms of June.

All heavenly fancies rise
On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a language rare and fine,
And a peace more pure than sleep's
Unto dim, half-conscious deeps,
Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides divine.

Those dreams! ah me! the splendor,
So mystical and tender,
Wherewith like soft-heat lightnings they gird their meaning round,



Faithfully & Cordially

Paul. H. Hayne.

And those waters, calling, calling,
With a nameless charm enthralling,
Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray of sound!

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,
Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me,
From earth receding faintly with her dreary din and jars,—
What viewless arms caress me?
What whispered voices bless me,
With welcomes dropping dewlike from the weird and wondrous stars?

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
Grows the preternatural glimmer
Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle wings of balm;
For behold! its spirit flieth,
And its fairy murmur dieth,
And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless calm!

LOVE'S AUTUMN.

I WOULD not lose a single silvery ray
Of those white locks which like a milky way
Streak the dusk midnight of thy raven hair;

I would not lose, O Sweet! the misty shine
Of those half-saddened, thoughtful eyes of thine,
Whence Love looks forth, touched by the shadow of care;

I would not miss the droop of thy dear mouth,
The lips less dewy-red than when the South,
The young South wind of passion, sighed o'er them;

I would not miss each delicate flower that blows
On thy wan cheeks, soft as September's rose
Blushing but faintly on its faltering stem;

I would not miss the air of chastened grace
Which, breathed divinely from thy patient face,
Tells of love's watchful anguish, merged in rest;

Naught would I miss of all thou hast, or art,
O friend supreme! whose constant, stainless heart
Doth house, unknowing, many an angel guest.

Their presence keeps thy spiritual chambers pure;
While the flesh fails, strong love grows more and more
Divinely beautiful with perished years.

Thus, at each slow, but surely deepening sign
Of life's decay, we will not, Sweet! repine,
Nor greet its mellowing close with thankless tears.

Love's spring was fair, love's summer brave and bland,
But through love's autumn mist I view the land,
The land of deathless summers yet to be;

There, I behold thee, young again and bright,
In a great flood of rare transfiguring light,
But there as here, thou smilest, Love! on me!

FATE, OR GOD?

BEYOND the record of all eldest things,
Beyond the rule and regions of past time,
From out Antiquity's hoary-headed rime,
Looms the dread phantom of a King of kings:
Round His vast brows the glittering circlet clings
Of a thrice royal crown; behind Him climb,
O'er Atlantean limbs and breast sublime,
The sombre splendors of mysterious wings;
Deep calms of measureless power, in awful state,
Gird and uphold Him; a miraculous rod,
To heal or smite, arms His infallible hands:
Known in all ages, worshipped in all lands,
Doubt names this half-embodied mystery—Fate,
While Faith, with lowliest reverence, whispers—God!

A LITTLE WHILE I FAIN WOULD LINGER YET.

A LITTLE while (my life is almost set!)
I fain would pause along the downward way,
Musing an hour in this sad sunset-ray,
While, Sweet! our eyes with tender tears are wet:
A little hour I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger yet,
All for love's sake, for love that cannot tire;
Though fervid youth be dead, with youth's desire,
And hope has faded to a vague regret,
A little while I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger there:
Behold! who knows what strange, mysterious bars
'Twixt souls that love, may rise in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair;
A little while I still would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast, mm
  Hand locked in hand, and loyal heart to heart,
  (O pitying Christ! those woeful words, "We part!")
So ere the darkness fall, the light be past,
A little while I fain would hold thee fast.

A little while, when light and twilight meet;
  Behind, our broken years; before, the deep
  Weird wonder of the last unfathomed sleep;
A little while I still would clasp thee, Sweet;
A little while, when night and twilight meet.

A little while I fain would linger here;
  Behold! who knows what soul-dividing bars
  Earth's faithful loves may part in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair:
A little while I still would linger here.

IN HARBOR.

I THINK it is over, over,
  I think it is over at last,—
Voices of foemen and lover,
The sweet and the bitter have passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean
Hath outblown its ultimate blast:
There's but a faint sobbing seaward
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over! over!
  For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah, few were the days of the rover
  That smiled in the beauty of peace,
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release!
From the ravage of life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
  Which bides in the harbor at last,—
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver
That throbs through the sanctified river,
  Which girdle the harbor at last,
  This heavenly harbor at last?

I know it is over, over,
  I know it is over at last!
Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
For the stress of the voyage has passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
  Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast:
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward;
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last!

David Swing.

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, 1830.

LIFE IMMORTAL.

[*Truths for To-Day.* 1874.]

IF it is lawful for the naturalist to give his affections to material forms and thus, in his prejudice for his world, reach the conclusion, at last, that mind is only the effervescence of a chemical caldron, it is equally lawful for you and me to be prepossessed with the charms of spirit and to reach the feeling that flesh is only the chariot in which this angel of life rides in these and upon other shores. It is well known that the mind shapes its material form. The face of a Webster is nobler, the forehead higher, the eye brighter, and the brain larger than are those features or faculties in a Sioux Indian, and it must be so, because in Webster there is a mind and soul which have for two thousand years been busy shaping the tabernacle of dust. In order to believe well in a future beyond, it seems essential that one make the assumption of spirit a starting-point, and then the whole material world becomes its servant, or its arena, or decoration; but if, with Huxley and Darwin, we begin with the assumption of matter, there seems nothing to throw us over across the dividing ocean, and we must remain on the shore of dust, and hence death; for move to and fro as material does from wild rose to full-leafed rose, from ape to man, it always brings us at last only to dust. There is no immortal rose, however full-leafed it may become. Death is its destiny. To get over this tomb of roses and of man it is essential that a spirit be assumed, a God, an essence differing from the vital action of the heart or of the roots of the wild flowers.

In this study of man, after we assume that he possesses a spirit, the text enters with its single thought that God is not a God of dead souls, but of living ones. There is no manifest reason for supposing a soul made in such a divine image to be only an ephemeral creature, going quickly to nothingness, thus making God the father of the dead rather than of the living. All the reasons for creating such a being as man remain for continuing his existence. If when the Creator had formed such a universe as lies around us here, of which our system is as a grain of sand upon an infinite shore, He finally concluded to make man a race to inhabit one or more stars of the universe, a race in the divine image, a human life of a few years would seem wholly unworthy of such a boundless material realm; for we cannot master its truths nor taste its happiness in any threescore year career. Your children have shown their divine nature, have revealed their intelligence, have spoken a few words, have rejoiced in a few springtimes, and have gone hence, leaving you heartbroken over a speechless form. A brief career is thus not in harmony with the immense universe in which this life begins and of which man is unquestionably the highest order of beings.

Florus Beardsley Plimpton.

Born in Palmyra, Ohio, 1830. **Died** in Cincinnati, Ohio, 1886.

THE TWO MARINERS.

[*Poems.* 1886.]

COLUMBUS gave a world to light;
  Found tropic isles in tropic seas,
  Where spice-winds, wafting melodies
  From gorgeous groves of orange trees,
Thrilled the pleased senses with delight.
Nor sooner he these prizes gains
Than ingrates send him back in chains.

In thee, sweet one, my venturous heart—
  A mariner o'er untried seas—
  Found isles of calm and joy and ease,
  More glorious than the Cyclades—
New worlds in which it claimed a part;
Yet thence, where such enchantment reigns,
Thou'st sent the wanderer back in chains.

Charles Nordhoff.

BORN in Erwitte, Westphalia, Prussia, 1830.

KILAUEA.

[*Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands.* 1874.]

WHAT we saw there on the 3d of March, 1873, was two huge pits, caldrons, or lakes, filled with a red, molten, fiery, sulphurous, raging, roaring, restless mass of matter, to watch whose unceasing tumult was one of the most fascinating experiences of my life. . . .

What, therefore, Madame Pele will show you hereafter is uncertain. What we saw was this: two large lakes or caldrons, each nearly circular, with the lower shelf or bank red-hot, from which the molten lava was repelled toward the centre without cessation. The surface of these lakes was of a lustrous and beautiful gray, and this, which was a cooling and tolerably solid scum, was broken by jagged circles of fire, which appeared of a vivid rose-color in contrast with the gray. These circles, starting at the red-hot bank or shore, moved more or less rapidly toward the centre, where, at intervals of perhaps a minute, the whole mass of lava suddenly but slowly bulged up, burst the thin crust, and flung aloft a huge, fiery wave, which sometimes shot as high as thirty feet in the air. Then ensued a turmoil, accompanied with hissing, and occasionally with a dull roar as the gases sought to escape, and spray was flung in every direction; and presently the agitation subsided, to begin again in the same place, or perhaps in another.

Meantime the fiery rings moved forward perpetually toward the centre, a new one reappearing at the shore before the old was engulfed; and not unfrequently the mass of lava was so fiercely driven by some force from the bank near which we stood, that it was ten or fifteen feet higher near the centre than at the circumference. Thus somewhat of the depth was revealed to us, and there seemed something peculiarly awful to me in the fierce glowing red heat of the shores themselves, which never cooled with exposure to the air and light.

Thus acted the first of the two lakes. But when, favored by a strong breeze, we ventured farther, to the side of the furthermost one, a still more terrible spectacle greeted us. The mass in this lake was in yet more violent agitation; but it spent its fury upon the precipitous southern bank, against which it dashed with a vehemence equal to a heavy surf breaking against cliffs. It had undermined this lava cliff, and for a space of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet the lava beat and surged into glaring, red-hot, cavernous depths, and was repelled with a dull, heavy roar, not exactly like the boom of breakers, because the lava is so much heavier than water, but with a voice of its own, less resonant, and, as we who listened thought, full of even more deadly fury.

It seems a little absurd to couple the word "terrible" with any action of mere inanimate matter, from which, after all, we stood in no very evident peril. Yet "terrible" is the only word for it. Grand it was not, because in all its action and voice it seemed infernal. Though its movement is slow and deliberate, it would scarcely occur to you to call either the constant impulse from one side toward the other, or the vehement and vast bulging of the lava wave as it explodes its thin crust or dashes a fiery mass against the cliff, majestic, for devilish seems a better word.

Meantime, though we were favored with a cool and strong breeze, bearing the sulphurous stench of the burning lake away from us, the heat of the lava on which we stood, at least eighty feet above the pit, was so great as to be almost unendurable. We stood first upon one foot, and then on the other, because the soles of our feet seemed to be scorching through thick shoes. A lady sitting down upon a bundle of shawls had to rise because the wraps began to scorch; our faces seemed on fire from the reflection of the heat below; the guide's tin water-canteen, lying near my feet, became presently so hot that it burned my fingers when I took it up; and at intervals there came up from behind us a draught of air so hot, and so laden with sulphur, that, even with the strong wind carrying it rapidly away, it was scarcely endurable. It was while we were coughing and spluttering at one of these hot blasts, which came from the numerous fissures in the lava which we had passed over, that a lady of our party remarked that she had read an excellent description of this place in the New Testament; and so far as I observed, no one disagreed with her.

After the lakes came the cones. When the surface of this lava is so rapidly cooling that the action below is too weak to break it, the gases forcing their way out break small vents, through which lava is then ejected. This, cooling rapidly as it comes to the outer air, forms by its accretions a conical pipe of greater or less circumference, and sometimes growing twenty or thirty feet high, open at the top, and often with openings also blown out at the sides. There are several of these cones on the summit bank of the lake, all ruined, as it seemed to me, by some too violent explosion, which had blown off most of the top, and in one case the whole of it, leaving then only a wide hole.

Into these holes we looked, and saw a very wonderful and terrible sight. Below us was a stream of lava, rolling and surging and beating against huge, precipitous, red-hot cliffs, and higher up, suspended from other, also red- or white-hot overhanging cliffs, depended huge stalactites, like masses of fiercely glowing fern leaves waving about in the subterraneous wind; and here we saw how thin was in some such places the crust over which we walked, and how near the melting-point must be its under surface. For, as far as we could judge, these little craters or cones rested upon a crust not thicker than twelve or fourteen inches, and one fierce blast from below seemed sufficient to melt away the whole place. Fortunately one cannot stay very long near these openings, for they exhale a very poisonous breath; and so we were drawn back to the more fascinating but less perilous spectacle of the lakes; and then back over the rough lava, our minds filled with memories of a spectacle which is certainly one of the most remarkable our planet affords.

James Gowdy Clark.

Born in Constantia, N. Y., 1830.

MARION MOORE.

[*Poetry and Song.* 1886.]

GONE art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Gone like the bird in the autumn that singeth,
Gone like the flower by the wayside that springeth,
Gone like the leaf of the ivy that clingeth
Round the lone rock on a storm-beaten shore.

Dear wert thou, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Dear as the tide in my broken heart throbbing;
Dear as the soul o'er thy memory sobbing.
Sorrow my life of its roses is robbing,
Wasting is all the glad beauty of yore.

I will remember thee, Marion Moore,—
I shall remember, alas, to regret thee;
I will regret when all others forget thee;
Deep in my breast will the hour that I met thee
Linger and burn till life's fever is o'er.

Gone art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Gone like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth,
Gone as the rill to the ocean that floweth,
Gone as the day from the gray mountain goeth,
Darkness behind thee, but glory before.

Peace to thee, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Peace which the queens of the earth cannot borrow,
Peace from a kingdom that crowned thee with sorrow:
Oh! to be happy with thee on the morrow,
Who would not fly from this desolate shore?

John Esten Cooke.

Born in Winchester, Va., 1830. **Died** near Boyce, Clarke Co., Va., 1886.

THE FIGHT WITH THE MOONSHINERS.

[*The Virginia Bohemians.* 1880.]

THE column moved on, and entered the gorge extending up to the Hogback. The sun was sinking, and the long red rays pierced the glades like spears, and fell in vivid crimson on the rocks, covered with variegated mosses. From in front came the low sigh of the pines in the depths of the gorge; from the rear no sound was heard but the measured hoof-strokes of the troopers.

Bohemia was waiting, and expecting something—you could see that.

Bohemia was in all its last and crowning glory.

Not the glory of the fresh spring mornings, when the violets first come and the buttercups star the glades and the fields; nor yet the glory of the summer days, when the clouds drift on the blue sky, and the green foliage of the forest is alive with singing birds; nor the autumn glory of splendid colors and dreamy hours, when the heart dreams of other hours, and sees the faces that have gone many a year into the dust; but the glory of the last moments of the Indian summer—the Nurse of the Halcyon which cradled the Greek fancy—this had come now, and the year was bidding farewell to Bohemia, and expiring in a dream of beauty.

There were few leaves clinging to the trees—the winds had swept them. They lay on the ground, and formed a deep yellow carpet. Here and there a cedar, forming a perfect cone, stood out like a sentinel from a background of rocks, and over rock and cedar, and under the great pines, trailed the autumn creepers with bright crimson berries, glittering like coral beads in the light of the sunset. That sunset light made the glory more glorious. It was dashed on rock and tree, and lit up the gorge with a sombre splendor; the wild pines, the dark depths, the figures of the troopers, and the sky above. You would have said that it had come to salute Bohemia for the last time, and that thereafter her glory would be a dream.

The column was in the gorge, and was advancing over a narrow bridle-path, when the young lieutenant ordered "Halt!"

"I saw the gleam of a gun-barrel on that height yonder," he said to the marshal. "As we're about to proceed to business, let us act in a business-like manner."

He sent forward an advance guard of three men with instructions. These were to keep a keen lookout on the bluffs above, and if fired upon return the fire, and fall back upon the column.

"You won't have far to fall back," added the young fellow. "I'll be close behind you."

The advance-guard went in front, and disappeared around a bend in the road. The spot was wild beyond expression, and lofty heights extended like walls on either side as the column proceeded. Beyond the tops of the trees could be seen the long blue line of the Blue Ridge on the left; and on the right rose the bristling and threatening crest of the Hogback.

"I begin to think the moonshiners are going to fight, Mr. Lascelles," said the lieutenant, lighting a fresh cigar. "I saw the man with the gun as plainly as I see you. There are probably some stills in the vicinity here—it is the very place for them; and I think the moonshiners, like good patriots, are going to die by their altars and fires!"

A shot rung out as he spoke, from the direction of the vanguard; and then a rattling volley followed, and the men were seen coming back at a gallop.

"Well," said the lieutenant, coolly, "what's up?"

The report was that they had been fired upon—apparently from a barricade in the mouth of a small gorge debouching into the main one.

"I think it probable there's a barricade, which is not a bad thing to fight behind," said the lieutenant, smoking and reflecting. "Well, I'm going to charge it, as a matter of course. I'll have some saddles emptied, I rather suppose, but that's to be looked for."

"It is unfortunate," said Mr. Lascelles; "it would be better to have no bloodshed."

"Vastly preferable, I allow, but the devil of the thing is to avoid it. I'm not speaking for myself; I'm engaged to a pretty girl, but she'll have to take her chances for a wedding. This is my business—and after all, too, it's the business of these good fellows on both sides. So here's for a charge!"

"A moment," said Mr. Lascelles; "you ought to summon them to surrender."

"Useless—but it would be more regular."

"I'll take the summons."

"You!"

"Certainly, with very great pleasure."

"You'll be shot!"

"No. They might shoot one of your men in his uniform, but they will not shoot me. I am in citizen's dress, and will raise my white handkerchief."

"That is true—but suppose you're shot. You have nothing to do with this business. I like your face, Mr. Lascelles, though it's rather mournful. You were cut out for a soldier, but then you are a civilian. Well, do as you choose."

"I will go, then, and deliver your summons. You will wait?"

"Yes, but be quick. Night is coming."

"If I am not back in ten minutes it will be because they refuse. Then you can charge."

He put spurs to his horse, and, without troubling himself to display the white handkerchief, went at a swift gallop forward into the gorge.

The shadows grew deeper as he went, and the overhanging banks more densely wooded. He was penetrating to the most mysterious depths of the gorge.

Suddenly a voice called "Halt!" and he saw the gleam of gun-barrels behind a barricade of felled trees. He paid no attention to the order, and reaching the barricade leaped to the ground.

The Lefthander was standing on the top of the barricade, with a carbine in his hand. It was he who had ordered "halt," but he did not raise his weapon. He had recognized Mr. Lascelles, and quietly waited.

Behind him were grouped nearly a dozen rough-looking figures armed to the teeth; among these were Daddy Welles, Barney Jones, and Harry Vance. Under low drooping boughs in rear of the barricade was a rude door in the rock. Behind this door, which the pine boughs brushed, was the still.

The barricade itself was constructed of felled trees, and about breast-high. Behind this the moonshiners were obviously going to fight.

Mr. Lascelles threw his bridle over his horse's neck, and mounted the barricade.

"They are coming," he said to the Lefthander, "and I have come to summon you to surrender."

"To surrender? We will not surrender," said the phlegmatic athlete.

"I knew that, and so that's done with. They will charge you in ten minutes; but there will be time to say what I came to say to you. I have been to Crow's Nest."

He took the Lefthander by the arm and drew him aside. For some moments the group of moonshiners saw the two men engaged in low, earnest talk. Then they saw them grasp hands and come back toward the group.

As they did so the troopers charged the barricade.

A volley met it in the face, and the horses, wild with fright, wheeled and retreated in disorder.

"Halt!" the lieutenant's voice was heard shouting, as he whirled his light sabre. "Form column in rear!—I'll soon attend to this."

The men stopped, and fell into column again just beyond range of the fire of the barricade.

"Dismount and deploy skirmishers! Advance on both flanks and in front! I'll be in the centre."

And throwing himself from his horse, he formed the line of skirmishers. Then, at the ringing "Forward" of the game young fellow, the skirmishers closed in steadily, firing as they did so on the barricade.

All at once the quiet scene was turned into the stage of a tragic drama. Nature was pitiless and serene; the red crowns were rising peacefully from the summits of the trees; a crow was winging his way toward the sunset on slow wings; it was a scene to soothe dying eyes, if the light needs must disappear from them.

In ten minutes it had disappeared from more than one on both sides. The moonshiners were evidently determined to fight hard, and only give way when they were forced to do so. The crack of the sharpshooters was answered from behind the barricade, and the gorge was full of smoke and shouts as the assailants closed in.

They did so steadily, like good troops, and at last rushed upon the barricade. There a hand-to-hand fight followed, and it was a weird spectacle in the half gloom. In the shadowy gorge the figures were only half seen as the light faded, and the long thunder of the carbines and shouting rolled through the mountain, awaking lugubrious echoes in the mysterious depths.

The moonshiners fought desperately, but the fight was of no avail. They were outnumbered, and, after losing some of their best men, scattered into the mountain. Among those who thus escaped were Daddy Welles, Barney Jones, and Harry Vance. The parting salutes from their carbines were heard from the heights as they retreated; and the barricade was in possession of the cavalry.

The young lieutenant leaped on the felled trees, and stood there looking around.

"A good work—constructed by soldiers," he said; "and they were game, too."

He was tying up his arm with a white handkerchief. A bullet had passed completely through the fleshy part, and it was bleeding.

He leaped down into the barricade. Suddenly he stopped—he had nearly trodden upon something: it was the body of Mr. Lascelles. A bullet had passed through his forehead, and he was quite dead. The shot had been fired from behind a rock by the man whom he had lashed that day in the Wye woods—his bitter enemy.

At three paces from the body of Mr. Lascelles lay the Lefthander—dead. Three other moonshiners were dangerously wounded, and were leaning against the barricade. They closed their eyes, as though to avoid seeing the blue uniforms. They were probably troopers of the old battles of Ashby, and accepted their fate like soldiers, not complaining.

As to the faces of Mr. Lascelles and the Lefthander, they were quite tranquil. They had died, in fact, with little pain, and perhaps willingly. Each had muttered the same name as the light faded, and they went into the darkness. This name was "Mignon."

THE BAND IN THE PINES.

OH, band in the pine-wood cease!
  Cease with your splendid call;
The living are brave and noble,
  But the dead are bravest of all!

They throng to the martial summons,
  To the loud triumphant strain,
And the dear bright eyes of long dead friends
  Come to the heart again!

They come with the ringing bugle,
  And the deep drums' mellow roar;
Till the soul is faint with longing
  For the hands we clasp no more!

Oh, band in the pine-wood cease!
  Or the heart will melt with tears,
For the gallant eyes and the smiling lips,
  And the voices of old years.

After Pelham died.

MEMORIES.

THE flush of sunset dies
  Far on ancestral trees,
On the bright-booted bees,
On cattle-dotting leas;
  And a mist is in my eyes—
For in a stranger land
Halts the quick-running sand,
Shaken by no dear hand!

How plain is the flowering grass—
The sunset-flooded door;
I hear the river's roar
Say clearly "Nevermore."
I see the cloud-shadows pass
Over my mountain meres:
Gone are the rose-bright years,
Drowned in a sea of tears.

John Swinton.

Born in Salton, Haddingtonshire, Scotland, 1830.

CARLYLE AT HIS WIFE'S GRAVE.

[*John Swinton's Travels.* 1880.]

DRIVING through the lovely, fertile, finely-cultured farming lands of the Lothians, in the south of Scotland, and talking with the farmers, who are all apprehensive of the impending ruin from the glut of American grain and beef, and who are struggling under a rent of twenty to twenty-five dollars an acre against the products of the free soil of our Western plains, we reach the ancient town of Haddington, the birthplace of John Knox, on the outskirts of which stands the massive monument to his memory, in the shape of an academy built a few years ago by the contributions of the whole Presbyterian world.

Wandering around the quiet environs of the place, I am surprised at suddenly finding myself gazing upon the majestic, venerable, picturesque, ivy-clad ruins of a Gothic cathedral of the twelfth century, built by that remorseful monarch David I., whose splendid architectural achievements are yet to be found in so many parts of the land. The scene is impressive and inviting in the sunshine of this soft summer day, and the peaceful graveyard around the ruins is rich with the mortal relics of many generations. The rustic grave-digger is at work with his spade in a secluded quarter of the grounds, and glad enough, in his broad Scotch dialect, to welcome a stranger in his lonesome toil. The walls of the cathedral, with their grand Gothic window spaces, and the columns of the interior, stand as they were built seven centuries ago, but nearly all the roof is gone, and the sky is above you as you stand within the consecrated precincts. "Here," says the grim sexton, "is the grave of such-an-one, and there is the tombstone of such-another-one, and yonder is the monument of that great man"—about whom he tells us a tale of weal or woe as we pass hither and thither among the mounds.

Inside the cathedral walls the grassy sod is dotted with tombstones, bearing names almost obliterated by time and tempest, and in an alcove of the wall itself is the vault with the recumbent marble mailed effigies of two knights or earls who were honored with a rhyming and drooling inscription from the royal hand of King James I. With pride the sexton showed the effigies, showing also other titled names that decorate the spot. "And there," said he, while mooling along, as he pointed out a flagstone bearing two names, one of which was but a few years old, "there is Mrs. Carlyle's grave." "The wife of Thomas Carlyle?" I inquired. "Ay," said he, "ay, ay."

And I saw that it was, and that this was the tombstone glorified by that immortal epitaph, the finest tribute ever paid to wife or woman, in which the illustrious literary giant—

Mightiest Titan of ruggedest mind
Frowning majestic on feeble mankind—

after referring to her long years of wise and helpful companionship, says that, by her death, "the light of his life is clean gone out."

"And Mr. Carlyle," said the sexton, "comes here from London now and then to see this grave. He is a gaunt, shaggy, weird kind of old man, looking very old the last time he was here." "He is eighty-six now," said I. "Ay," he repeated, "eighty-six, and comes here to this grave all the way from London." And I told the sexton that Carlyle was a great man, the greatest man of the age in books, and that his name was known all over the world; but the sexton thought there were other great men lying near at hand, though I told him their fame did not reach beyond the graveyard; and brought him back to talk of Carlyle. "Mr. Carlyle himself," said the grave-digger softly, "is to be brought here to be buried with his wife, ay." "He comes here lonesome and alone," continued the grave-digger, "when he visits the wife's grave. His niece keeps him company to the gate, but he leaves her there, and she stays there for him. The last time he was here I got a sight of him, and he was bowed down under his white hairs, and he took his way up by that ruined wall of the old cathedral, and round there and in here by the gateway, and he tottered up here to this spot."

Softly spake the grave-digger, and paused. Softer still, in the broad dialect of the Lothians, he proceeded: "And he stood here a while in the grass, and then he kneeled down and stayed on his knees at the grave; then he bent over, and I saw him kiss the ground—ay, he kissed it again and again, and he kept kneeling, and it was a long time before he rose and tottered out of the cathedral, and wandered through the graveyard to the gate, where his niece stood waiting for him."

I almost shrink from putting on paper these words of the rustic grave-digger that day; but is not the scene one for art and poetry? And does it not show the rugged sham-destroyer of other days, he of the sanguinary blade and the loud artillery, in a finer light than that of any page of his hundred books?

Isaac Edwards Clarke.

Born in Deerfield, Mass., 1830.

BRITISH POLICY OPPOSED TO AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

[*Industrial and High Art Education in the United States.* 1885.]

IT will be advisable for those who wish to preserve their self-respect as Americans, when considering the relations borne by England to the industrial development of this country, to remember that England has always done her utmost to prevent any industrial or political development of the American people.

In 1776, the colonists were obliged to enter into war with England in order to begin any industrial development of their own resources.

Twenty-eight years after the close of the Revolutionary war, they were forced to go to war with England again to vindicate their right to sail the seas.

Nearly fifty years later, England eagerly availed herself of the opportunity afforded by the Southern rebellion to destroy the foreign commerce of America; and did it effectually. Most, if not all, of the so-called Confederate cruisers were built in British ship-yards, and armed and victualled, if not mainly manned, by British subjects; while the colonial ports of Great Britain were as freely opened to those armed ships whose whole purpose was to destroy the peaceful merchant ships of the United States as they were to the cruisers of the friendly United States, although the flag under which they sailed was one unrecognized by England.

In addition to these consistent acts of continuous hostility, England, as has already been stated, has succeeded in introducing into American colleges the text-books written by her professors of political economy, and American young men are thereby indoctrinated with English free-trade ideas; from which it usually takes them from five to twenty-five years to recover. . . . .

In considering these theories it is well to keep one fact in mind, and that is, that from the first hour of English settlement in America down to the present time, the active influence of England has been constantly exerted to prevent, retard, and destroy the industrial and commercial development and prosperity of the United States.

No amount of later compliments or courtesies, however unusual or distinguished, paid to living or deceased Americans, can obliterate these historical facts, or should be suffered to weaken the memory of them in the minds of patriotic Americans mindful of their country's welfare; because the situation of Great Britain is such that the necessity of self-preservation compels her to continue in the same course towards this nation that she has ever adopted.

The historical events just recited may be commended to the consideration of such youthful Americans as find themselves inclined to Anglomania—who affect English costumes and customs, in dress, manners, and speech, and who would esteem it a compliment to be taken for English;—"which they never could be, you know!"

On the other hand, there were certain object lessons set in the main building of the Centennial Exposition for all to see, which may well modify the opinions of those who are inclined to Anglophobia and feel the stirrings of an hereditary resentment against the one consistent and persistent opponent of the American Republic.

Doubtless, in the present era of effusive compliments, the possibility that Americans could regard any past or present actions of England as designedly unfriendly would be warmly protested against; but two and a half centuries of consistent history are not to be obliterated by a few smooth phrases. England has to-day, and with each passing day, ever more pressing need to secure and retain customers for her varied manufactures; and therefore it is impossible that any policy which is wise for her, commercially speaking, can as yet be advantageous to this country.

It may be well for us to adopt similar methods for developing artistic skill in manufactures and industries to those which England has found successful; but Americans should always remember that, owing to the differences of the situation, the policies of the two countries must also necessarily differ. The United States must adopt, sooner or later, a continental policy: one best adapted to the development of the immense natural resources of the country, and best fitted to promote the industries and manufactures of the people.

Although it has seemed proper to thus briefly recite the historical relations of England to American industries, it is only simple justice to state that in these latter days, so far from manifesting any disposition to prevent or retard the movement for developing industrial-art training in the United States, the educational authorities of England have offered every aid and every courtesy. . . . .

Until the millennium dawns, individual nations, just as are the heads of private families, are charged with the protection of the lives and the promotion of the interests of their own citizens. It is easy to see that these interests may demand very different conditions on the part of England and of the United States; that what would be most conducive to the selfish interests of the English-speaking people dwelling in Great Britain, might be disastrous to the interests of the English-speaking people dwelling in these United States. The fine-sounding philanthropy which urges that American statesmen ought to consider the questions that arise simply in their universal relations, and not in the narrow view of how they may affect the interests of the citizens of the United States, is not only premature but sophistical. Policies urged by England should be considered under all the light that the events of the past can give.

William Steele Shurtleff.

Born in Newbury Springs, Vt., 1830.

THE WAY.

FIRST, find out Truth, and then,
Although she strays
From beaten paths of men,
To untrod ways,
Her leading follow straight,
And bide thy fate!

And whether smiles or scorn
Thy passing greet,
Or find'st thou flower or thorn
Beneath thy feet,
Fare on! nor fear thy fate
At Heaven's gate.

Noah Brooks.

Born in Castine, Maine, 1830.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF LINCOLN.

[*The Century Magazine.* 1878.]

DURING the presidential campaign of 1856 I lived in Northern Illinois. As one who dabbled a little in politics and a good deal in journalism, it was necessary for me to follow up some of the more important mass-meetings of the Republicans. At one of these great assemblies in Ogle County, to which the country people came on horseback, in farm-wagons, or afoot, from far and near, there were several speakers of local celebrity. Dr. Egan of Chicago, famous for his racy stories, was one, and "Joe" Knox of Bureau County, a stump-speaker of renown, was another attraction. Several other orators were "on the bills" for this long-advertised "Fremont and Dayton rally," among them being a Springfield lawyer who had won some reputation as a shrewd, close reasoner and a capital speaker on the stump. This was Abraham Lincoln, popularly known as "Honest Abe Lincoln." In those days he was not so famous in our part of the State as the two speakers whom I have named. Possibly he was not so popular among the masses of the people; but his ready wit, his unfailing good-humor, and the candor which gave him his character for honesty, won for him the admiration and respect of all who heard him. I remember once meeting a choleric old Democrat striding away from an open-air meeting where Lincoln was speaking, striking the earth with his cane as he stumped along and exclaiming, "He's a dangerous man, sir! a d—d dangerous man! He makes you believe what he says, in spite of yourself!" It was Lincoln's manner. He admitted away his whole case, apparently, and yet, as his political opponents complained, he usually carried conviction with him. As he reasoned with his audience, he bent his long form over the railing of the platform, stooping lower and lower as he pursued his argument, until, having reached his point, he clinched it (usually with a question), and then suddenly sprang upright, reminding one of the springing open of a jack-knife blade.

At the Ogle County meeting to which I refer, Lincoln led off, the raciest speakers being reserved for the later part of the political entertainment. I am bound to say that Lincoln did not awaken the boisterous applause which some of those who followed him did, but his speech made a more lasting impression. It was talked about for weeks afterward in the neighborhood, and it probably changed votes; for that was the time when Free-soil votes were being made in Northern Illinois. I had made Lincoln's acquaintance early in that particular day; after he had spoken, and while some of the others were on the platform, he and I fell into a chat about political prospects. We crawled under the pendulous branches of a tree, and Lincoln, lying flat on the ground, with his chin in his hands, talked on, rather gloomily as to the present, but absolutely confident as to the future. I was dismayed to find that he did not believe it possible that Fremont could be elected. As if half pitying my youthful ignorance, but admiring my enthusiasm, he said: "Don't be discouraged if we don't carry the day this year. We can't do it, that's certain. We can't carry Pennsylvania; those old Whigs down there are too strong for us. But we shall, sooner or later, elect our president. I feel confident of that."

"Do you think we shall elect a Free-soil president in 1860?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know. Everything depends on the course of the Democracy. There's a big anti-slavery element in the Democratic party, and if we could get hold of that, we might possibly elect our man in 1860. But it's doubtful—*very* doubtful. Perhaps we shall be able to fetch it by 1864; perhaps not. As I said before, the Free-soil party is bound to win, in the long run. It may not be in my day; but it will in yours, I do really believe."

Of course, at this distance of time, I cannot pretend to give Lincoln's exact words. When I heard them, the speaker was only one of many politicians of a limited local reputation. And if it had not been for Lincoln's earnestness, and the almost affectionate desire that he manifested to have me, a young newspaper writer, understand the political situation, I should not have remembered them for a day. Four years afterward, when Lincoln was nominated at Chicago, his dubious speculations as to the future of his party, as we lay under the trees in Ogle County, came back to me like a curious echo. If he was so despondent in 1856, when another man was the nominee, would he not be still more so in 1860, when he, with his habit of underrating his own powers, was the candidate?

It was not long before Lincoln heard that I was in Washington, and sent for me to come and see him. He recollected the little conversation we had had together, and had not forgotten my name and occupation. And he recalled with great glee my discomfiture when he had dispelled certain rosy hopes of Fremont's election, so many years before. It seemed quite wonderful. But, as I afterward observed, Lincoln's memory was very retentive. It only needed a word or a suggestion to revive in his mind an accurate picture of the minutest incidents in his life. A curious instance of this happened at our very first interview. Naturally, we fell to talking of Illinois, and he related several stories of his early life in that region. Particularly, he remembered his share in the Black Hawk war, in which he was a captain. He referred to his share of the campaign lightly, and said that he saw very little fighting. But he remembered coming on a camp of white scouts, one morning just as the sun was rising. The Indians had surprised the camp, and had killed and scalped every man.

"I remember just how those men looked," said Lincoln, "as we rose up the little hill where their camp was. The red light of the morning sun was streaming upon them as they lay, heads toward us, on the ground. And every man had a round red spot on the top of his head, about as big as a dollar, where the redskins had taken his scalp. It was frightful, but it was grotesque, and the red sunlight seemed to paint everything all over." Lincoln paused, as if recalling the vivid picture, and added, somewhat irrelevantly: "I remember that one man had buckskin breeches on."

One Saturday night, the President asked me if I had any objection to accompanying him to a photographer's on Sunday. He said that it was impossible for him to go on any other day, and he would like to have me see him "set." Next day we went together, and as he was leaving the house he stopped and said: "Hold on, I have forgotten Everett!" Stepping hastily back, he brought with him a folded paper, which he explained was a printed copy of the oration that Mr. Everett was to deliver, in a few days, at Gettysburg. It occupied nearly the whole of two pages of the "Boston Journal," and looked very formidable indeed. As we walked away from the house, Lincoln said: "It was very kind in Mr. Everett to send me this. I suppose he was afraid I should say something that he wanted to say. He needn't have been alarmed. My speech isn't long."

"So it is written, is it, then?" I asked.

"Well, no," was the reply. "It is not exactly written. It is not finished, anyway. I have written it over, two or three times, and I shall have to give it another lick before I am satisfied. But it is short, short, short."

I found, afterward, that the Gettysburg speech was actually written, and rewritten a great many times. The several draughts and interlineations of that famous address, if in existence, would be an invaluable memento of its great author. Lincoln took the copy of Everett's oration with him to the photographer's, thinking that he might have time to look it over while waiting for the operator. But he chatted so constantly, and asked so many questions about the art of photography, that he scarcely opened it. The folded paper is seen lying on the table, near the President, in the picture which was made that day.

Early in May, the country was anxiously waiting for news from Chancellorsville. The grand movement had been only partially successful, but everybody expected to hear that the first repulse was only temporary, and that the army was pressing on gloriously to Richmond. One bright forenoon, in company with an old friend of Lincoln's, I waited in one of the family rooms of the White House, as the President had asked us to go to the navy-yard with him to see some experiments in gunnery. A door opened and Lincoln appeared, holding an open telegram in his hand. The sight of his face and figure was frightful. He seemed striken with death. Almost tottering to a chair, he sat down, and then I mechanically noticed that his face was of the same color as the wall behind him—not pale, not even sallow, but gray, like ashes. Extending the dispatch to me, he said, with a sort of far-off voice: "Read it—news from the army." The telegram was from General Butterfield, I think, then chief of staff to Hooker. It was very brief, simply saying that the army of the Potomac had "safely" recrossed the Rappahannock and was now at its old position on the north bank of that stream. The President's friend, Dr. Henry, an old man and somewhat impressionable, burst into tears,—not so much, probably, at the news, as on account of its effect upon Lincoln. The President regarded the old man for an instant with dry eyes, and said: "What will the country say? Oh, what will the country say?" He seemed hungry for consolation and cheer, and sat a little while talking about the failure. Yet, it did not seem that he was disappointed. He only thought that the country would be.

While the talk was going on, the cards of Congressman Hooper and Professor Agassiz were brought in by a servant. "Agassiz!" exclaimed the President with great delight; "I never met him yet, and Hooper promised to bring him up to-night." I rose to go, when he said: "Don't go, don't go. Sit down, and let us see what we can pick up that's new from this great man."

The conversation, however, was not very learned. The President and the savant seemed like two boys who wanted to ask questions which appeared commonplace, but were not quite sure of each other. Each man was simplicity itself. Lincoln asked for the correct pronunciation and derivation of Agassiz's name, and both men prattled on about curious proper names in various languages, and odd correspondences between names of common things in different tongues. Agassiz asked Lincoln if he ever had engaged in lecturing, in his life. Lincoln gave the outline of a lecture, which he had partly written, to show the origin of inventions, and prove that there is nothing new under the sun. "I think I can show," said he, "at least, in a fanciful way, that all the modern inventions were known centuries ago." Agassiz begged that Lincoln would finish the lecture, some time. Lincoln replied that he had the manuscript somewhere in his papers, "and," said he, "when I get out of this place, I'll finish it up, perhaps, and get my friend B—— to print it somewhere." When these two visitors had departed, Agassiz and Lincoln shaking hands with great warmth, the latter turned to me with a quizzical smile and said: "Well, I wasn't so badly scared, after all! were you?" He had evidently expected to be very much oppressed by the great man's learning. He admitted that he had cross-examined him on "things not in the books."

Scripture stories were used by Lincoln to illustrate his argument or to enforce a point. Judge E. had been concerned in a certain secret organization of "radical" Republicans, whose design was to defeat Lincoln's renomination. When this futile opposition had died out, the judge was pressed by his friends for a profitable office. Lincoln appointed him, and to one who remonstrated against such a display of magnanimity, he replied: "Well, I suppose Judge E., having been disappointed before, did behave pretty ugly; but that wouldn't make him any less fit for this place; and I have Scriptural authority for appointing him. You remember that when the Lord was on Mount Sinai getting out a commission for Aaron, that same Aaron was at the foot of the mountain making a false god for the people to worship. Yet Aaron got his commission, you know."

So much has been written about Lincoln's private life and personal habits, that it seems unnecessary now to add more than a word. He was simple in all his tastes; liked old songs and old poetry. He was always neatly, but not finically, dressed. He disliked gloves, and once I saw him extract seven or eight pairs of gloves from an overcoat pocket, where they had accumulated after having been furnished him by Mrs. Lincoln. Usually, he drank tea and coffee at the table, but he preferred milk, or cold water. Wine was never on the table at the White House, except when visitors, other than familiar friends, were present. The President's glass was always filled, and he usually touched it to his lips. Sometimes he drank a few swallows, but never a whole glass, probably. He was cordial and affable, and his simple-hearted manners made a strong impression upon those who met him for the first time. I have known impressionable women, touched by his sad face and his gentle bearing, to go away in tears. Once I found him sitting in his chair so collapsed and weary that he did not look up or speak when I addressed him. He put out his hand, mechanically, as if to shake hands, when I told him I had come at his bidding. It was several minutes before he was aroused enough to say that he "had had a mighty hard day." Once, too, at a reception in the White House, I joined the long "queue" of people, shook hands with him, received the usual "Glad to see you, sir," and passed on. Later in the evening, meeting me, he declared that he had not seen me before, and explained his preoccupation of manner while the people were shaking hands with him by saying that he was "thinking of a man down South." It afterward came out that "the man down South" was Sherman. Once, when a visitor used profane language in his presence, he rose and said: "I thought Senator C. had sent me a gentleman. I am mistaken. There is the door, and I wish you good-night." At another time, a delegation from a distant State waited on him with a written protest against certain appointments. The paper contained some reflections upon the character of Senator Baker, Lincoln's old and beloved friend. With great dignity, the President said: "This is my paper which you have given me?" Assured that it was, he added: "To do with as I please?" "Certainly, Mr. President." Lincoln stooped to the fire-place behind him, laid it on the burning coals, turned, and said: "Good day, gentlemen."

After Lincoln had been reëlected, he began to consider what he should do when his second term of office had expired. Mrs. Lincoln desired to go to Europe for a long tour of pleasure. The President was disposed to gratify her wish, but he fixed his eyes on California as a place of permanent residence. He thought that that country offered better opportunities for his two boys, one of whom was then in college, than the older States. He had heard so much of the delightful climate and the abundant natural productions of California, that he had become possessed of a strong desire to visit the State, and remain there if he were satisfied with the results of his observations. "When we leave this place," he said, one day, "we shall have enough, I think, to take care of us old people. The boys must look out for themselves. I guess mother will be satisfied with six months or so in Europe. After that, I should really like to go to California and take a look at the Pacific coast."

I have thus recalled and set forth some of the incidents in Lincoln's life as they remain in my mind. To many persons these details, written without any attempt at symmetrical arrangement, may seem trivial. But the purpose of this record will have been fulfilled if it shall help anybody to a better understanding of the character of one of the greatest and wisest men who ever lived.

Mary Virginia Terhune.

Born in Amelia Co., Va., 183–.

AN OLD VIRGINIA GHOST STORY.

[*Judith. By Marion Harland.* 1883.]

"MADAM did a singular thing (for her), yet it was the most sensible step she could have taken. She took us into her confidence.

"'It was within six months after I came to Selma to live that I had the first intimation that all was not right with the house,' she said. 'Colonel Trueheart was not at home, and I had gone to bed rather early one night, leaving the fire burning as brightly as it does now. I was not drowsy, but the firelight was too strong to be comfortable to my eyes, and I shut them, lying quietly at ease among the pillows, my thoughts busy and far away. There was no sound except the crackling of the blaze, but suddenly I felt the pressure of two hands on the bed-clothes covering my feet. They rested there for a moment, were lifted and laid upon my ankles, moving regularly upward until I felt them lie more heavily on my chest. I was sure that a robber had found his way into the house and wanted to convince himself that I was really asleep before beginning to plunder. My one hope of life was to remain perfectly still, to breathe easily, and keep my eyes shut. This I did, the sense of hearing made more acute by intense excitement, but my reason singularly steady. When the hands reached my chest Something looked close into my face. There was no breath or audible movement, but I *felt* the gaze. Then the pressure was removed—the Presence was gone! I lay still until I counted deliberately fifty, to assure myself that I was in full possession of my senses, and sat up. The fire showed every object distinctly. I was alone in the chamber. I arose, looked under the bed and in the wardrobe, but found nobody. The windows and shutters were bolted fast, the door was locked. Yet, so strong was my persuasion that the visitation was not a trick of the imagination, that I sat up for the rest of the night, keeping fire and candle burning.

"'When Colonel Trueheart returned I told him what had happened. He laughed heartily, and "hoped the like might occur when he was at home." Three months later I felt the same pressure in the same order of movement. It was on a warm night in spring, and through the lighter coverings I fancied I could discern that the hands were small, the fingers slight, like those of a child or a little woman. I tried to call the Colonel, but could not speak until the Presence had stooped, as before, to look in my face and departed. Colonel Trueheart awoke at my voice, was greatly amazed at what I told him, and insisted upon making just such a tour of the house as you have just instituted, Captain Macon. This over, he tried to convince me that I had been dreaming, or that the sensation was caused by some obstruction of circulation. I did not argue the point, but when, some weeks afterward, I had a similar experience, asked him seriously if he had ever heard that any one else was disturbed in this way. He hesitated, tried to put me off, and finally owned that his first wife had declared to him privately her belief that the house was haunted; that she complained of hearing unaccountable noises at night; that Things passed and touched her in the halls after dark; and once in the daytime, when she was sitting alone in her room, Something had plucked her by the elbow with such force as almost to pull her from her chair. She was delicate and nervous, and he had attached no importance to her fancies.

" ' "If sickly women and superstitious negroes are to be believed, half the country-houses in Virginia are haunted," he said.

" ' He cautioned me to say nothing on the subject, else "there would be no such thing as keeping a servant on the premises, and the house would not sell for the worth of the bricks should it ever come into the market."

" ' Two years went by without further disturbance. Then it came in a different form. One night, as I was locking the back door, holding a candle in my left hand, I heard a slight sound, like a sigh or long breath, and, looking up, saw a woman moving past and away from me, just as Betsey has described. She was dressed in a misty yellow-gray or grayish-yellow gown, as Betsey saw her, but with a white handkerchief or cap on her head. I had time to notice that she was small of stature, and that she glided along noiselessly. At the closed Venetian blinds she vanished. Colonel Trueheart entered the front door the next instant, and I made known to him what I had witnessed. He ridiculed the theory that it was supernatural, evidently suspecting some malicious or mischievous prank on the part of one of the servants. After a second thorough search of the house, he loaded his pistols and put them under his pillow, "to be ready," he said, "for the next scare." He always slept with them under his head afterward.

" ' Again, for months, nothing unusual occurred. Then the pressure of the hands became frequent. From that time up to the night preceding Colonel Trueheart's death scarcely a fortnight elapsed without my feeling them. Always beginning at my feet—always ending at my chest; always that long *felt* gaze into my face, then It was gone! Sometimes I strained my eyes in the darkness to catch some outline or shadow; again and again I opened them abruptly in the firelight or moonlight to surprise whatever it might be into revealing Itself. I never beheld face or shape or any visible token of living thing. Once I succeeded in arousing the Colonel at the first touch upon my feet. He struck a light immediately, but although the regular movement continued up to the fixed gaze, the room was apparently free of everybody but ourselves. We had a long consultation then. I was hurt and angry that he remained skeptical as to the reality of the visitations. When all my assertions failed to convince him that I was not the victim of a nervous hallucination, I said:

"'"I shall never allude to this subject again, whatever I may see or hear."

"'"I hope you will keep your word," he replied.

"'Neither of us ever mentioned the matter again to one another. Sometimes, when my pallor or heavy eyes told that I had not slept well, he would look at me anxiously, as if longing to question me; but I was proud and so was he, and neither would lead the way.

"'On the night before he died he had retired in his usual health, and I sat up late writing. My desk stood at one side of the fireplace, my back being toward that window. About twelve o'clock I was startled by a rustling behind me, and turned quickly, but saw nothing. Something swept right by me, with a sound like the waving of silk drapery, and passed toward the bed. I followed It, looked under the valance, behind the curtains—all through the room, but found nobody. I said aloud, to reassure myself, "It must have been the wind!" and returned to my desk. In perhaps fifteen minutes I heard the same sound going by me, as before, toward the bed. In just half an hour more by my watch, which I had laid on the desk, It came again. Carlo, then hardly more than a puppy, howled and ran behind my chair. I felt then that I could bear it no longer; moved toward the bed to awaken my husband. He was sleeping so soundly that, although I passed the candle close before his eyes, he did not stir. I thought I would wait to hear or see something more before arousing him. Nothing came. Carlo went back to his place on the rug, and I sat up all night, listening and watching.

"'Colonel Trueheart arose next morning to all appearance perfectly well. At nine o'clock he had an apoplectic stroke. At twelve he died. His will, executed two years before, directed that I should continue to live here and take care of the place for his children. I have done so at less cost of feeling and health than I anticipated. But once in five years have I had any reason to believe that the uneasy spirit—if spirit it was—still walked the premises. One night, in the second year of my widowhood, as I was coming down stairs, soon after supper, with a light in my hand, I heard the sweeping of a gown, the tap of high heels behind me. On the lower landing I stopped, wheeled short around, held up my light, and looked back. The steps had been close on my track, but the staircase was empty and now silent.

"'I had flattered myself that there would never be a return of ghostly sights or sounds after four years of exemption. Least of all did I dream that one not connected with the family would be visited by such apparitions should they come.'

"This was the story. If Madam guessed at anything else, if she had any theory as to the cause of the visitation, she never intimated it. Captain Macon privately instituted inquiries, at a later period, respecting the past history of the house, but without striking any trail that promised to unravel the mystery. It had been built by a Trueheart, and the estate had descended in the direct line to the Colonel. We pledged our word voluntarily to Madam never to speak of what we had seen while the truth could affect the value of the property, or cast imputation upon the character of those who had owned it. We kept silent until Madam had been fifteen years in her grave. Then Captain Macon rode over one day to show me a paragraph in a Richmond newspaper. I have it safe upstairs in my reliquary, but I can repeat it, word for word:

"'The march of improvement westward has condemned to demolition, among other fine old mansions, Selma, the ancestral home of the Truehearts. It passed out of the family at the demise of Mrs. Augusta Harrison Trueheart, relict of the late Colonel Elbert Trueheart. In order to effect an equitable division of the estate, the residence and contiguous plantation were sold. The extensive grounds have been cut up into building lots, and the mansion—a noble one in its day, although sadly neglected of late years—standing directly in the line of the extension of ——— street, has been bought by the city to be pulled down and carted away. In grading the sidewalk of the proposed thoroughfare, it was necessary to dig down six feet below the present level, laying bare the foundations of the building. At the depth of four feet from the surface, directly under the windows, and distant scarcely three feet from the drawing-room, the workmen disinterred the skeleton of a woman of diminutive stature, which had evidently lain there for years. There were no signs of a coffin or coffin-plate. A high tortoise-shell comb, richly wrought, was found by the head. The oldest inhabitant of our city has no recollection of any interment near this spot, nor would decent burial have been made so close to the surface. The whole affair is wrapped in mystery.'"

Another prolonged pause. Then Harry raised both hands to push up her hair from her forehead, as if the weight oppressed the teeming brain.

"How the storm roars!" she said. "Heaven have mercy upon the homeless souls wandering between sky and earth to-night! Papa told me that the secret is a secret still, the tragedy unexplained. Have you suspicions of your own?"

"I know nothing beyond what you have heard. But—women who die natural deaths and have Christian burial do not wear expensive combs, such as belong to party-dresses, when they are shrouded for the grave. Nor are they thrust into the ground uncoffined!"

Joseph Kirkland.

Born in Geneva, N. Y., 1830.

HOW THE MEANEST MAN GOT SO MEAN, AND HOW MEAN HE GOT.

[*Zury: the Meanest Man in Spring County.* 1887.]

EPHRAIM wanted Zury to marry, but it was with "a sharp eye to the main chance." Property and personal service at no wages might both be secured by a judicious choice. Girls were not plenty, but at the Peddicombs' there were three of marriageable age. Their place was only three miles from Prouder's, and they were still the nearest neighbors. Mrs. Peddicomb had not long survived the birth of her three daughters. She died (as was and is common among farmers' wives) at not much over thirty years of age, just when her life ought to have been in its prime.

She was called a "Come-gals kind of a woman" by neighbors; partly in ridicule of her enthusiasm, and partly in admiration of her energy. It was told of her that she would get up before light on Monday, "fly 'raound," uncover the fire, hang on the kettle, and call up the ladder to the loft—

"Come gals! *Dew* git up 'n' start in! To-day's Monday, to-morrow's Tuesday, 'n' next day's Wednesday; 'n' then comes Thursday, Friday, 'n' Saturday'—the hull week gone 'n' nothin' done."

The two younger girls had been cared for by the oldest, and so had retained some girlish freshness and delicacy, but as for Mary (the caretaker after her mother's death), she was "good-looking" only because she looked good.

On this marriage-subject Ephraim took occasion to speak to Zury.

"Mary Peddicomb, she's a likely gal."

"Mary? Why not S'manthy 'n' Flory?"

"Oh, yes; they're all right tew. Th' ol' man he's got th' best part of a section. Some stawk, tew; 'n' th' haouse 'n' barn's fust rate."

"Ya-as. Ef th' haouse 'n' barn worn't so good he'd have more stawk th't 'd pay him right smart better'n th' haouse 'n' barn dooz."

"Peddicomb ain't like t' marry ag'in. Mary she'll have her sheer."

"Any more'n th' others?"

"Oh, no. All same. But I reck'n Mary she'd be more of a manager. *She* kin work! I've watched her ever sence she wuz knee-high to a hoppy-toad, 'n' *I* tell ye she kin work!"

"Ef ye mean more manageable, ye mought's well say so."

"Wal, I dew 'llaow she'd be full 's little likely t' be uppish 's th' others."

"Ye 'llaow't humbly and humble goes t'gether?"

"Wal, yes; 'mongst the wimmin folks, substantially. Nothin' sets 'em so bad up 's bein' ha'ans'm. Spiles 'em fer use abaout the place. Th' humbly ones take t' milkin' more willin' like; 'n' I don't see but what the caows give daown tew 'em full 's well 's tew the ha'ans'm ones. 'N' then when ther' looks goes the' 're apt t' kick."

"What, the caows?"

"No the wimmin."

("Humbly" in country parlance is a corruption of "homely," the opposite of handsome; plain, ungainly. "Humbly as a hedge fence.")

Zury pondered on this shrewd counsel from time to time, but took no step toward marrying.

"Right smart o' things t' think on afore th' 'll be any hurry 'baout a-gittin' marr'd. Th' feller th't's in an orfle sweat t' marry, he's li'ble t' be the very feller th't's behindhand with everythin' else. Takes Time by the forelock 'baout gittin' a wife; 'n' by the fetlock 'baout gittin' suthin' fer her t' eat."

The boy was wedded to his idols quite as faithfully, if not quite so sordidly, as was his father. Their dispositions were much alike. No draft on their powers of endurance and self-denial could be too great.

As to niggardliness, there was a confessed rivalry between them. Each would tell of the money-making and money-saving exploits of the other, and of his efforts to surpass them.

"Dad's a screamer t' save money! D'ye ever see him withe a plaow-pint ontew a plaow? Give him a hickory grub, 'n' he kin dew it so it'll run a good half a day; 'n' then withe it on agin in noon-spell whilst th' team's a eatin', 'n' then withe it on agin come night so's t' be ready fer nex' morn'n', 'n' keep it up fer a week that-a-way, sooner'n pay th' smith a cent t' rivit it fast."

"Thasso, thasso, Zury. Hickory twigs is cheaper ner iron any day."

"Ya-as, dad; but then I kin make a shillin' while ye're a savin' a cent. Look at it wunst. I upped 'n' sold the smith a half an acre, 'n' took a mortgage on it, 'n' made him dew all aour repairin' b' way of interest on the mortgage, 'n' then foreclosed th' mortgage when it come dew, 'n' got th' land back, shop 'n' all. Business is business!"

Ephraim always wanted to buy at the shop where they wrapped up the purchases with the largest and strongest paper and twine, and the harnesses on the farm gradually grew to be largely composed of twine. Zury could buy everything at wholesale, half price, including merchandise, paper, twine, harnesses, and all.

One day Zury came across a poor little boy carrying a poorer little puppy and crying bitterly.

"What's the matter, sonny?"

"Our folks gimme a dime t' draownd this h'yer purp, 'n' I—I—I—hate t' dew it."

"Wal, ne' mind, bub; gimme the dime 'n' I'll draownd him fer ye."

Whereupon he took the cash and the pup and walked to the mill-pond, while the boy ran home. Zury threw the little trembling creature as far as he could into the pond. A few seconds of wildly waving small ears, legs, and tail, and then a splash, and then nothing but widening ripples. But out of one of the ripples is poked a little round object, which directs itself bravely toward the shore. Nearer and nearer struggles the small black nozzle, sometimes under water, and sometimes on top, but always nearer.

"Ye mis'able, ornery little fyce, ye! Lemme ketch ye swimmin' ashore! I'll throw ye furder nex' time."

At last poor little roly-poly drags itself to the land and squats down at the very water's edge, evidently near to the end of its powers. Zury picks it up and swings it for a mighty cast, but stops and studies it a moment.

"Looks fer all the world like a sheep-dawg purp."

Whereupon he slipped it into his pocket and carried it home, where it grew up to be a fit mate to old Shep, and the ancestress of a line of sheep dogs which ornament Spring County to this day.

Later, when the same boy, grown older, applied to Zury for one of the pups, he charged him the full price, fifty cents, took all he had, thirty-six cents, and his note on interest for the balance, the dog being pledged as security. The note being unpaid when due, Zury took back the dog. "Business is business!"

Years passed, and it came time for the old man to be gathered to his fathers and the son to reign in his stead. When Ephraim lay on his death-bed, he whispered to Zury:

"What day's to-day?"

"Tuesday, father."

"I hope I'll live ontel Thursday, 'n' then ye kin hev the fun'r'l Sunday, 'n' not lose a day's work with the teams."

He did not die till Saturday night, but Zury had the funeral on Sunday all the same, like a dutiful son as he was, bent on carrying out his father's last request.

After Zury had grown to be a prosperous farmer, Chicago became the great market for the sale of grain. Teams by the score would start out from far down the State, and, driving during the day and camping at night, make the long journey. They would go in pairs or squads so as to be able to double teams over the bad places. Forty or fifty bushels could thus be carried in one load, when the chief parts of the roads were good, and "the ready john" (hard cash) could be got for the grain, at twenty or thirty cents a bushel for corn or wheat. This sum would provide a barrel or two of salt, and perhaps a plow and a bundle of dry goods and knicknacks for the women folks, the arrival of which was a great event in the lonely farm-houses.

Zury had now working for him (besides Jule, who kept house and attended to the live stock) a young fellow who became a score of years afterward private, corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, and captain in the —th Illinois Volunteer Infantry in the great war. From his stories, told in bivouacs and beside camp-fires, to toiling, struggling, suffering "boys in blue," these tales are taken almost verbatim. (Some of them have already found their way into print.)

"Zury always wanted to get onto the road with farmers whose housekeeping was good, because his own was—well, wuss th'n what we git down here in Dixie, an' there's no need of *that.* Well, when they'd halt for noon-spell, Zury he'd happen along promiscuous-like, an' most generally some of 'em would make him stop an' take a bite. He was good company if he *was* so near. 'N' then a man's feed warn't counted fer much, unless it was some store-truck or boughten stuff.

"But one day they jest passed the wink and sot it up on him, and come noon-spell nobody asked Zury an' me to eat. Zury left me to take care of both teams while he walked up and down the line of wagins. Everybody who hadn't 'jest eat,' warn't 'quite ready' yet, an' by the next time he came to those who hadn't been 'quite ready,' they'd 'jest eat.'

"Wal, Zury swallered his disappointment and I swallerd all the chawed wheat I could git away with, and the first settlement we passed Zury went and bought a monstrous big bag of sody-crackers, and we eat them for supper and breakfast. And still we were not happy.

"Next noon-spell Zury said: 'Boys, s'posin' we kinder whack up 'n' mess together.' Wal, the others'd had enough of their joke, and so they all agreed, and chipped in. Ham, pickles, pies, cakes, honey, eggs, apples, and one thing another. Ye see every man's o' woman knew that when they got together, her housekeep would be compared with everybody else's; so these long drives were like donation parties, or weddings, or funerals—well fed.

"Of course, Zury's sody-crackers went in with the rest, an' me an' Zury always ate *some* anyhow for appearance sake. I could see the fellers were all makin' fun of Zury's cute dodge of gettin' a dozen good meals for him an' me at the price of a few pounds of sody-crackers. But *then*, they didn't know Zury so well as they thought they did. By an' by the trip was done an' settlin'-up-time came, when each man was called on for his share of pasturage, ferriage, an' one thing another. Zury paid his, but he deducted out twenty-five cents paid for sody-crackers. Said it was one of the cash outlays for the common good, an' if any of the rest of 'em spent money an' didn't put it in, more fools they. Business is business."

So Zury in the soda-cracker episode came out "top of the heap" as usual. The top of the heap was his accustomed place, but still he perceived that he was living under one useless disability, and with his quick adaptation of means to ends and remedies to deficiencies, he simply—married. In doing this, he was guided by his father's shrewd words; counsel which had lain fallow in his memory for years.

Zury's marriageability had, of course, not been unobserved in the household of the three daughters. Peddicomb had remarked what a good "outin'" the Prouders had made in their purchase of swine from him, and cherished the same kind of feeling toward them that most of us experience when some other person has done better in a joint transaction than we did.

"Them Praouders, the' 'll skin outer the land all the' kin skin, 'n' then sell offen the place all 't anybody'll buy, 'n' then feed t' the hawgs all a hawg 'll eat, 'n' then give th' rest t' th' dawg, 'n' then what th' dawg won't tech the' 'll live on theirselves."

"Yew bet," tittered Semantha, the second. "That thar ornery Zury Praouder he'd let a woman starve t' death ef he could. 'N' o' man Praouder wuz th' same way, tew. Th' o' woman she wuz near abaout skin 'n' bone when the' buried her. I seen her in her coffin, 'n' I know."

"Oh, don't *yew* be scaret, S'manthy. I hain't saw Zury a-lookin' over t' your side o' the meetin'-haouse, no gre't," kindly rejoined Flora, the youngest daughter.

"Who, me? He knows better! Not ef husbands wuz scarcer ner hen's teeth."

"Six hunderd 'n' forty acres o' good land, all fenced 'n' paid fer; 'n' a big orchard; 'n' all well stocked, tew." (He added this with a pang, remembering once more the pig-purchase, which by this time had grown to a mighty drove, spite of many sales.)

"Don't care ef he owned all ou' doors. Th' more the' 've got, th' more it shows haow stingy the' be."

Then the meek Mary ventured a remark.

"Mebbe ef Zury wuz t' marry a good gal it'd be the makin' on him."

"Oh, Mary, *yew* hain't no call t' stan' up fer Zury! Th' o' man he'd a ben more in yewr line."

"No, Zury wouldn't want *me*, ner no other man, I don't expect," she answered with a laugh—and a sigh.

One Sunday afternoon Zury rode over to Peddicomb's to get a wife. He tried to decide which girl to ask, but his mind would wander off to other subjects—crops, live stock, bargains, investments. He didn't much think that either girl he asked would say no, but if she did, he could ask the others. When he came near the house he caught sight of one of the girls, in her Sunday clothes, picking a "posy" in the "front garding." It was Mary.

"Good-day, Mary. Haow's all the folks?"

"Good-day, Zury—Mr. Praouder, I s'pose I should say. Won't ye 'light?"

"Wal, I guess not. I jes' wanted t' speak abaout a little matter."

"Wal, father he's raoun' some 'ers. Haow's the folks t' your 'us?"

"All peart: that is t' say th' ain't no one naow ye know, but me 'n' Jule 'n' Mac. That makes a kind of a bob-tail team, ye know, Mary. Nobody but Jule t' look out fer things. Not b't what he's a pretty fair of a nigger as niggers go. He c'd stay raoun' 'n' help some aoutside"

"Whatever is he a-drivin' at?" thought Mary, but she said nothing.

"The's three of you gals to hum. Ye don't none of ye seem t' go off yit, tho' I sh'd a-thought Flory she'd a-ben picked up afore this, 'n' S'manthy tew fer that matter."

Neither of them saw the unintended slur this rough speech cast upon poor Mary.

"Don't ye think we'd better git married, Mary?"

"What, *me?*"

"Wal, yes." He answered this in a tone where she might have detected the suggestion, "or one of your sisters," if she had been keen and critical. But she was neither. She simply rested her work-worn hand upon the gate-post and her chin upon her hand, and looked dreamily off over the prairie. She pondered the novel proposition for some time, but fortunately not quite long enough to cause Zury to ask if either of her sisters was at home, as he was quite capable of doing.

She looked up at him, the blood slowly mounting to her face, and considered how to say yes. He saw that she meant yes, so he helped her out a little. He wanted to have it settled and go.

"Wal, Mary, silence gives consent, they say. When shall it be?"

"Oh, yew ain't in no hurry, Zury, I don't expect."

He was about to urge prompt action, but the thought occurred to him that she must want to get her "things" ready, and the longer she waited the more "things" she would bring with her. So he said:

"Suit yerself, Mary. I'll drop over 'n' see ye nex' Sunday, 'n' we'll fix it all up."

Mary had no objection to urge, though possibly in her secret heart she wished there had been a little more sentiment and romance about it. No woman likes "to be cheated out of her wooing," but then this might come later. He called for her with the wagon on the appointed day, and they drove to the house of a justice of the peace who lived a good distance away. This was not for the sake of making a wedding trip, but because this particular justice owed Zury money, as Zury carefully explained.

And so Mary went to work for Zury very much as Jule did, only it was for less wages, as Jule got a dollar a month besides his board and clothes, while Mary did not.

For a year or two or three after marriage (during which two boys were born to them) Zury found that he had gained, by this investment, something more than mere profit and economy—that affection and sympathy were realities in life. But gradually the old dominant mania resumed its course, and involved in its current the weak wife as well as the strong husband. The general verdict was that both Zury and Mary were "jest 's near 's they could stick 'n' live." "They'd skin a flea fer its hide 'n' taller."

"He gin an acre o' graound fer the church 'n' scule-house, 'n' it raised the value of his hull farm more 'n' a dollar an acre. 'N' when he got onto the scule-board *she* 'llaowed she hadn't released her daower right, 'n' put him up t' tax the deestrick fer the price of that same acre o' ground."

So Zury, claiming the proud position of "the meanest ma-an in Spring Caounty," would like to hear his claim disputed. If he had a rival he would like to have him pointed out, and would "try pootty hard but what he'd match him."

Strange as it may seem, these grasping characteristics did not make Zury despised or even disliked among his associates. His "meanness" was not underhanded.

"Th' ain't nothin' *mean* abaout Zury, *mean* 's he is. Gimme a man as sez right aout 'look aout fer yerself,' 'n' I kin git along with him. It's these h'yer sneakin' fellers th't's one thing afore yer face 'n' another behind yer back th't I can't abide. Take ye by th' beard with one hand 'n' smite ye under th' fifth rib with t'other! He pays his way 'n' dooz 's he 'grees every time. When he buys 'taters o' me, I'd jest 's live 's hev him measure 'em 's measure 'em myself with him a-lookin' on. He knows haow t' trade, 'n' ef yew don't, he don't want ye t' trade with him, that's all; ner t' grumble if ye git holt o' the hot eend o' th' poker arter he's give ye fair notice. Better be shaved with a sharp razor than a dull one."

On an occasion when the honesty of a more pretentious citizen was compared with Zury's, to the advantage of the latter, he said:

"Honest? Me? Wal, I guess so. Fustly, I wouldn't be noth'n' else, nohaow; seck'ndly, I kin 'fford t' be, seein' 's haow it takes a full bag t' stand alone; thirdly, I can't 'fford t' be noth'n' else, coz honesty 's th' best policy."

He was evidently quoting, unconsciously but by direct inheritance, the aphorisms of his fellow Pennsylvanian, Dr. Franklin.

In peace as in war strong men love "foemen worthy of their steel." Men liked to be with Zury and hear his gay, shrewd talk; to trade with him, and meet his frankly brutal greed. He enjoyed his popularity, and liked to do good turns to others when it cost him nothing. When elected to local posts of trust and confidence he served the public in the same efficient fashion in which he served himself, and he was therefore continually elected to school directorships and other like "thank'ee jobs."

WRECK.

[*The McVeys. An Episode.* 1888.]

LATE in the afternoon they stopped for wood at a small station not far beyond the old ox-killing crossing. They took on as much as possible, piling it high above the top of the tender.

"Look out for the track-repairers jest this side of the curve, Phil," said the telegrapher, as the train pulled out. "I guess they'll have got through and run the push-car in onto the next siding afore you git thar; if they haven't they'll have a flag out."

As Phil neared the curve he saw the freshly moved dirt where they had been at work, and also observed the flagman, evidently relieved from duty, walking on with his flag rolled up under his arm. This freed Phil from any anxiety as to the state of the road, although he thought he noticed that the fellow was unsteady in his gait, as he passed him.

He rounded the curve at full speed, and saw the distant station, the switch-target set up all right for the main track.

What else did he see?

He saw, and took in at a glance, that the push-car, loaded with many bars of railroad iron, had run off the track between him and the station. Also that the laborers, insane or drunk, were trying to replace the car instead of running back to warn him to stop!

Still there was some chance to modify the disaster,—if he whistled for brakes—he had done it already; if he reversed his engine—he had done that too; and started the sand to running on the rail—he had opened the sand-valve;—there was a bare chance to avert, not wreck, but utter ruin.

"Brake!" shrieked the whistle. "Brake!" it wailed again; and again "Brake!"—"Brake!"—"Brake!" And "Brake!" the echoing woods replied in despairing chorus.

Sam sprang to his wheel and began his tightening. Then Phil, finding that she was not holding back as she ought, stepped to the side and looked down. The sand was not running!

"Jump, Sam! Never mind the brake! Jump, I say!"

Sam gave one glance to where Phil stood hanging out of his door, and thought he was looking for a favorable place to jump. Then he leaped and looked back—there was Phil back at his lever, rattling the handle of the sand-valve! Sam grasped blindly at the passing cars to try to get back to his post; but then came an awful crash of breaking wood, iron, and glass, and the four cars spliced themselves into each other as one long mass and pushed forward a few yards while the engine surged over on its side, and then all was still except a wild rush of escaping steam about the prostrate Pioneer.

Sam flew to the front, climbed over the wrecked push-car with its tangle of rails scattered like gigantic jack-straws, and screamed "Phil! Phil!! Phil!!!" in wild despair. The engine's wheels, playing backward like lightning, were toward him as she lay, and he rushed around her front still screaming "Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil!" Then he dashed through the few scared laborers and threw himself like a madman on the pile of fire-wood that covered the foot-board where his beloved chief had stood so often and so long, and where he saw him last.

The sticks as they plunged forward had broken off the safety-valve hangers, so the valve had blown clear out and nearly freed the boiler from pressure, in a few seconds; still, the whole place was one undistinguishable mass of steam and hot water, and wood and fragments of the cab.

Fast and furious flew the sticks behind him as he dug and burrowed in the hot and horrible mess. Sometimes he was entirely invisible—

sometimes his feet might be seen protruding from the place as he grovelled to find Phil. His worn and shapeless working-shoes sticking out of the dreadful ruck attracted the attention of some on-looker who seized them to drag him out, but he kicked him away with a shout of "Lemme be!" and a curse.

In perhaps two minutes, which seemed an hour, his voice was heard again.

"Now, pull me out."

And they dragged with all their might—one man at first—then one at each foot, then as many as could get hold of him—and slowly, slowly, he was brought into view.

But what is that thing he has fastened himself to with a grip like the clasp of death? A long, heavy, limp bundle of steaming rags—all there is left of the young Samson, Phil McVey!

Both seemed dead. So tightly was one clasped by the other that they had to be forced apart, being too heavy to be carried together. They were taken into the barn-like freight-room of the little station and laid side by side on the floor until cots could be brought, when they were separated and one stretched on each.

Sam, though dreadfully scalded about the hands and face, soon recovered from his swoon, and raising himself with difficulty tottered over to Phil's side. He thrust his hand within his jacket and cried:

"His heart's a-beatin'! Why don't ye git a doctor, ye hell-hounds! What ye monkeyin' raound h'yer fer, ye ** ** **! I'd like t' kill every ** ** ** ** of ye!" And he started for the door, even in his maimed condition, but was prevented from going out by the others, who told him the doctor was at the passenger-cars, but would be up in a minute; at the same time sending one of their number to hasten his coming.

Then Sam went back and blew in Phil's mouth, and raised his arms and pressed his chest alternately, to try to restore respiration. At last something that sounded like a sob rewarded his efforts, and the breath seemed to flutter a little of itself.

When the doctor came, after a delay that seemed an age, Sam explained to him:

"I got his head free 'most as soon as I teched him; 'n' all the rest of the time I wuz a-throwin' the wood offen his legs."

The doctor examined Phil carefully, pushed up his eyelids, and observed the pupils.

"He'll likely come to!"

"Glory hallelujah, doctor! Say that agin!"

"He'll likely come to—but I'd a leetle druther he wouldn't."

"Wha—at?" asked poor Sam, in a faint quaver.

"Can't live."

The crushed friend went and sat down in his own place and groaned aloud. Then he went back to where the doctor was at work over Phil.

"I don't believe it! It's a cursed lie! Phil can't die! Can't live? I say he can't die! If there's a God in heaven, Phil McVey can't die like this!"

"Too much cuticle destroyed," said the doctor. And he went on clipping and removing the soaked fabrics, the skin coming with the clothes, in pale, shriveled patches.

"Bring me some linen—or if the linen and lint's all used up, bring me some of that cotton batting. I can't save him, but I can let him die easy."

The fresh air on his burns woke Phil up to consciousness.

"What's all this, boys? Oh, I remember! Well, I feel pretty comfortable. Doctor, are you doing anything to me? I can't feel you. I don't feel any pain."

"Sorry for it, my poor boy."

This was Phil's first intimation that all was not well with him. When the stripping operation was carried far enough, he said:

"Lemme see, doctor."

They raised his head, and he gave one glance down his trunk, which looked like one of those anatomical colored drawings of the flayed body of a man; and he said, with a sigh:

"Oh—it's no use!"

Then they put the fluffy cotton all over him, wet with some cold oil, and drew the sheet up to his poor blistered chin, and laid small pieces of the cotton on such parts of his face as could be covered without impeding his breathing.

"Now, for you, my man," said the doctor to Sam.

"Me! I didn't know as I was hurt. Oh, yes!" (Looking at his dreadful hands, and feeling his thickened and distorted nose and lips, and blistered throat.) "But that ain't noth'n'. You jes' 'tend t' him."

"Lay down, boy, and lemme take a little care of you."

"Yes, do, Sam," mumbled Phil, "I sh'll want you to care for mother and Meg."

So the doctor dressed Sam's injuries, while the salt tears ran down his cheeks and soaked the wounds underneath the doctor's applications. As soon as he was free, he staggered to his feet again and went to Phil, who had seemed to be wanting him, and calling him with his piteous eyes.

"How did you get hurt, Sam? I saw you jump."

"Wal—the' wuz a leetle wood a-layin' on yer legs; 'n' I jest—laid it off like."

Then two raw and blistered hands met in a moment's pressure. Phil could see the whole scene after the wreck and all his friend's self-sacrifice.

"I wouldn't 'a' jumped, Phil; only I seed ye a-hangin' aout, 'n' I thort ye wuz a-jumpin'."

Phil only shook his head, and said:

"The sand wouldn't run!"

"Ye'd orter jumped, Phil! Oh, I wish't ye'd 'a' jumped, Phil!"

"And seen my whole train in the ditch? And maybe burnt up, passengers and all? No, Sam. It's better as it is. It's better as it is."

Next, thinking of his lost lady-love, he whispered:

"Is she hurt, Sam?"

"Not a mite! Smoke-stack and headlight off—safety-valve blowed out, 'n' one gauge-cock broke off. That's what let the water out on you. A derrick 'll set her on her legs agin, to-morrer."

"Oh, the Pioneer," said Phil, and the ghost of a wan smile almost made its appearance on the changed face.

"Doctor, was—were there any of the passengers hurt?"

"A woman had her arm broke—middle-aged woman with a young woman daughter."

"Daughter all right?"

"Yes—she's tendin' tew her mother at the section-house. S'pose ye heered about the conductor?"

"Jim Sanders? No! what?"

"He was a-settin' brakes when you struck—'n' he never knowed what hurt him. Thar he lays in the corner." And he pointed to a shapeless mass—poor Jim Sanders's body, covered with some empty grain-bags and staining the rough boards of the floor with a long, dark-red streak that perhaps shows there to this day.

A deep groan burst from Phil at this news. He thought of gay, good-natured, simple-hearted, conductor Jim, and tears of pity and regret—and remorse—forced themselves from the corners of his eyes.

Soon after nightfall arrived the relief-train from Galena, with Zury Prouder on board. Zury did not know the height, breadth, and depth of the monstrous loss which had befallen him until he burst into the freight-room, and sank on his trembling knees at Phil's side. They had told him that the engineer was killed—afterward that he was only hurt—but he did not ascertain the truth until he reached the spot.

His Bible furnished the only words he could think of; the only words he needed:

"'Oh, my son Absalom; would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'"

When the Galena doctors came in to hold a consultation, he met them at the door, and whispered that if a hundred dollars apiece, or a thousand for that matter, would make any difference to Phil, they could have it. Then he stepped out, and agonized and wrestled with his agony until they had finished. When they came out, he saw all they had to say; it was scarcely necessary for them even to shake their heads to let him know that there was no hope. Then he called up his manhood, and entered the chamber of death with a smile.

"Phil, my boy; we shall all be together before long, where pain and sorrow and parting are no more."

"I hope so, Uncle Zury," mumbled the other.

Later the relief-train was ready to run back to Galena with the dead and such of the living as could be moved without harm. Phil was neither; but Sam was to go, and the doctors came in to move him.

"No. I'll stay with Phil!"

"Better go in, my boy. We can't half care for you here, nor 'tend to you right. Phil won't need ye."

"I don't care for that; and I don't go, what's more."

They silently nodded to each other and stepped up to the cot, one at each corner. But before they could lift it, Sam slipped off one side, staggered to his feet, and seizing a spike-maul which lay there, he raised it in his bandaged hands, and said, with a curse:

"I'll kill the man that lays a hand on me! You hear me?"

Old Prouder here interfered, and said:

"Gentlemen, ye mean well, but ye're makin' a mistake. This h'yer young man 'n' me, we ain't a-goin' on this train; 'n' we're free men, 'n' ye can't take us without a warrant."

So they desisted, and Sam rolled heavily on his cot once more, and let the doctor replace his disordered bandages. Then they all departed, lugging off Jim Sanders's remains, and leaving only the original country practitioner in charge. Soon the sound of the departing train was heard through the evening dews and damps; and then all was still and lonely—no one in the room but the doctor, Zury, Sam, and Phil—and Death.

Phil wanted to ask the doctor whether any of the passengers inquired for him before they all went away on the train; but while trying to bring his failing faculties to bear to do so, he fell into a lethargy, during which the doctor went elsewhere. In a half-hour or so, Phil awoke from his stupor with a start, and an agonized cry:

"Mother! *Mother!* MOTHER! How sorry you'll be! Who'll take care of you and Meg? Alone in the world! Alone and poor! Poor!"

"Philip, my boy; is ole Zury Prouder poor? 'Cause if he ain't, they ain't. What's his'n, is their'n."

"I know what you mean, Uncle Zury, but it won't do."

"Philip, I asked your mother to marry me, 'n' she refused, 'n' she was right, tew. Mebbe she'll change her mind, 'n' dew it yet. But that don't make a mite o' diff'rence—not a mite. What's mine's her'n, all the same." Then seeing that Phil shook his head a little, he added:

"I'm a man o' my word, 'n' Sam Sanders here 's a witness."

Phil seemed satisfied, or at least silenced; and soon after fell into another lethargy, or doze, from which he started as before:

"Mother, *Mother*, MOTHER! Alone and poor!"

"Philip, my dear boy! Do you wanter kill yer old friend? Ye might's well's talk so! Oh, if I had a lawyer, I'd fix it all so ye couldn't be so hard on poor ole Zury no more! I'd deed the whole on it, I would —'n' joyf'ly!"

"Alone and poor," mumbled the sufferer, scarcely knowing what Prouder had said, or what he himself was saying.

"Oh, my God! Can't I do noth'n? My tongue's tied, between the livin' 'n' the dyin' so I can't say what's in my heart to my boy! Here, my son,—look at me a half a minute! Here in my ole pocket-book's money 'n' good notes for risin' nine thaousan' dollars, besides trash. Sam! Say, you Sam! See me give 'n' transfer this h'yer puss'n'l prop'ty to Philip McVey, t' have 'n' t'hold, to be his'n, live er die, 'n' mine no longer!"

"I see you, Uncle Zury," answered Sam.

Even Phil seemed, with the physical possession of this little fortune, to perceive that his filial anxiety as to the provision for his mother and sister was no longer reasonable. He clutched the fat wallet on his breast, and tried to smile at the giver.

"Couldn't ye call me daddy, jes' once, my boy?"

"Daddy, daddy, ye deserve it if ye keep yer word—an' ye will!"

"Mightn't I kiss ye jes' once—son?"

"If ye kin find a place, daddy, that ain't—biled."

And the trembling grizzled lips rested a little while on that pitiful strip of forehead. Then the poor old soul sank into a heap at the head of Phil's cot, and was still.

Zury's attention was attracted by the entrance of the doctor, who called him, and said to him in a low voice:

"That thar young gal whose mother was hurt 's a-comin' in."

"Oh, don't let her," cried Phil, who had been roused by the movement.

"I'm coming, Phil! Don't send me off! Oh, please— Dear Phil, don't kill me!"

"Well—put the lights where they won't shine on me. So! Oh, Annie!" he murmured, with blistered tongue in shapeless mouth.

The dear girl knelt by him, and soiled her sweet lips in his damp and grimy hair.

"I thought you went on the train, Annie!"

"Oh, Phil!" (reproachfully). "Haven't you learned to know me yet?"

She put her arm around his head for the first time in her life.

"Have you forgiven me, Annie?"

"I've been trying not to, Phil, for almost twenty-four hours! That was a long time for me to be angry with my own love, don't you think? I don't know whether I could have kept on trying much longer—if it hadn't been for *this*, I might have tried a while longer. But *this* puts it all away, far away, out of sight! I don't care for anything now, but this!"

"It was bad, though, wasn't it?"

"Yes; especially seeing that it went on after you knew me."

"Oh, if I'd known you a *little* sooner!"

Then he felt her left hand around his head, and reached up a bandaged and misshapen paw, and grasped the pure, translucent fingers and lifted them where he could see them once more. Not an imperfection or blemish except on the forefinger, where were those thousands of needle-marks. She saw him look at them.

"My hands would have worked for you and yours, Phil, whenever you came and asked for them."

She had again forgotten her little speech prepared for refusing him.

"Annie," he whispered, "can't you put the light so I can see you and you not see me? There—down on the opposite side of the bed—so! I don't want you to carry *this* picture of me in your memory—looking like this!"

It was difficult to make out his words, try as hard as he might, with his failing strength and faculties, to make them understood. Then he gazed on her face with glazing eyes that seemed to thrust away Death itself in their longing to keep their hold on that beloved vision. But at last they slowly closed, and then Annie sank on her knees at his side, and sobbed and prayed, and prayed and sobbed, till some one came and begged her to go away. She only asked if her mother wanted her, and learning that she was still asleep, resumed her kneeling vigil.

Once more Phil, in his delirium, said aloud: "Mother! MOTHER!" and the sound floated out of the open window into the darkness. Just then an emigrant wagon headed westward passed the station, and from it might have been heard, if any one had listened, a kind of distorted echo:

"By God!"

And the vehicle labored on and disappeared.

While Annie was still kneeling, sobbing, and praying, Phil grew more restless and feverish, wakeful and flighty. He would try, in his imperfect utterance, to say, "Mother," "Oh, Meg!" "Mother, mother!" and once, in gentle tones:

"Annie! Oh, Annie!"

She rose and kissed his forehead, but he did not know her.

Again she was urged to leave the unfit place, but in vain. Then Phil chanced to say, in a questioning, chiding, expostulatory tone:

"Dolly? Dolly? Why, Dolly!" and then she silently got up and went away.

Then Zury was alone with the poor fellow in his wanderings; now painless, thanks to the merciful provision that ends anguish when death has become inevitable and imminent. Phil's mind strayed farther and farther backward into past years as it lost its hold on the present and future.

"It was *not* the axe, I tell you! It was the grindstone."

Zury bent over him and met his unrecognizing gaze.

"Oh, I—I guess you can't understand—of course you can't! But mother will understand! *Mother* will know!" and a sweet smile of perfect, restful confidence shone about his eyes. "Mother—and Meg! Meg understands *everything!*"

Toward morning all his maundering ceased; and Zury observed that the poor head began to roll and turn wearily from side to side. He roused the tired doctor and called his attention to the new circumstance. The doctor nodded and said:

"That's about the last."

When day broke Sam Sanders awoke all feverish from a long stupor; and then he saw that they had pulled the sheet up over the face of what had been Phil McVey. And there at the bed's head, in a crushed heap, crouched poor Zury Prouder,—like a great hulk, wrecked just as it was entering its longed-for harbor.

Mary Barker Dodge.

Born in Bridgewater, Bucks Co., Penn.

THE CHIMNEY NEST.

A DAINTY, delicate swallow-feather
  Is all that we now in the chimney trace
Of something that days and days together
  With twittering bird-notes filled the place.

Where are you flying now, swallow, swallow?
  Where are you waking the spaces blue?
How many little ones follow, follow,
  Whose wings to strength in the chimney grew?

Deep and narrow, and dark and lonely,
  The sooty place that you nested in;
Over you one blue glimmer only,—
  Say, were there many to make the din?

This is certain, that somewhere or other
  Up in the chimney is loosely hung
A queer-shaped nest, where a patient mother
  Brooded a brood of tender young;

That here, as in many deserted places,
  Brimming with life for hours and hours,
We miss with the hum a thousand graces,
  Valued the more since no more ours.

Ah! why do we shut our eyes half blindly,
  And close our hearts to some wee things near,
Till He who granted them kindly, kindly
  Gathers them back, that we see and hear,

And know, by loss of the same grown dearer,
  Naught is so small of his works and ways,
But, holding *it* tenderly when 'twas nearer,
  Has added a joy to our vanished days?

So, little, delicate swallow-feather,
  Fashioned with care by the Master's hand,
I'll hold you close for your message, whether
  Or not the whole I may understand.

Helen Fiske Jackson.

Born in Amherst, Mass., 1831. Died in San Francisco, Cal., 1885.

SPINNING.

[*Verses. By H. H.* 1874.]

LIKE a blind spinner in the sun,
  I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
  Appointed ways;

I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came,
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race
My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young,—
So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me his, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
I never doubt.
I know He set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait His will;

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

Helen Jackson
(H.H.)

THE SHEEP-SHEARING AT THE MORENO RANCH.

[*Ramona. A Story.* 1884.]

THE room in which Father Salvierderra always slept when at the Señora Moreno's house was the southeast corner room. It had a window to the south and one to the east. When the first glow of dawn came in the sky, this eastern window was lit up as by a fire. The Father was always on watch for it, having usually been at prayer for hours. As the first ray reached the window, he would throw the casement wide open, and standing there with bared head, strike up the melody of the sunrise hymn sung in all devout Mexican families. It was a beautiful custom, not yet wholly abandoned. At the first dawn of light, the oldest member of the family arose, and began singing some hymn familiar to the household. It was the duty of each person hearing it to immediately rise, or at least sit up in bed, and join in the singing. In a few moments the whole family would be singing. and the joyous sounds pouring out from the house like the music of the birds in the fields at dawn. The hymns were usually invocations to the Virgin, or to the saint of the day, and the melodies were sweet and simple.

On this morning there was another watcher for the dawn besides Father Salvierderra. It was Alessandro, who had been restlessly wandering about since midnight, and had finally seated himself under the willow trees by the brook, at the spot where he had seen Ramona the evening before. He recollected this custom of the sunrise hymn when he and his band were at the Señora's the last year, and he had chanced then to learn that the Father slept in the southeast room. From the spot where he sat, he could see the south window of this room. He could also see the low eastern horizon, at which a faint luminous line already showed. The sky was like amber; a few stars still shone faintly in the zenith. There was not a sound. It was one of those rare moments in which one can without difficulty realize the noiseless spinning of the earth through space. Alessandro knew nothing of this; he could not have been made to believe that the earth was moving. He thought the sun was coming up apace, and the earth was standing still,—a belief just as grand, just as thrilling, so far as all that goes, as the other: men worshipped the sun long before they found out that it stood still. Not the most reverent astronomer, with the mathematics of the heavens at his tongue's end, could have had more delight in the wondrous phenomenon of the dawn, than did this simple-minded, unlearned man.

His eyes wandered from the horizon line of slowly increasing light, to the windows of the house, yet dark and still. "Which window is hers? Will she open it when the song begins?" he thought. "Is it on this side of the house? Who can she be? She was not here last year. Saw the saints ever so beautiful a creature!"

At last came the full red ray across the meadow. Alessandro sprang to his feet. In the next second Father Salvierderra flung up his south window, and leaning out, his cowl thrown off, his thin gray locks streaming back, began in a feeble but not unmelodious voice to sing—

"O beautiful Queen,
Princess of Heaven."

Before he had finished the second line, a half-dozen voices had joined in—the Señora, from her room at the west end of the veranda, beyond the flowers; Felipe, from the adjoining room; Ramona, from hers, the next; and Margarita and other of the maids already astir in the wings of the house.

As the volume of melody swelled, the canaries waked, and the finches and the linnets in the veranda roof. The tiles of this roof were laid on bundles of tule reeds, in which the linnets delighted to build their nests. The roof was alive with them—scores and scores, nay hundreds, tame as chickens; their tiny shrill twitter was like the tuning of myriads of violins.

"Singers at dawn
From the heavens above
People all regions;
Gladly we too sing,"

continued the hymn, the birds corroborating the stanza. Then men's voices joined in—Juan and Luigo, and a dozen more, walking slowly up from the sheepfolds. The hymn was a favorite one, known to all.

"Come, O sinners,
Come, and we will sing
Tender hymns
To our refuge,"

was the chorus, repeated after each of the five verses of the hymn.

Alessandro also knew the hymn well. His father, Chief Pablo, had been the leader of the choir at the San Luis Rey Mission in the last years of its splendor, and had brought away with him much of the old choir music. Some of the books had been written by his own hand, on parchment. He not only sang well, but was a good player on the violin. There was not at any of the missions so fine a band of performers on stringed instruments as at San Luis Rey. Father Peyri was passionately fond of music, and spared no pains in training all of the neophytes under his charge who showed any special talent in that direction. Chief Pablo, after the breaking up of the mission, had settled at Temecula, with a small band of his Indians, and endeavored, so far as was in his power, to keep up the old religious services. The music in the little chapel of the Temecula Indians was a surprise to all who heard it.

Alessandro had inherited his father's love and talent for music, and knew all the old mission music by heart. This hymn to the

"Beautiful Queen,
Princess of Heaven,"

was one of his special favorites; and as he heard verse after verse rising, he could not forbear striking in.

At the first notes of this rich new voice, Ramona's voice ceased in surprise; and, throwing up her window, she leaned out, eagerly looking in all directions to see who it could be. Alessandro saw her, and sang no more.

"What could it have been? Did I dream it?" thought Ramona, drew in her head, and began to sing again.

With the next stanza of the chorus, the same rich baritone notes. They seemed to float in under all the rest, and bear them along, as a great wave bears a boat. Ramona had never heard such a voice. Felipe had a good tenor, and she liked to sing with him, or to hear him; but this—this was from another world, this sound. Ramona felt every note of it penetrating her consciousness with a subtle thrill almost like pain. When the hymn ended, she listened eagerly, hoping Father Salvierderra would strike up a second hymn, as he often did; but he did not this morning; there was too much to be done; everybody was in a hurry to be at work: windows shut, doors opened; the sounds of voices from all directions, ordering, questioning, answering, began to be heard. The sun rose and let a flood of work-a-day light on the whole place.

Margarita ran and unlocked the chapel door, putting up a heartfelt thanksgiving to Saint Francis and the Señorita, as she saw the snowy altar-cloth in its place, looking from that distance, at least, as good as new.

The Indians and the shepherds, and laborers of all sorts, were coming towards the chapel. The Señora, with her best black silk handkerchief bound tight around her forehead, the ends hanging down each side of her face, making her look like an Assyrian priestess, was descending the veranda steps, Felipe at her side; and Father Salvierderra had already entered the chapel before Ramona appeared, or Alessandro stirred from his vantage-post of observation at the willows.

When Ramona came out from the door she bore in her hands a high silver urn filled with ferns. She had been for many days gathering and hoarding these. They were hard to find, growing only in one place in a rocky cañon, several miles away.

As she stepped from the veranda to the ground, Alessandro walked slowly up the garden-walk, facing her. She met his eyes, and, without knowing why, thought, "That must be the Indian who sang." As she turned to the right and entered the chapel, Alessandro followed her hurriedly, and knelt on the stones close to the chapel door. He would be near when she came out. As he looked in at the door, he saw her glide up the aisle, place the ferns on the reading-desk, and then kneel down by Felipe in front of the altar. Felipe turned towards her, smiling slightly, with a look as of secret intelligence.

"Ah, Señor Felipe has married. She is his wife," thought Alessandro, and a strange pain seized him. He did not analyze it; hardly knew what it meant. He was only twenty-one. He had not thought much about women. He was a distant, cold boy, his own people of the Temecula village said. It had come, they believed, of learning to read, which was always bad. Chief Pablo had not done his son any good by trying to make him like white men. If the Fathers could have stayed, and the life at the mission have gone on, why, Alessandro could have had work to do for the Fathers, as his father had before him. Pablo had been Father Peyri's right-hand man at the mission; had kept all the accounts about the cattle; paid the wages; handled thousands of dollars of gold every month. But that was "in the time of the king"; it was very different now. The Americans would not let an Indian do anything but plough and sow and herd cattle. A man need not read and write, to do that.

Even Pablo sometimes doubted whether he had done wisely in teaching Alessandro all he knew himself. Pablo was, for one of his race, wise and far-seeing. He perceived the danger threatening his people on all sides. Father Peyri, before he left the country, had said to him: "Pablo, your people will be driven like sheep to the slaughter, unless you keep them together. Knit firm bonds between them; band them into pueblos; make them work; and above all, keep peace with the whites. It is your only chance." . . . .

It was of these things he had been thinking as he walked alone, in advance of his men, on the previous night, when he first saw Ramona kneeling at the brook. Between that moment and the present, it seemed to Alessandro that some strange miracle must have happened to him. The purposes and the fears had alike gone. A face replaced them; a vague wonder, pain, joy, he knew not what, filled him so to overflowing that he was bewildered. If he had been what the world calls a civilized man, he would have known instantly, and would have been capable of weighing, analyzing, and reflecting on his sensations at leisure. But he was not a civilized man; he had to bring to bear on his present situation only simple, primitive, uneducated instincts and impulses. If Ramona had been a maiden of his own people or race, he would have drawn near to her as quickly as iron to the magnet. But now, if he had gone so far as to even think of her in such a way, she would have been, to his view, as far removed from him as was the morning star beneath whose radiance he had that morning watched, hoping for sight of her at her window. He did not, however, go so far as to thus think of her. Even that would have been impossible. He only knelt on the stones outside the chapel door, mechanically repeating the prayers with the rest, waiting for her to reappear. He had no doubt, now, that she was Señor Felipe's wife; all the same he wished to kneel there till she came out, that he might see her face again. His vista of purpose, fear, hope, had narrowed now down to that,—just one more sight of her. Ever so civilized, he could hardly have worshipped a woman better. The mass seemed to him endlessly long. Until near the last, he forgot to sing; then, in the closing of the final hymn, he suddenly remembered, and the clear deep-toned voice pealed out, as before, like the undertone of a great sea-wave sweeping along.

Ramona heard the first note, and felt again the same thrill. She was as much a musician born as Alessandro himself. As she rose from her knees, she whispered to Felipe: "Felipe, do find out which one of the Indians it is has that superb voice. I never heard anything like it."

"Oh, that is Alessandro," replied Felipe, "old Pablo's son. He is a splendid fellow. Don't you recollect his singing two years ago?"

"I was not here," replied Ramona; "you forget."

"Ah, yes, so you were away; I had forgotten," said Felipe. "Well, he was here. They made him captain of the shearing-band, though he was only twenty, and he managed the men splendidly. They saved nearly all their money to carry home, and I never knew them do such a thing before. Father Salvierderra was here, which might have had something to do with it; but I think it was quite as much Alessandro. He plays the violin beautifully. I hope he has brought it along. He plays the old San Luis Rey music. His father was band-master there."

Ramona's eyes kindled with pleasure. "Does your mother like it, to have him play?" she asked.

Felipe nodded. "We'll have him up on the veranda to-night," he said.

While this whispered colloquy was going on, the chapel had emptied, the Indians and Mexicans all hurrying out to set about the day's work. Alessandro lingered at the doorway as long as he dared, till he was sharply called by Juan Canito, looking back: "What are you gaping at there, you Alessandro! Hurry, now, and get your men to work. After waiting till near midsummer for this shearing, we'll make as quick work of it as we can. Have you got your best shearers here?"

"Ay, that I have," answered Alessandro; "not a man of them but can shear his hundred in a day. There is not such a band as ours in all San Diego County; and we don't turn out the sheep all bleeding, either; you'll see scarce a scratch on their sides."

"Humph!" retorted Juan Can. "'Tis a poor shearer, indeed, that draws blood to speak of. I've sheared many a thousand sheep in my day, and never a red stain on the shears. But the Mexicans have always been famed for good shearers."

Juan's invidious emphasis on the word "Mexicans" did not escape Alessandro. "And we Indians also," he answered, good-naturedly, betraying no annoyance; "but as for these Americans, I saw one at work the other day, that man Lomax, who has settled near Temecula, and upon my faith, Juan Can, I thought it was a slaughter-pen, and not a shearing. The poor beasts limped off with the blood running."

Juan did not see his way clear at the moment to any fitting rejoinder to this easy assumption, on Alessandro's part, of the equal superiority of Indians and Mexicans in the sheep-shearing art; so, much vexed, with another "humph!" he walked away; walked away so fast, that he lost the sight of a smile on Alessandro's face, which would have vexed him still farther.

At the sheep-shearing sheds and pens all was stir and bustle. The shearing-shed was a huge caricature of a summer-house—a long, narrow structure, sixty feet long by twenty or thirty wide, all roof and pillars; no walls; the supports, slender rough posts, as far apart as was safe, for the upholding the roof, which was of rough planks loosely laid from beam to beam. On three sides of this were the sheep-pens filled with sheep and lambs.

A few rods away stood the booths in which the shearers' food was to be cooked and the shearers fed. These were mere temporary affairs, roofed only by willow boughs with the leaves left on. Near these the Indians had already arranged their camp; a hut or two of green boughs had been built, but for the most part they would sleep rolled up in their blankets, on the ground. There was a brisk wind, and the gay-colored wings of the windmill blew furiously round and round, pumping out into the tank below a stream of water so swift and strong, that as the men crowded around, wetting and sharpening their knives, they got well spattered, and had much merriment, pushing and elbowing each other into the spray.

A high four-posted frame stood close to the shed; in this, swung from the four corners, hung one of the great sacking bags in which the fleeces were to be packed. A big pile of these bags lay on the ground at foot of the posts. Juan Can eyed them with a chuckle. "We'll fill more than those before night, Señor Felipe," he said. He was in his element, Juan Can, at shearing-times. Then came his reward for the somewhat monotonous and stupid year's work. The world held no better feast for his eyes than the sight of a long row of big bales of fleece, tied, stamped with the Moreno brand, ready to be drawn away to the mills. "Now, there is something substantial," he thought; "no chance of wool going amiss in market!"

If a year's crop were good, Juan's happiness was assured for the next six months. If it proved poor, he turned devout immediately, and spent the next six months calling on the saints for better luck, and redoubling his exertions with the sheep.

On one of the posts of the shed short projecting slats were nailed, like half-rounds of a ladder. Lightly as a rope-walker Felipe ran up these, to the roof, and took his stand there, ready to take the fleeces and pack them in the bag as fast as they should be tossed up from below. Luigo, with a big leathern wallet fastened in front of him, filled with five-cent pieces, took his stand in the centre of the shed. The thirty shearers, running into the nearest pen, dragged each his sheep into the shed, in a twinkling of an eye had the creature between his knees, helpless, immovable, and the sharp sound of the shears set in. The sheep-shearing had begun. No rest now. Not a second's silence from the bleating, baaing, opening and shutting, clicking, sharpening of shears, flying of fleeces through the air to the roof, pressing and stamping them down in the bales; not a second's intermission, except the hour of rest at noon, from sunrise till sunset, till the whole eight thousand of the Señora Moreno's sheep were shorn. It was a dramatic spectacle. As soon as a sheep was shorn, the shearer ran with the fleece in his hand to Luigo, threw it down on a table, received his five-cent piece, dropped it in his pocket, ran to the pen, dragged out another sheep, and in less than five minutes was back again with a second fleece. The shorn sheep, released, bounded off into another pen, where, light in the head no doubt from being three to five pounds lighter on their legs, they trotted round bewilderedly for a moment, then flung up their heels and capered for joy.

It was warm work. The dust from the fleeces and the trampling feet filled the air. As the sun rose higher in the sky the sweat poured off the men's faces; and Felipe, standing without shelter on the roof, found out very soon that he had by no means yet got back his full strength since the fever. Long before noon, except for sheer pride, and for the recollection of Juan Canito's speech, he would have come down and yielded his place to the old man. But he was resolved not to give up, and he worked on, though his face was purple and his head throbbing. After the bag of fleeces is half full, the packer stands in it, jumping with his full weight on the wool, as he throws in the fleeces, to compress them as much as possible. When Felipe began to do this, he found that he had indeed overrated his strength. As the first cloud of the sickening dust came up, enveloping his head, choking his breath, he turned suddenly dizzy, and calling faintly, "Juan, I am ill," sank helpless down in the wool. He had fainted. At Juan Canito's scream of dismay, a great hubbub and outcry arose; all saw instantly what had happened. Felipe's head was hanging limp over the edge of the bag, Juan in vain endeavoring to get sufficient foothold by his side to lift him. One after another the men rushed up the ladder, until they were all standing, a helpless, excited crowd, on the roof, one proposing one thing, one another. Only Luigo had had the presence of mind to run to the house for help. The Señora was away from home. She had gone with Father Salvierderra to a friend's house, a half-day's journey off. But Ramona was there. Snatching all she could think of in way of restoratives, she came flying back with Luigo, followed by every servant in the establishment, all talking, groaning, gesticulating, suggesting, wringing their hands—as disheartening a Babel as ever made bad matters worse.

Reaching the shed, Ramona looked up to the roof bewildered. "Where is he?" she cried. The next instant she saw his head, held in Juan Canito's arms, just above the edge of the wool-bag. She groaned, "Oh, how will he ever be lifted out!"

"I will lift him, Señora," cried Alessandro, coming to the front. "I am very strong. Do not be afraid; I will bring him safe down." And swinging himself down the ladder, he ran swiftly to the camp, and returned, bringing in his hands blankets. Springing quickly to the roof again, he knotted the blankets firmly together, and tying them at the middle around his waist, threw the ends to his men, telling them to hold him firm. He spoke in the Indian tongue as he was hurriedly doing this, and Ramona did not at first understand his plan. But when she saw the Indians move a little back from the edge of the roof, holding the blankets firm grasped, while Alessandro stepped out on one of the narrow cross-beams from which the bag swung, she saw what he meant to do. She held her breath. Felipe was a slender man; Alessandro was much heavier, and many inches taller. Still, could any man carry such a burden safely on that narrow beam! Ramona looked away, and shut her eyes, through the silence which followed. It was only a few moments; but it seemed an eternity before a glad murmur of voices told her that it was done, and looking up, she saw Felipe lying on the roof, unconscious, his face white, his eyes shut. At this sight, all the servants broke out afresh, weeping and wailing, "He is dead! He is dead!"

Ramona stood motionless, her eyes fixed on Felipe's face. She, too, believed him dead; but her thought was of the Señora.

"He is not dead," cried Juan Canito, who had thrust his hand under Felipe's shirt. "He is not dead. It is only a faint."

At this the first tears rolled down Ramona's face. She looked piteously at the ladder up and down which she had seen Alessandro run as if it were an easy indoors staircase. "If I could only get up there!" she said, looking from one to another. "I think I can;" and she put one foot on the lower round.

"Holy Virgin!" cried Juan Can, seeing her movement. "Señorita! Señorita! do not attempt it. It is not too easy for a man. You will break your neck. He is fast coming to his senses."

Alessandro caught the words. Spite of all the confusion and terror of the scene, his heart heard the word, "Señorita." Ramona was not the wife of Felipe, or of any man. Yet Alessandro recollected that he had addressed her as Señora, and she did not seem surprised. Coming to the front of the group, he said, bending forward, "Señorita!" There must have been something in the tone which made Ramona start. The simple word could not have done it. "Señorita," said Alessandro, "it will be nothing to bring Señor Felipe down the ladder. He is, in my arms, no more than one of the lambs yonder. I will bring him down as soon as he is recovered. He is better here till then. He will very soon be himself again. It was only the heat." Seeing that the expression of anxious distress did not grow less on Ramona's face, he continued, in a tone still more earnest, "Will not the Señorita trust me to bring him safe down?"

Ramona smiled faintly through her tears. "Yes," she said, "I will trust you. You are Alessandro, are you not?"

"Yes, Señorita," he answered, greatly surprised, "I am Alessandro."

HABEAS CORPUS.

[*Sonnets and Lyrics.* 1886.]

MY body, eh? Friend Death, how now?
  Why all this tedious pomp of writ?
Thou hast reclaimed it sure and slow
  For half a century, bit by bit.

In faith thou knowest more to-day
  Than I do, where it can be found!
This shriveled lump of suffering clay,
  To which I now am chained and bound,

Has not of kith or kin a trace
  To the good body once I bore;
Look at this shrunken, ghastly face:
  Didst ever see that face before?

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;
Thy only fault thy lagging gait,
Mistaken pity in thy heart
For timorous ones that bid thee wait.

Do quickly all thou hast to do,
Nor I nor mine will hindrance make;
I shall be free when thou art through;
I grudge thee naught that thou must take!

Stay! I have lied; I grudge thee one,
Yes, two I grudge thee at this last,—
Two members which have faithful done
My will and bidding in the past.

I grudge thee this right hand of mine;
I grudge thee this quick-beating heart;
They never gave me coward sign,
Nor played me once a traitor's part.

I see now why in olden days
Men in barbaric love or hate
Nailed enemies' hands at wild crossways,
Shrined leaders' hearts in costly state:

The symbol, sign, and instrument
Of each soul's purpose, passion, strife,
Of fires in which are poured and spent
Their all of love, their all of life.

O feeble, mighty human hand!
O fragile, dauntless human heart!
The universe holds nothing planned
With such sublime, transcendent art!

Yes, Death, I own I grudge thee mine
Poor little hand, so feeble now;
Its wrinkled palm, its altered line,
Its veins so pallid and so slow—

(Unfinished here.)

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;
I shall be free when thou art through.
Take all there is—take hand and heart;
There must be somewhere work to do.

Her last poem: 7 *August*, 1885.

Daniel Coit Gilman.

BORN in Norwich, Conn., 1831.

TWELVE POINTS IN RESPECT TO UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

[*From his Inaugural Address at Johns Hopkins University*, 22 *February*, 1876.]

ALL sciences are worthy of promotion; or in other words, it is useless to dispute whether literature or science should receive most attention, or whether there is any essential difference between the old and the new education.

2. Religion has nothing to fear from science, and science need not be afraid of religion. Religion claims to interpret the word of God, and science to reveal the laws of God. The interpreters may blunder, but truths are immutable, eternal, and never in conflict.

3. Remote utility is quite as worthy to be thought of as immediate advantage. Those ventures are not always most sagacious that expect a return on the morrow. It sometimes pays to send our argosies across the seas; to make investments with an eye to slow but sure returns. So is it always in the promotion of science.

4. As it is impossible for any university to encourage with equal freedom all branches of learning, a selection must be made by enlightened governors, and that selection must depend on the requirements and deficiencies of a given people, in a given period. There is no absolute standard of preference. What is more important at one time or in one place may be less needed elsewhere and otherwise.

5. Individual students cannot pursue all branches of learning, and must be allowed to select, under the guidance of those who are appointed to counsel them. Nor can able professors be governed by routine. Teachers and pupils must be allowed great freedom in their method of work. Recitations, lectures, examinations, laboratories, libraries, field-exercises, travels, are all legitimate means of culture.

6. The best scholars will almost invariably be those who make special attainments on the foundation of a broad and liberal culture.

7. The best teachers are usually those who are free, competent, and willing to make original researches in the library and the laboratory.

8. The best investigators are usually those who have also the responsibilities of instruction, gaining thus the incitement of colleagues, the encouragement of pupils, the observation of the public.

9. Universities should bestow their honors with a sparing hand; their benefits most freely.

10. A university cannot be created in a day; it is a slow growth.

The University of Berlin has been quoted as a proof of the contrary. That was indeed a quick success, but in an old, compact country, crowded with learned men eager to assemble at the Prussian court. It was a change of base rather than a sudden development.

11. The object of the university is to develop character—to make men. It misses its aim if it produces learned pedants, or simple artisans, or cunning sophists, or pretentious practitioners. Its purport is not so much to impart knowledge to the pupils as to whet the appetite, exhibit methods, develop powers, strengthen judgment, and invigorate the intellectual and moral forces. It should prepare for the service of society a class of students who will be wise, thoughtful, progressive guides in whatever department of work or thought they may be engaged.

12. Universities easily fall into ruts. Almost every epoch requires a fresh start.

A COLLEGE TRAINING.

[*Address at the Opening of Adelbert College, Cleveland, Ohio*, 26 *October*, 1882.]

SKEPTICS in regard to higher education may point to Shakespeare, with his little Latin and less Greek; to Franklin, the philosopher and statesman, with his homely English and poor French; to Grote, the historian of Greece, who had no academic life; to Whittier, Howells, and Cable, our own gifted contemporaries, and to many more writers who never went to college; and I confess that such examples seem at first to show that colleges are not essential to literary culture. But we must remember that our institutions are not devised for an oligarchy of intellect, but for a democracy; not for a few royal dignitaries, but for a throng of faithful workers. In a recent biography of Spinoza you may meet this pithy saying: "The secret workings of nature which bring it to pass that an Æschylus, a Leonardo, a Faraday, a Kant, or a Spinoza is born upon earth are as obscure now as they were a thousand years ago"; and if this be admitted, surely, colleges are not to be built up and maintained for such extraordinary phenomena. We call these men gifted; we say they have genius; we except them from rules. They will win renown under any circumstances, hindered but not repressed by acting parts in a theatre like Shakespeare; or setting type in a printing-house like Franklin; or managing a bank like Grote; or learning the trade of a bookbinder like Faraday. It is neither for the genius nor for the dunce, but for the great middle class possessing ordinary talents, that we build colleges; and it can be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that for them the opportunities afforded by libraries, teachers, companionship, and the systematic recurrence of intellectual tasks are most efficient means of intellectual culture. Mental discipline may indeed be acquired in other ways; the love of letters is not implanted by a college; the study of nature may be pursued alone in the open air; but given to each one in a group of a hundred youths a certain amount of talent, more than mediocrity and less than genius—that is to say, the average ability of a boy in our high schools and academies—it will be found in nine cases out of ten that those who go to college surpass the others during the course of life, in influence, in learning, in the power to do good, and in the enjoyment of books, nature, and art. Mental powers may be developed in other places—the mechanic's institute, the mercantile library, the winter lyceum, the private study, the gatherings of good men, in the haunts of business, and in the walks of civil life, but not so easily, nor so systematically, nor so thoroughly, nor so auspiciously, nor so pleasantly. With all their defects, colleges are the best agencies which the world has ever devised for the training of the intellectual forces of youth. . . . .

A good college gives training in the arts of expression as well as in those of observation; it not only favors the acquisition of knowledge by its students, but it shows them how to bring forth their knowledge for the benefit of others. This function of a college has not always been sufficiently developed. The learning of appointed lessons, the memorizing of rules and dates, the solution of problems, and the observation or performance of experiments, all this is undoubtedly good discipline, but it is not enough. The scholar should be able to express himself clearly, neatly, and fitly, and there are very few, indeed, who can do this without long and careful practice. I have talked with some of the leading publishers of American books, regarding the manuscript submitted to them, and I have spoken with editors of the very best magazines, and from both these sources, which are doubtless perfectly well informed, I receive the same impression, that this country is now prolific in writers, but that the number of trained literary men who can write well, and make of literature a profession, is very small. There are many who are eager to print their effusions; there are few who are willing to elaborate their work, rewriting, rearranging, pruning, condensing, shaping until the best form possible is attained. It is a mistake to suppose that writers who win the highest renown are commonly hasty, that they dash off what they say by a stroke of genius. The biography of Dickens shows what pains he took to secure even the right proper names; for example, note his choice of the title "Household Words." Pages of his proof-sheets which I have seen show how carefully he revised every paragraph. The very last proofs of "Peveril of the Peak" (owned by President White) show that a romance of Walter Scott received the master's final touches just before the printing began. Bret Harte's famous poem on the Heathen Chinee was corrected and recorrected, and on the ultimate revision received, I believe, that satirical touch which gave it world-wide fame: "We are ruined by Chinee cheap labor." Emerson is considered by many as a sort of oracle, simply opening his mouth to let fall aphorisms of profound importance, but recent and authentic narratives of his life show that he forged his sentences like the gold-beater who is preparing a setting for pearls. . . . .

You may think it very trifling for me to speak of penmanship, but I cannot refrain from telling a story of one of the most illustrious mathematicians of the nineteenth century, whose great treatise lay unnoticed for nearly three years in the archives of the French Academy, because, as Legendre himself acknowledged, it was almost illegible, being written with very faint ink and the characters being badly formed. Resurgent from the temporary grave to which its bad penmanship consigned it, this treatise of Abel's became the point of departure for profound researches, still in progress fifty years later, by Cayley and Sylvester in Cambridge and Baltimore. All this seems to me to indicate that training, imposed by one's self or by one's teacher, is essential to literary success. Colleges provide such training.

Elbridge Jefferson Cutler.

Born in Holliston, Mass., 1831. **Died** at Cambridge, Mass., 1870.

THE VOLUNTEER.

[*War Poems.* 1867.]

"AT dawn," he said, "I bid them all farewell,
To go where bugles call and rifles gleam."
And with the restless thought asleep he fell,
And glided into dream.

A great hot plain from sea to mountain spread,—
Through it a level river slowly drawn:
He moved with a vast crowd, and at its head
Streamed banners like the dawn.

There came a blinding flash, a deafening roar,
And dissonant cries of triumph and dismay;
Blood trickled down the river's reedy shore,
And with the dead he lay.

The morn broke in upon his solemn dream,
And still, with steady pulse and deepening eye,
"Where bugles call," he said, "and rifles gleam,
I follow, though I die!"

Jane Goodwin Austin.

BORN in Worcester, Mass., 1831.

AN AFTERNOON IN NANTUCKET.

[*Nantucket Scraps.* 1883.]

THE drowsy hours of early afternoon were devoted to the museum, collected and exhibited by the public-spirited widow of a sea-captain named McCleve. An upper room of her comfortable house is devoted to the curios, although, like attar of roses, or some penetrating oils, they seem to have saturated the entire mansion,—the good-natured proprietress occasionally haling a favored guest away from the rest to look at some quaint picture, piece of china, or bit of furniture in her own private apartments. The party of twelve or fourteen collected on this especial afternoon were taken to the upper room and seated around a small table, as if for a spiritual *séance*, the hostess arranging precedence and proximity with an autocratic good humor to which everybody yielded except the señor, who, standing looking in at the door, was presently accosted with—

"That gentleman at the door—why—I've seen that face before! Don't you tell me it's Sam!"

"No, I won't, Aunty McCleve, for you'd be sure to contradict me if I did," replied the señor, coolly; whereupon Aunty shook him affectionately by the hand, assuring him he was the same "sarcy boy" he used to be, and dragged him most reluctantly to a seat in the magical circle.

"At what period of the entertainment do we pay?" inquired one of the persons one meets everywhere, and who may be called the whitleather of society. Mrs. McCleve looked at him with an appreciative eye for a moment, and then quietly replied:

"Well, it isn't often people bring it out quite so plain as that, but I guess *you'd* better pay now before you forget it." Whitleather does not suffer from sarcasm, and the practical man, producing a quarter of a dollar, held it tight while asking—

"Have you got ten cents change?"

"No, brother; but you can keep your quarter till I have," replied Aunty, with the quiet gleam still in her eye, and the business was soon adjusted. This over, she placed upon the table a tray containing some really exquisite carvings in whale's-tooth ivory, comprising a set of napkin-rings, thread-winders, spoons of various sizes, knife-handles, and several specimens of a utensil peculiar to Nantucket, called a jagging-knife, used for carving ornamental patterns in pastry,—a species of embroidery for which Nantucket housewives were once famous, although, "pity 'tis 'tis true," they have now largely emancipated themselves from such arts.

As the guests examined these really wonderful products of talent almost unaided by implements or training, one of the ladies naturally inquired: "Who did these?" The hostess assumed a sibylline attitude and tone: "Perhaps, my dear, you can tell us that; and if so, you'll be the first one I ever met that could." This obscure intimation of course awakened an interest far deeper than the carvings, in every mind; and in reply to a shower of questioning the sibyl gave a long and intricate narration, beginning with the presence on board of her husband's whale-ship of a mystic youth with the manners and bearing of Porphyrogenitus, and the rating of a common sailor; the delicate suggestion of a disguised lady was also dimly introduced. What succeeds is yet more wonderful, as Scheherezade always said when obliged to cut short the story that the Sultan might get up and say his prayers; but we will not invade Mrs. McCleve's copyright by telling it, simply advising every one to go and listen to it.

"Two, four, six, eight, ten—elev—en!" counted she at the end, picking up the napkin rings; "I don't seem to see that twelfth ring!" and she looked hard at the unfortunate who had acquired her dislike in the first of the interview by an unfeeling allusion to money.

"Here it is, Aunty," remarked the señor. "I wanted to hear you ask after it."

"Now, look at here, Sammy, you're too old for such tricks," expostulated the dame, in precisely the tone one admonishes a naughty child; and then turning to the company generally she added confidentially:

"I ain't one of them that's given to suspicion, and it ain't a Nantucket failing; but last summer there was a boy, one of those half-grown critters, you know, neither beef nor veal, and I just saw him pocket—well, it was that very knife-handle. I always kept an eye on it since, thinking it might be off yet. So I waited till I saw he actooally meant it, and was fixing to go off with it, and then says I:

"'Well, sonny, going to unload before you start out on a new v'yge?' So that's all about the carvings; and these are sharks' teeth,—none of your Wauwinet sand-sharks that would run away from a puppy-dog no bigger than that, but a reg'lar man-eater off the West Indies; and these very teeth took a man's leg off."

"Horrible!" cried one, while another, one of the persistent souls who must finish A before they begin B, inquired: "But did the boy give up the knife-handle?"

"Why, of course he did, my dear, since that's it," replied the hostess compassionately; and then, with the inborn courtesy peculiar to Nantucket folk, turned aside the laugh that followed by hastily displaying some new marvel. The room was crowded with marine curiosities, many of them brought home by the deceased captain, many of them presented to his relict by his comrades or her own friends; they were mostly such as we have seen many times in many places, but some few were *sui generis*—such as a marriage contract between a Quaker bachelor and maid in the early days of the island, with the signatures of half the settlers appended as witnesses, mutual consent before others being the only ceremony required by the canon of these Nonsacramentarians. Then there was Phœbe Ann's comb, a wonderful work of art in tortoise-shell; anent which the possessor, Phœbe Ann's sister, delivered a short original poem, setting forth how ardently Phœbe Ann had desired one of these immense combs, their price being eight dollars each; and how, having engaged it, she set to work to earn it by picking berries for sale; but before the pence had grown to the pounds the big comb was out of fashion, and poor Phœbe Ann's hair, which had been wonderfully luxuriant, fell off through illness, and what remained was cut short. Nantucket probity would not, however, be off its bargain for such cause as this; and Phœbe Ann paid her money and took her monumental comb,—more useful in its present connection, perhaps, than it could have been in any other. The crown and glory of Mrs. McCleve's museum, however, is a carved wooden vase, twelve or fourteen inches in height, made from the top of one of the red-cedar posts planted a century or two since by this lady's ancestor, to inclose a certain parcel of land belonging to him. Twenty or thirty years ago the fence was to be renewed, and one of her cousins proposed to her to drive out to the place and secure a relic of the original island cedar now extinct. She accepted; and the section of post, sawed off with great exertion by the cousin, was turned and carved into its present shape in "Cousin Reuben Macy's shop on Orange street."

But all this is set forth in an original poem delivered with much unction by its author, who decisively refuses a copy to any and everybody, and is even chary of letting any one listen to it more than once. It is original—in fact, one may say, intensely original—and quite as well worth listening to as the saga of a royal skald. It begins after this fashion:

"This vase, of which we have in contemplation,
Merits, my friends, your careful observation.
. . . .
Saturday, the busiest day of all,
From Cousin Thomas I received a call."

Some lost couplets record the invitation to drive, and the demur on account of pies then baking in the oven; but this being overruled by masculine persuasiveness—

"Across the hall I gayly skipped,
And soon was for the cruise equipped."

Then follows the drive, the arrival, and the attempt to cut the stern old cedar trunk with a dull saw,—

"Cousin Thomas worked with desperation,
Until he was in a profuse perspiration,"

and finally secured the trophy here exhibited. But these stray couplets give a very inadequate idea of the poem as delivered by its author; and he who visits Nantucket and does not hear it has for the rest of his life a lost opportunity to lament.

Just at the close of the recital the poetess fixed her eye steadily upon a figure drooping beside one of the windows, and sternly inquired:

"Is that woman sick? Why don't somebody see to her?"

It was true that the culprit, overcome by the heat of the room, the excitement of the narrative, and possibly certain ancient and fish-like odors connected with marine specimens, had fainted a little; but was speedily recovered by the usual remedies, prominent among which in these days is a disinclination to have one's crimps spoiled by the application of water; and the incident was made memorable by the valedictory of the hostess:

"Now if any of you want to come in again while you stay on the island you can, without paying anything; and if I don't remember you, just say, 'I was here the day the woman fainted,' and I shall know it's all right." And we heard that the experiment was tried and succeeded.

As the party left the house the señor lingered to say: "We are going up to the old windmill, Aunty. Didn't it belong to your family once?"

"I should say it did, Sammy. They wanted a windmill and didn't know how to make one; and they got an off-islander, name of Wilbur, to make it, and like fools gave him the money beforehand. He went back to the continent for something—nails maybe, or maybe idees—and carried the money with him; some pirate or other got wind of it, and the first they knew down here, the man was robbed and murdered there on Cape Cod. That didn't put up a windmill though, and the women had got most tired grinding their samp and meal in those old stone mortars, or even a hand-mill; so some of the folks spoke to my grandfather Elisha Macy about it, and he thought it over, and finally went to bed and dreamed just how to build it, and next day got up and built it. That's the story of *that*, my dear."

"A regular case of revelation, wasn't it?" suggested the señor with a twinkle in his eye; to which the hostess rather sharply replied:

"I don't profess to know much about revealation, and I don't surmise you know much more, Sammy; but that's how the windmill was built."

History adds another anecdote of the windmill, worthy to be preserved for its Nantuckety flavor. Eighty-two years from its marvellous inception, the mill had grown so old and infirm that its owners concluded to sell it for lumber if need be. A meeting was called, and Jared Gardner, the man who was supposed to be wisest in mills of any on the island, was invited to attend, and succinctly asked by Sylvanus Macy—

"Jared, what will thee give for the mill without the stones?"

"Not one penny, Sylvanus," replied Jared as succinctly; and the other—

"What will thee give for it as it stands, Jared?"

"I don't feel to want it at any price, friend," replied Jared indifferently.

The mill-owners consulted, and presently returned to the charge with—

"Jared, thee must make us an offer."

"Well, then, twenty dollars for firewood, Sylvanus."

The offer was accepted immediately; and shrewd Jared did not burn his mill even to roast a sucking pig, but repaired and used it to his own and his neighbors' advantage, until the day of his death.

James Abram Garfield.

Born in Orange, Ohio, 1831. **Died** at Elberon, N. J., 1881.

GEORGE HENRY THOMAS.

[*Works. Edited by Burke A. Hinsdale.* 1882.]

HIS career was not only great and complete, but, what is more significant, it was in an eminent degree the work of his own hands. It was not the result of accident or happy chance. I do not deny that in all human pursuits, and especially in war, results are often determined by what men call fortune—"that name for the unknown combinations of infinite power." But this is almost always a modifying rather than an initial force. Only a weak, a vain, or a desperate man will rely upon it for success. Thomas's life is a notable illustration of the virtue and power of hard work; and in the last analysis the power to do hard work is only another name for talent. Professor Church, one of his instructors at West Point, says of his student life, that "he never allowed anything to escape a thorough examination, and left nothing behind that he did not fully comprehend." And so it was in the army. To him a battle was neither an earthquake, nor a volcano, nor a chaos of brave men and frantic horses involved in vast explosions of gunpowder. It was rather a calm, rational concentration of force against force. It was a question of lines and positions—of weight of metal and strength of battalions. He knew that the elements and forces which bring victory are not created on the battle-field, but must be patiently elaborated in the quiet of the camp, by the perfect organization and outfit of his army. His remark to a captain of artillery while inspecting a battery is worth remembering, for it exhibits his theory of success: "Keep everything in order, for the fate of a battle may turn on a buckle or a linch-pin." He understood so thoroughly the condition of his army and its equipment that, when the hour of trial came, he knew how great a pressure it could stand, and how hard a blow it could strike.

His character was as grand and as simple as a colossal pillar of chiselled granite. Every step of his career as a soldier was marked by the most loyal and unhesitating obedience to law—to the laws of his government and to the commands of his superiors. The obedience which he rendered to those above him he rigidly required of those under his command. His influence over his troops grew steadily and constantly. He won his ascendency over them neither by artifice nor by any one act of special daring, but he gradually filled them with his own spirit, until their confidence in him knew no bounds. His power as a commander was developed slowly and silently; not like volcanic land lifted from the sea by sudden and violent upheaval, but rather like a coral island, where each increment is a growth—an act of life and work. . .

A very few of our commanders possessed more force than Thomas—more genius for planning and executing bold and daring enterprises; but, in my judgment, no other was so complete an embodiment and incarnation of strength—the strength that resists, maintains, and endures. His power was not that of the cataract, which leaps in fury down the chasm, but rather that of the river, broad and deep, whose current is steady, silent, irresistible. . . . .

His modesty was as real as his courage. When he was in Washington in 1866, his friends with great difficulty persuaded him to allow himself to be introduced to the House of Representatives. He was escorted to the Speaker's stand, while the great assembly of representatives and citizens arose and greeted him with the most enthusiastic marks of affection and reverence. Mr. Speaker Colfax, in speaking of it afterward, said: "I noticed, as he stood beside me, that his hand trembled like an aspen leaf. He could bear the shock of battle, but he shrank before the storm of applause."

He was not insensible to praise; and he was quick to feel any wrong or injustice. While grateful to his country for the honor it conferred upon him, and while cherishing all expressions of affection on the part of his friends, he would not accept the smallest token of regard in the form of a gift. So frank and guileless was his life, so free from anything that approached intrigue, that when, after his death, his private letters and papers were examined, there was not a scrap among them that his most confidential friends thought best to destroy. When Pheidias was asked why he took so much pains to finish up the parts of his statue that would not be in sight, he said: "These I am finishing for the gods to look at." In the life and character of General Thomas there were no secret places of which his friends will ever be ashamed.

But his career is ended. Struck dead at his post of duty, a bereaved nation bore his honored dust across the continent, and laid it to rest on the banks of the Hudson, amidst the tears and grief of millions. The nation stood at his grave as a mourner. No one knew until he was dead how strong was his hold on the hearts of the American people. Every citizen felt that a pillar of state had fallen—that a great and true and pure man had passed from earth.

William Wallace Harney.

BORN in Bloomington, Ind., 1831.

THE MOORINGS.

IN A SOUTHERN HARBOR.

MOORED out in the bay,
And slowly under her keel
The long wave seems to feel—
To crawl and feel its way,
Lest her timbers rip
The smooth photogeny
Of the picture of the ship
In the hollow of the sea.

Only twice a day
The short tide comes and goes,
Crunching under her toes,
In and out of the bay,
Muttering and coughing;
And, lazily enough,
Around her in the offing
The sun and shadows luff.

Around the great white ships,
The burly tugs and ferries,
The fishing smacks and wherries,
And the thirsty sandy slips.
She sees their shadows clear,
By one and two and three,
Appear and disappear
In the hollow of the sea.

Shall she never salt her
Timbers in old traffic,
Down the coast of Afric,
Sailing from Gibraltar,
Round by Mozambique?
Shall she never speak
Sampan rafts afloat,
The lean-toothed sloop of war,
Or, home-bound, the pilot-boat,
At the break of the harbor bar?

Or, when the scuds of clouds
Blacken the night with rain,
Feel her canvas strain
From truck to futtock shrouds,
To run the sharp blockade,
With the Federal gun-boats at her,
Bursting a cannonade
In the hiss of the driving water?

Never: the stir is over
Of war and tempest and gain;
No more will the quickening strain
Start in the old sea-rover
To the crack of the cannons' snapping,
The shouts of the men, the souse
Of the salt brine barking and flapping
And poppling under her bows.

Never: her rotten brails
Sag down from the yard;
The mildew is in her sails;
The shell-fish crusts a shard

Over her copper legging;
And, limed in the ooze, she waits,
Like Belisarius begging
At the conquered city's gates.

THE STAB.

ON the road, the lonely road,
Under the cold white moon,
Under the ragged trees he strode;
He whistled and shifted his weary load—
Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step timed with his own,
A figure that stooped and bowed—
A cold, white blade that gleamed and shone,
Like a splinter of daylight downward thrown—
And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and good,
The barn-fowl woke and crowed;
Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood,
And the brown owl called to his mate in the wood,
That a dead man lay on the road.

MILKING-TIME.

THE sun is low and the sky is red;
Over meadows in rick and mow,
And out of the lush grass overfed,
The cattle are winding slow;
A milky fragrance about them breathes
As they loiter one by one,
Over the fallow and out of the sheaths
Of the lake-grass in the sun.
And hark, in the distance, the cattle-bells, how musically they steal,—
Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Browny, and Barleymeal!

From standing in shadowy pools at noon
With the water udder-deep,
In the sleepy rivers of easy June,
With the skies above asleep,—

Just a leaf astir on orange or oak,
  And the palm-flower thirsting in halves,—
They wait for the signs of the falling smoke,
  And the evening bleat of the calves.
And hark, in the distance, the cattle-bells, how musically they steal,—
Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Browny, and Barleymeal!

O wife, whose wish still lingers and grieves
  In the chimes that go and come,
For peace and rest in the twilight eves
  When the cattle are loitering home,
How little we knew, in the deepening shades,
  How far our ways would lie,—
My own alone in the everglades
  And your home there in the sky;
Nor how I would listen alone to the old familiar peal,—
Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Browny, and Barleymeal!

THE BERGAMOT.

WE had no other gift to give,
  But just one withering flower;
We had no other lives to live,
  But just that sweet half-hour,—
So small, so sweet, its freight of musk
Made fragrant all life's after-dusk.

For this the summers toiled and spun,
  With fairy fingers silken shot,
Till moonlight's milky thread were run,
  In the scented, creamy bergamot,
That gave one dear, remembered hour,
The fragrance of the orange-flower.

Through love and parting, this remains,
  A memory, like its faint perfume,
More dear than all life's loss and gains
  About a withering orange-bloom,
Whose fading leaves of dusky green
Do show how sweet life might have been.

Harriet Mann Miller.

Born in Auburn, N. Y., 1831.

"O WONDROUS SINGERS."

[*In Nesting Time. By Olive Thorne Miller.* 1888.]

I FEEL considerable reluctance in approaching the subject of my small thrushes. None but a poet should speak of them—so beautiful, so enchanting in song. Yet I cannot bear to let their lovely lives pass in silence; therefore, if they must needs remain unsung, they shall at least be chronicled.

There were two: one the gray-cheeked thrush, the other the veery or Wilson's, and they passed a year in my house, filling it with a marvellous rippling music like the sweet babble of a brook over stones; like the gentle sighing of the wind in pine trees; like other of nature's enchanting sounds, which I really must borrow a poet's words to characterize:

"O liquid and free and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul!
O wondrous singer."

The gray-cheeked, most charming in every look and motion, uttered his notes in a free sweep or crescendo, which began low, gathered force as he went on, and then gradually died out; all in one long slur, without a defined or staccato note, making a wonderful resemblance to wind-sounds; as Emerson expresses it:

"His music was the south-wind's sigh."

The song of the veery was quite different, low, rapid, interspersed with a louder, wild-sounding cry, or, as aptly described by a listener, like the gurgling sounds made by blowing through a tube into soft water, with occasional little explosions. The soft, whispered warble of a brown thrush added a certain undertone which combined and harmonized both these, forming with them a rhapsody of a rippling, bubbling character impossible to describe, but constantly reminding one of running streams and gentle waterfalls, and coming nearer to "put my woods in song" than any other bird-notes whatever. Neither of the performers opened his mouth, so that the trio was very low—a true whisper-song.

It was somewhat curious that with one exception all the birds in the room through these months sang whisper-songs also, without opening the bill. There were six of them, and every one delighted in singing;

the three thrushes, a bluebird, a female orchard oriole, and a Mexican clarin. To the thrushes, music seemed necessary to life; hour after hour they stood on their respective perches across the room, puffed out into balls, "pouring out their souls," and entrancing us not only with their suggestive melody, but with graceful and poetical movements, and a beauty of look and bearing that moved one deeply. During the aria both birds stood motionless, one with wings drooping, and accenting every note, the other with tail slightly jerking for the same purpose.

In character no less than in song the birds differed; bright, active, and high-spirited, the gray-cheeked delighted in the freedom of the room, feared nothing, came upon the desk freely, and calmly met one's eyes with his own, brave, free soul that he was, while his *vis-à-vis* was timid and shy, could not be induced to leave the shelter of his home though the door stood open all day. He never resented the intrusion of a neighbor, nor disputed the possession of his own dish.

Almost as interesting as his song was a bewitching dance with which the gray-cheeked charmed every one fortunate enough to see him. His chosen hour was the approach of evening, when, with body very erect and head thrown up in ecstasy, he lifted his wings high above his back, fluttering them rapidly with a sound like soft patter of summer rain, while he moved back and forth on his perch with the daintiest of little steps and hops: now up, now down, now across the cage, with gentle noise of feet and wings. No music accompanied it, and none was needed —it was music itself. Not only did he dance away the long hours of twilight, till so dark he could not be seen, but he greeted the dawn in the same way; long before any other bird stirred, before the hideous morning call of the first sparrow in the street, the soft flutter of his wings, the light patter of his feet was heard. In the night also, if gas was lighted, however dimly, dancing began and was continued in the darkness, long after the light was out and every other feather at rest. A sudden light stopped the motion, but revealed the dancer agitated, stirred, with soft dark eyes fixed upon the observer. This dance was not an attempt or indication of a desire to escape, as I am sure for several reasons. I can tell the instant that longing for freedom sets in. It was a fresh sign of the strange, mysterious emotion with which all thrushes greet the rising and setting of the sun.

The singular use of the feet by this bird was very peculiar, and not confined to his dancing hours. While standing on the edge of the bathing-dish, longing, yet dreading to enter the water, on alighting upon an unaccustomed perch, or venturing on to the desk, many times a day he took the little steps, lifting first one, then the other foot very slightly, and bringing it down with a sound without changing his position. It seemed to be an evidence of excitement, as another bird might exhibit by a quivering of the wings. The veery was also a dancer, but in a different way. He fanned his wings violently and moved back and forth across the top of a cage, but always in daylight, and then only on the rare occasions when, by placing his food outside, he was coaxed from his cage.

Bathing was, next to singing, the dear delight of the gray-cheeked's life, yet no bird ever had more misgivings about taking the fatal plunge. His first movement on leaving the cage was to go to the bath, around which he hovered, now this side, now that, one moment on the perch above, the next on the edge of the dish, plainly longing to be in, yet the mere approach of the smallest bird in the room drove him away. Not that he was afraid; he was not in the least a coward; he met everybody and everything with the dignity and bravery of a true thrush. Neither was it that he was disabled when wet, which makes some birds hesitate; he was never at all disordered by his bath, and however long he soaked, or thoroughly he spattered, his plumage remained in place and he was perfectly able to fly at once. It appeared simply that he could not make up his mind to go in. Then, too, it soon became apparent that he noticed his reflection in the water. He often stood on the edge after bathing, as well as before, looking intently upon the image. Before the glass he did the same, looking earnestly, and in a low tone "uttering his thoughts to the ideal bird which he fancied he saw before him." Indeed, I think this ideal thrush was a great comfort to him.

Once having decided to go into the bath, he enjoyed it exceedingly, though in an unusual way, fluttering and splashing vigorously for a moment, then standing motionless up to his body in the water, not shaking or pluming himself, not alarmed, but quietly enjoying the soaking. After several fits of splashing alternated with soaking, he went to a perch and shook and plumed himself nearly dry, and just when one would think he had entirely finished, he returned to the dish, and began again—hesitating on the brink, coquetting with the "ideal thrush" in the water, and in fact doing the whole thing over again.

My bird had a genuine thrush's love of quiet and dislike of a crowd, preferred unfrequented places to alight on, and was quite ingenious in finding them. The ornamental top of a gas-fixture a few inches below the ceiling, which was cup-shaped and nearly hid him, was a favorite place. So was also the loose edge of a hanging card-board map which, having been long rolled, hung out from the wall like a half-open scroll. This he liked best, for no other bird ever approached it, and here he passed much time swinging, as if he enjoyed the motion which he plainly made efforts to keep up. His plan was to fly across the room and alight suddenly upon it, when, of course, it swayed up and down with his weight. The moment it came to a rest, he flew around the room in a wide circle and came down again heavily, holding on with all his might, and keeping his balance with wings and tail. He enjoyed it so well that he often swung for a long time.

Later he found another snug retreat where no bird ever intruded. He discovered it in this way: one day, on being suddenly startled by an erratic dash around the room of the brown thrush, which scattered the smaller birds like leaves before the wind, he brought up under the bed on the floor. The larger bird had evidently marked the place of his retreat, for he followed him, and in his mad way rushed under when the gray-cheeked disappeared. The bedstead was a light iron one, high from the floor, so that all this was plainly seen. No one being in sight, the brown thrush came out and turned to his regular business of stirring up the household, while the little thrush was not to be seen, and perfect silence seemed to indicate that he was not there at all. After some search, aided by an indiscreet movement on his part, he was found perched on the framework, between the mattress and the wall. This narrow retreat, apparently discovered by accident, soon became a favorite retiring place when he did not care for society.

This interesting bird, with all his dignity, had a playful disposition. Nothing pleased him better than rattling and tearing to bits a newspaper or the paper strips over a row of books, although he had to stand on the latter while he worked at it; and notwithstanding it not only rustled, but disturbed his footing as well, he was never discouraged. A more violent jerk than usual sometimes startled him so that he bounded six or eight inches into the air in his surprise, but he instantly returned to the play, and never rested till he had picked holes, torn pieces out, and reduced it to a complete wreck.

All through the long winter this charming thrush, with his two neighbors, delighted the house with his peculiar and matchless music, and endeared himself by his gentle and lovely disposition. No harsh sound was ever heard from him; there was no intrusion upon the rights of others, and no vulgar quarrels disturbed his serene soul. But as spring began to stir his blood he changed a little; he grew somewhat belligerent, refused to let any one alight in his chosen places, and even drove others away from his side of the room. Now, too, he added to his already melting song an indescribable trill, something so spiritual, so charged with the wildness of the woods, that no words—even of a poet—can do it justice. Now, too, he began to turn longing glances out of the window, and evidently his heart was no longer with us. So, on the first perfect day in May he was taken to a secluded nook in a park and his door set open. His first flight was to a low tree, twenty feet from the silent spectator, who waited, anxious to see if his year's captivity had unfitted him for freedom.

Perching on the lowest branch, the thrush instantly crouched in an attitude of surprise and readiness for anything, which was common with him, his bill pointed up at an angle of forty-five degrees, head sunk in the shoulders, and tail standing out stiffly, thus forming a perfectly straight line from the point of his beak to the tip of his tail. There he stood, perfectly motionless, apparently not moving so much as an eyelid for twenty minutes, trying to realize what had happened to him, and in the patient, deliberate manner of a thrush to adjust himself to his new conditions. In the nook were silence and delicious odors of the woods; from a thick shrub on one side came the sweet erratic song of a cat-bird, and at a little distance the rich organ-tones of the wood-thrush. All these entered the soul of the emancipated bird; he listened, he looked, and at last he spoke, a low, soft "wee-o." That broke the spell, he drew himself up, hopped about the tree, flew to a shrub, all the time posturing and jerking wings and tail in extreme excitement and no doubt happiness to the tips of his toes. At last he dropped to the ground and fell to digging and revelling in the soft, loose earth with enthusiasm. The loving friend looking on was relieved; this was what she had waited for, to be assured that he knew where to look for supplies, and though she left his familiar dish full of food where he could see it in case of accident, she came away feeling that he had not been incapacitated for a free life by his months with her.

One more glimpse of him made it clear also that he could fly as well as his wild neighbors, and removed the last anxiety about him. A wood-thrush, after noticing the stranger for some minutes, finally braved the human presence and made a rush for the little fellow about half his size. Whether war or welcome moved him was not evident, for away they flew across the nook, not more than a foot apart, now sweeping low over the grass, then mounting higher to pass over the shrubs that defined it. A hundred feet or more the chase continued, and then the smaller bird dropped into a low bush, and the larger one passed on.

Then lonely, with empty cage and a happy heart-ache, his friend turned away and left the beautiful bird to his fate, assured that he was well able to supply his needs and to protect himself—in a word, to be free.

Franklin Benjamin Sanborn.

Born in Hampton Falls, N. H., 1831.

THE DEATH AND CHARACTER OF JOHN BROWN.

[*The Life and Letters of John Brown. Edited by F. B. Sanborn.* 1885.]

THE prison-life of Brown may be inferred from his letters; but there were sayings of his, during the month between his sentence and its execution, which have been reported by those who talked with him in his fetters. To Mrs. Spring, of New York, who obtained admission to his cell November 6, he said: "I do not now reproach myself for my failure; I did what I could. I think I cannot better serve the cause I love so much than to die for it; and in my death I may do more than in my life. The sentence they have pronounced against me does not disturb me in the least; this is not the first time I have looked death in the face. I sleep as peacefully as an infant; or if I am wakeful, glorious thoughts come to me, entertaining my mind. I do not believe I shall deny my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, in this prison or on the scaffold; but I should do so if I denied my principles against slavery. I have been trained to hardships," added Brown, "but I have one unconquerable weakness: I have always been more afraid of going into an evening party of ladies and gentlemen than of meeting a company of men with guns." An old Pennsylvania neighbor, Mr. Lowry, was permitted to see him in prison, and asked him about his Kansas campaigns. "Time and the honest verdict of posterity," said Brown, "will approve every act of mine to prevent slavery from being established in Kansas. I never shed the blood of a fellow-man except in self-defence or in promotion of a righteous cause." During this conversation Governor Wise was reviewing the Virginia militia near the prison, and the drums and trumpets made a great noise. His friend said: "Does this martial music annoy you?" "Not in the least," said Brown; "it is inspiring. Tell my friends without that I am cheerful." A son of Governor Wise soon after accompanied a Virginia colonel to Brown's cell, when the colonel asked him if he desired the presence of a clergyman to give him "the consolations of religion." Brown repeated what he had said to the Methodists—that he did not recognize as Christians any slaveholders or defenders of slavery, lay or clerical; adding that he would as soon be attended to the scaffold by "blacklegs" or robbers of the worst kind as by slaveholding ministers; if he had his choice he would rather be followed to his "public murder," as he termed his execution, by "barefooted, barelegged, ragged slave children and their old gray-headed slave mother," than by such clergymen. "I should feel much prouder of such an escort," he said, "and I wish I could have it." From this saying of his, several times repeated, no doubt arose the legend, that on his way to the gallows he took up a little slave-child, kissed it, and gave it back to its mother's arms. On the same day with this interview, Brown was again questioned concerning the Pottawatomie executions, and said, as he uniformly had done since that deed: "I did not kill any of those men, but I approved of their killing." He expressed pleasure that his body was ordered by Governor Wise to be delivered to his wife for burial at North Elba, and requested his jailer to assist Mrs. Brown, not only in this, but in getting together the remains of his sons and the other farmers of North Elba who had been slain at Harper's Ferry, for burial with him, expressing the wish that their bodies should be burned, and the bones and ashes conveyed to his Adirondack home. In regard to his own rescue from prison, he had previously said: "I doubt if I ought to encourage any attempt to save my life. I may be wrong, but I think that my great object will be nearer its accomplishment by my death than by my life. I must give some thought to this." Having reflected on it, he said a few days before his death: "I am sure my sons cannot look forward to my fate without some effort to rescue me; but this only in case I am allowed to remain in prison for some time with no more than ordinary precautions against escape. No such attempt will be made in view of the large military force now upon guard." In fact, he had intimated to his friends that he did not wish to be rescued, and it soon became evident to all, as it was directly revealed to Brown, that his death, like Samson's, was to be his last and greatest victory. . .

I pass over the farewell between Brown and his wife the day before his death; it was simple and heroic, in keeping with the character of both. They supped with the jailer in his own apartment; and thus, perhaps for the first time, the condemned man was allowed to leave his cell, after sentence and before the day of execution. Upon that morning, December 2, 1859, he was led from his cell to say farewell to his companions. . . . .

Meantime the soldiers of Virginia, more than two thousand in number, were mustered in the field where the gallows had been erected, with cannon and cavalry, and all the pomp of war. At eleven o'clock Brown came forth from his prison, walking firmly and cheerfully, and mounted the wagon which was to carry him to the scaffold. He sat beside his jailer, and cast his eyes over the town, the soldiery, the near fields, and the distant hills, behind which rose the mountains of the Blue Ridge. He glanced at the sun and sky, taking his leave of earth, and said to his companions: "This is a beautiful country; I have not cast my eyes over it before—that is, in this direction." Reaching the scaffold, he ascended the steps, and was the first to stand upon it,—erect and calm, and with a smile on his face. With his pinioned hands he took off his hat, cast it on the scaffold beside him, and thanked his jailer again for his kindness, submitting quietly to be closer pinioned and to have the cap drawn over his eyes and the rope adjusted to his neck. "I can't see, gentlemen," said he: "you must lead me;" and he was placed on the drop of the gallows. "I am ready at any time,—do not keep me waiting," were his last reported words. No dying speech was permitted to him, nor were the citizens allowed to approach the scaffold, which was surrounded only by militia. He desired to make no speech, but only to endure his fate with dignity and in silence. The ceremonies of his public murder were duly performed; and when his body had swung for nearly an hour on the gibbet, in sight of earth and heaven, for a witness against our nation, it was lowered to its coffin and delivered to his widow, who received and accompanied it through shuddering cities to the forest hillside where it lies buried. The most eloquent lips in America pronounced his funeral eulogy beside this grave; while in hundreds of cities and villages his death was sadly commemorated. The Civil War followed hard upon his execution; and the place of his capture and death became the frequent battle-ground of the fratricidal armies. Not until freedom was declared, and the slaves liberated as Brown had planned—by force—was victory assured to the cause of the country.

I knew John Brown well. He was what all his speeches, letters, and actions avouch him—a simple, brave, heroic person, incapable of anything selfish or base. But above and beyond these personal qualities, he was what we may best term an *historic* character; that is, he had, like Cromwell, a certain predestined relation to the political crisis of his time, for which his character fitted him, and which, had he striven against it, he could not avoid. Like Cromwell and all the great Calvinists, he was an unquestioning believer in God's foreordination and the divine guidance of human affairs. Of course, he could not rank with Cromwell or with many inferior men in leadership; but in this God-appointed, inflexible devotion to his object in life he was inferior to no man; and he rose in fame far above more gifted persons because of this very fixedness and simplicity of character. His renown is secure.

A few words may be given to the personal traits of this hero. When I first saw him, he was in his fifty-seventh year, and, though touched with age and its infirmities, was still vigorous and active, and of an aspect which would have made him distinguished anywhere among men who know how to recognize courage and greatness of mind. At that time he was close-shaven, and no flowing beard, as in later years, softened the expression of his firm wide mouth and positive chin. That beard, long and gray, which nearly all his portraits now show, added a picturesque finish to a face that was in all its features severe and masculine, yet with a latent tenderness. His eyes were those of an eagle—piercing blue-gray in color, not very large, looking out from under brows

"Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,"

and were alternately flashing with energy or drooping and hooded like the eyes of an eagle. His hair was dark-brown, sprinkled with gray, short and bristling, and shooting back from a forehead of middle height and breadth; his nose was aquiline; his ears large; his frame angular; his voice deep and metallic; his walk positive and intrepid, though commonly slow. His manner was modest, and in a large company diffident; he was by no means fluent of speech, but his words were always to the point, and his observations original, direct, and shrewd. His mien was serious and patient rather than cheerful; it betokened the "sad, wise valor" which Herbert praises; but, though earnest and often anxious, it was never depressed. In short, he was then, to the eye of insight, what he afterward seemed to the world—a brave and resolved man, conscious of a work laid upon him, and confident that he should accomplish it. His figure was tall, slender, and commanding; his bearing military; and his garb showed a singular blending of the soldier and the deacon. He had laid aside in Chicago the torn and faded summer garments which he wore throughout his Kansas campaign, and I saw him at one of those rare periods in his life when his clothes were new. He wore a complete suit of brown broadcloth or kerseymere, cut in the fashion of a dozen years before, and giving him the air of a respectable deacon in a rural parish. But instead of a collar he had on a high stock of patent leather, such as soldiers used to wear, a gray military overcoat with a cape, and a fur cap. He was, in fact, a Puritan soldier, such as were common in Cromwell's day, though not often seen since. Yet his heart was averse to bloodshed, gentle, tender, and devout. . . . . .

It is easy now to perceive the true mission of Brown, and to measure the force of the avalanche set in motion by him. But to the vision of genius and the illuminated moral sense this was equally perceptible in 1859-60; and it was declared, in words already cited, by Emerson, Alcott, and Thoreau. No less clearly and prophetically was it declared by Victor Hugo, and by the saintly pastor of Wayland, Edmond Sears. On the day of Brown's execution, and in the midst of the funeral services we were holding at Concord, Mr. Sears, who had made the opening prayer, wrote these lines in the Town Hall, where Brown had twice addressed the sons of those yeomen who fought at Concord Bridge:

"Not any spot six feet by two
Will hold a man like thee;
John Brown will tramp the shaking earth
From Blue Ridge to the sea,

Till the strong angel comes at last
And opes each dungeon door,
And God's Great Charter holds and waves
O'er all his humble poor.

"And then the humble poor will come
In that far-distant day,
And from the felon's nameless grave
They'll brush the leaves away;
And gray old men will point the spot
Beneath the pine-tree shade,
As children ask with streaming eyes
Where old John Brown is laid."

Although the course of events in America did not follow the exact line anticipated by the French republican, the general result was what he had foreseen—that the achievement and death of John Brown made future compromises between slavery and freedom impossible. What he did in Kansas for a single State, he did in Virginia for the whole nation—nay, for the whole world.

It has been sometimes asked in what way Brown performed this great work for the world, since he won no battle, headed no party, repealed no law, and could not even save his own life from an ignominious penalty. In this respect he resembled Socrates, whose position in the world's history is yet fairly established; and the parallel runs even closer. When Brown's friends urged upon him the desperate possibilities of a rescue, he gave no final answer, until at last came this reply,—that he "would not walk out of the prison if the door was left open." He added, as a personal reason for this choice, that his relations with Captain Avis, his jailer, were such that he should hold it a breach of trust to be rescued. There is an example even higher than that of Socrates, which history will not fail to hold up,—that Person of whom his slayers said: "He saved others; himself he cannot save."

Here is touched the secret of Brown's character,—absolute reliance on the Divine, entire disregard of the present, in view of the promised future.

James Phinney Baxter.

Born in Gorham, Me., 1831.

EBB.

[*Idyls of the Year.* 1884.]

I STAND at sunset watching
  The ebbing of the sea,
Hooded in sorrow, telling
  The beads of memory.

White wings in the distance flutter
  And disappear from sight;
A wreck's lank ribs, like spectres,
  On the beach stand stark and white.

They move! Nay, 'tis the seaweed
  Just stirred by the evening wind,
With which each slimy timber
  Is loathsomely entwined.

Ah, where are the shapes of beauty
  That once entranced my soul,
That sped with favoring breezes
  Toward their promised goal?

I strain my vision seaward—
  I see but a misty plain;
And into the heavens above me
  I peer, but all in vain.

I stretch my arms in silence—
  I clasp but senseless air;
I shout and get no answer,
  Though I die in my despair.

I list the soft, sweet rustle
  Of their silken sails to hear;
They are somewhere, surely somewhere,
  In this universal sphere.

But never a sound comes to me,
  But the moan of the sea on the shore;
I have learned its utterance plainly,
  "No more—no more—no more."

Ah, where are the shapes of beauty
  Which once entranced my soul,

Which sped with favoring breezes
  Toward their promised goal?

Shattered on reefs of coral,—
  Ah, treacherous reefs, so fair!—
Scattered on lonely beaches,
  And ledges sharp and bare;

Foundered in wastes unsounded,
  Burnt on some unknown sea,—
They are gone with all their treasures,
  Forever lost to me.

Rebecca Harding Davis.

BORN in Washington, Penn., 1831.

ON THE TRAPEZE.

[*"Balacchi Brothers."—Lippincott's Magazine.* 1872.]

A ROPE was suspended from the centre of the dome, the lower end of which I held, standing in the highest gallery opposite the stage. Above the stage hung the trapeze on which George and the two posture-girls were to be. At a certain signal I was to let the rope go, and George, springing from the trapeze across the full width of the dome, was to catch it in mid-air, a hundred feet above the heads of the people. You understand? The mistake of an instant of time on either his part or mine, and death was almost certain. The plan we had thought surest was for South to give the word, and then that both should count—One, Two, Three! At Three the rope fell, and he leaped. We had practised so often that we thought we counted as one man.

When the song was over the men hung the rope and trapeze. Jenny and Lou Slingsby swung themselves up to it, turned a few somersaults, and then were quiet. They were only meant to give effect to the scene in their gauzy dresses and spangles. Then South came forward and told the audience what we meant to do. It was a feat, he said, which had never been produced before in any theatre, and in which failure was death. No one but that most daring of all acrobats, Balacchi, would attempt it. Now, I knew South so well that I saw under all his confident, bragging tone he was more anxious and doubtful than he had ever been. He hesitated a moment, and then requested that after we took our places the audience should preserve absolute silence, and refrain from even the slightest movement until the feat was over. The merest trifle might distract the attention of the performers and render their eyes and hold unsteady, he said. He left the stage, and the music began.

I went round to take my place in the gallery. George had not yet left his room. As I passed I tapped at the door and called, "Good luck, old fellow!"

"That's certain now, Zack," he answered, with a joyous laugh. He was so exultant, you see, that Susy had come.

But the shadow of death seemed to have crept over me. When I took my stand in the lofty gallery, and looked down at the brilliant lights and the great mass of people, who followed my every motion as one man, and the two glittering, half-naked girls swinging in the distance, and heard the music rolling up thunders of sound, it was all ghastly and horrible to me, sir. Some men have such presentiments, they say: I never had before or since. South remained on the stage perfectly motionless, in order, I think, to maintain his control over the audience.

The trumpets sounded a call, and in the middle of a burst of triumphant music George came on the stage. There was a deafening outbreak of applause, and then a dead silence, but I think every man and woman felt a thrill of admiration of the noble figure. Poor George! the new, tight-fitting dress of purple velvet that he had bought for this night set off his white skin, and his fine head was bare, with no covering but the short curls that Susy liked.

It was for Susy! He gave one quick glance up at her, and a bright, boyish smile, as if telling her not to be afraid, which all the audience understood, and answered by an involuntary, long-drawn breath. I looked at Susy. The girl's colorless face was turned to George, and her hands were clasped as though she saw him already dead before her; but she could be trusted, I saw. *She* would utter no sound. I had only time to glance at her, and then turned to my work. George and I dared not take our eyes from each other.

There was a single bugle note, and then George swung himself up to the trapeze. The silence was like death as he steadied himself and slowly turned so as to front me. As he turned he faced the stage-box for the first time. He had reached the level of the posture-girls, who fluttered on either side, and stood on the swaying rod poised on one foot, his arms folded, when in the breathless stillness there came a sudden cry and the words, "Oh, Charley! Charley!"

Even at the distance where I stood I saw George start and a shiver pass over his body. He looked wildly about him.

"To me! to me!" I shouted.

He fixed his eye on mine and steadied himself. There was a terrible silent excitement in the people, in the very air.

There was the mistake. We should have stopped then, shaken as he was, but South, bewildered and terrified, lost control of himself: he gave the word.

I held the rope loose—held George with my eyes—

One!

I saw his lips move: he was counting with me.

Two!

His eye wandered, turned to the stage-box.

Three!

Like a flash, I saw the white upturned faces below me, the posture-girls' gestures of horror, the dark springing figure through the air, that wavered—and fell a shapeless mass on the floor.

There was a moment of deathlike silence, and then a wild outcry—women fainting, men cursing and crying out in that senseless, helpless way they have when there is sudden danger. By the time I had reached the floor they had straightened out his shattered limbs, and two or three doctors were fighting their way through the great crowd that was surging about him.

Well, sir, at that moment what did I hear but George's voice above all the rest, choked and hollow as it was, like a man calling out of the grave: "The women! Good God! don't you see the women?" he gasped.

Looking up then, I saw those miserable Slingsbys hanging on to the trapeze for life. What with the scare and shock, they'd lost what little sense they had, and there they hung helpless as limp rags high over our heads.

"Damn the Slingsbys!" said I. God forgive me! But I saw this battered wreck at my feet that had been George. Nobody seemed to have any mind left. Even South stared stupidly up at them and then back at George. The doctors were making ready to lift him, and half of the crowd were gaping in horror, and the rest yelling for ladders or ropes, and scrambling over each other, and there hung the poor flimsy wretches, their eyes starting out of their heads from horror, and their lean fingers loosing their hold every minute. But, sir—I couldn't help it—I turned from them to watch George as the doctors lifted him.

"It's hardly worth while," whispered one.

But they raised him and, sir—the body went one way and the legs another.

I thought he was dead. I couldn't see that he breathed, when he opened his eyes and looked up for the Slingsbys. "Put me down," he said, and the doctors obeyed him. There was that in his voice that they had to obey him, though it wasn't but a whisper.

"Ladders are of no use," he said. "Loper!"

"Yes, George."

"You can swing yourself up. Do it."

I went. I remember the queer stunned feeling I had: my joints moved like a machine.

When I had reached the trapeze, he said, as cool as if he were calling the figures for a Virginia reel: "Support them, you—Loper. Now, lower the trapeze, men—carefully!"

It was the only way their lives could be saved, and he was the only man to see it. He watched us until the girls touched the floor more dead than alive, and then his head fell back and the life seemed to go suddenly out of him like the flame out of a candle, leaving only the dead wick.

Mary Louise Booth.

Born in Millville, now Yaphank, N. Y., 1831. Died in New York, N. Y., 1889.

NEW YORK AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

[*History of the City of New York.* 1859.—*Revised Edition.* 1880.]

NEW YORK CITY occupied a peculiar position at the outset of the conflict. It cannot be denied that her most fervent wish was peace. By her commercial position, as the great centre of the United States, she had been brought into constant intercourse with the people of the insurgent section, and entertained the most friendly feeling for them as individuals, much as she deprecated their public action. Again, she foresaw that in case of war she would not only lose heavily, but would also be obliged to bear the brunt of battle, and to furnish the money, without which it would be impossible to prosecute the conflict. It was natural, therefore, that her citizens should be unanimous in exhausting their resources to preserve peace, from different motives, it is true. We speak of New York collectively, but it must not be forgotten that there are two New Yorks: Political New York, by which the city is usually judged, and which comprises its so-called rulers; and Civil New York, made up of its native-born citizens, who, outnumbered by a foreign majority, honor the law of majorities, obedience to which they demand from others, pay the taxes that are imposed on them, and hold the wealth which enables the city to sustain its position as the western metropolis. Of these, the dominant party, headed by Mayor Wood, desired peace at any price; another large class, composed chiefly of the men of wealth, were willing to make all possible concessions to avoid the war, of which they knew that they must pay the cost; and a third party believed that compromises enough had been made, and that the country should brave the issue. Yet all met on the common ground of the preservation of the Union. Scarcely the shadow of a disposition was anywhere manifested to interfere with the existing institutions of the South, which many deplored, but which most regarded as a painful necessity, beyond the reach of outside interference. Therefore, when, after Mr. Lincoln's election, menacing events followed thick and fast, New York at first put forth her efforts to avert the tempest. Floyd's huge robbery, the withdrawal of the South Carolina senators, the secession of their State, followed by that of others, and the seizure of the public property, caused universal consternation; yet men still clung to the belief that the difficulty would be settled. The attempted secession of the States, indeed, had drawn in a few of the ultra members of the Democratic party, among whom was the mayor, who, on the 7th of January, 1861, sent a message to the Common Council setting forth the advantages that would accrue to New York should she also secede from the Union and become a free city. It is just to say, however, that he did not formally recommend secession. The suggestion was scouted with indignation. Why, it was asked, should not Manhattanville, Yorkville, and Harlem secede in turn, and where would be the end? Four days after, on the 11th of January, the State Legislature passed a series of resolutions, tendering to the President "whatever aid in men and money might be required to enable him to enforce the laws and uphold the authority of the Federal Government," and on the 15th instant, Major-General Sandford offered the services of the whole First Division of the Militia of New York in support of the United States authority.

New York City, nevertheless, determined to make one more effort to avert the horrors of war. A memorial in favor of compromise measures was circulated. On the 18th of January a large meeting of merchants was held at the Chamber of Commerce, where a similar memorial was adopted, which was sent to Washington in February, with forty thousand names appended. On the 28th of January an immense Union meeting was held at the Cooper Institute, when it was resolved to send three commissioners to the conventions of the people of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi, to confer with the delegates of these States, assembled in convention, in regard to the measures best calculated to restore the peace and integrity of the Union. The Crittenden compromise was suggested in these meetings as a basis of pacification. . . . .

The uprising that followed the fall of Fort Sumter was unparalleled. The peaceful attitude of New York had led it to be supposed that she would cast her fortunes with the South, or at all events stand aloof from the contest. Never was there a greater mistake. The crisis come, she nerved her energies to meet it, and from that hour to the close of the struggle her citizens never faltered nor withheld their blood and treasure. Those who had been most anxious for peace now vied with each other in asserting their determination to preserve the Union, and the mayor, who just before had urged the advantages of secession, issued a proclamation calling on all the citizens to unite in defence of the country. On the day after the evacuation of Fort Sumter, President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men, to serve for three months, the quota for New York being thirteen thousand. The New York Legislature instantly responded by passing an act authorizing the enlistment of thirty thousand men, for two years instead of three months, and appropriating three million dollars for the war. The State, nevertheless, like the country, was almost defenceless; its arms had rusted in the half a century of peace that had gone by, and of its twenty thousand regular militia, only eight thousand had muskets or rifles fit for service, while its whole supply of field-pieces amounted to but one hundred and fifty. Steps were taken to supply the deficiency; the regiments prepared to march; the recruiting offices that were everywhere opened were seen thronged with thousands eager to enlist, and those were envied who were first accepted. And these volunteers did not come from the dregs of the people; the majority were young men of family and fortune, who held it an honor to serve as private soldiers in their country's cause.

Edwin Lawrence Godkin.

Born in Moyne, County Wicklow, Ireland, 1831.

HEROIC CONFLICT OF DEMOCRACY WITH SCIENTIFIC LAW.

[*An American View of Popular Government.—The Nineteenth Century.* 1886.]

I BELIEVE the doctrine of the survival of the fittest has, as a matter of fact, met with even fiercer opposition from the religious well-to-do middle class and from the clergy than from the unfortunate "multitude." But it is a doctrine which must needs be unpopular—if unpopular means disagreeable—with all but the very successful, that is, with the great majority of the human race. The survival of the fittest has ever been and must ever be an odious sight to the unfit or the less fit, who see that they cannot survive. Sir Henry Maine's reproach, that they do not accept it cheerfully, reminds one of Frederick the Great's savage reproof to his flying troops: "*Hunde, wollte ihr ewig leben?*" In asking the multitude to take to it kindly, Sir Henry asks something which has always been beyond human powers. There is no doctrine with which the race is more familiar in practice than the doctrine that the strongest must have the best of it, which is really Darwin's doctrine expressed in terms of politics. The progress of civilization under all forms of government has consisted simply in making such changes in the environment of the multitude as will increase the number of the fittest. That it has been well to strive for this end; that it has been well to try to make a country like England a place in which twenty-eight millions can dwell in comfort on soil which seventy years ago only supported ten millions in comparative misery, has been for ages the opinion of the wisest and best men under the old monarchies. Possibly they were wrong. Possibly it ought to have been the policy of rulers not only to see that the fittest survived, but that their number was kept down. But is it not asking too much of the multitude to ask them to take a totally new view of the conditions of man's struggle with nature? The great aim of the political art has hitherto been to protect man in some degree from the remorseless working of the laws of the physical universe, to save him from cold, from heat, from savage beasts, from the unwillingness of the earth to yield him her fruits and the sea its fish. All its successes have to some extent increased the number of the fittest. It has filled West Europe with a population which conservative observers like Sir Henry Maine two centuries ago would certainly have declared it incapable of maintaining. Can we possibly expect Democracy to give up the game as soon as it comes into power, and bid the weaklings of the race prepare for extinction? Emigration, which he treats as an acceptance of the Darwinian doctrine, is, of course, in reality simply a transfer of the struggle for survival to another arena. The law of population works everywhere, and with increasing severity, other things being equal, as the population increases. Sending the unfit to New Zealand or Dakota is not a whit more scientific than sending them to till English moors. There is no escape for them anywhere from the battle with the fittest; but any abandonment of the effort to protract their existence and make it more tolerable would mean the stoppage of civilization itself. Democracy may make mistakes in this work, and may attempt more than it can accomplish, but energy in the work and devotion to it is after all what distinguishes a civilized community from a savage one. There is no more reason why the bulk of the race should fold its arms in the presence of the theory of population than in the presence of the great fact of mortality. How many people a given piece of land will maintain and comfort, whether only the number settled on it by "historical causes" or a larger one, is something which can be only ascertained by intelligent experiment. All causes, too, which settle a man on a farm become "historical" after a while; but whether it is well for him to remain there is something only to be learned by experience. The theory of population does not necessarily prescribe emigration when people begin to find it hard to get a living off the land on which they were born, or on which they have settled, but it does prescribe better modes of cultivation and smaller families.

I am not prepared to argue that democratic societies will always accept the conclusions of science with meekness and submission. One sees, I admit, in our own time a good deal to warrant the fear that democratic ignorance will fight unpleasant and inconvenient truths with the pertinacity with which monarchical and aristocratic ignorance has always fought them; and that they will have to owe their triumph in the future, as they have owed it in the past, not to any particular distribution of the political sovereignty, but to the intellectual impulse which has carried the race out of the woods and the caves, and given it its great discoverers and inventors.

SOME POLITICAL AND SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE TARIFF.

[*The New Princeton Review.* 1887.]

THE problem which protectionists have to solve, touching the relations of the Government to industry in this country, would seem to be the production of a tariff which nobody will attack—a very difficult task, we must all admit, if it is to be such a tariff as extreme protectionists really desire. As long as there exist, about the amount of protection needed, the doubt and mystery which we now witness; as long as the classes for whose protection the tariff is intended are as numerous and as clamorous as they now are, it will be impossible to satisfy them all by any protective tariff whatever. There is only one rule known to us by which a tariff can really be measured and defended. If the principle of raising duties for revenue only were once adopted, every one would know at a glance how high the tariff ought to be. There might be disputes about the distribution of its burdens among different commodities, but there would be none about the sum it ought to bring in. If there were in any year a surplus, every one would agree that the tariff ought to be lowered. If there were a deficit, every one would agree that it ought to be raised. We should thus, at least, get rid of the perennial contention about the weight of the duties, and we should no longer be dependent for stability on the wisdom of Congress.

Now let me consider another, and, from a social point of view, perhaps the most important, aspect of the tariff question. Can any one find, in the work of any American author, or in the speech of any American orator—I mean, of the free States—prior to the civil war, any intimation that we should have, fully developed on American soil, within the present century, what has long been known in Europe as "the labor question"? . . . In 1860 nobody here was seriously troubled by the condition or expectations of the working classes. In fact, Americans were not in the habit of thinking of working-men as a class at all. An American citizen who wrought with his hands in any calling was looked on, like other American citizens, as a man who had his fortunes in his own keeping, and whose judgment alone decided in what manner they could be improved. Nobody thought of him as being in a special degree the protégé of the State. In fact, the idea that he had a special and peculiar claim on State protection was generally treated as a piece of Gallic folly, over which Anglo-Saxons could well afford to smile. There was no mention of the free laborer in political platforms at that day, except as an illustration to Southern slave-holders of the blessings of which their pride and folly deprived their own society.

We have changed all this very much. Under the stimulation of the war tariff, not only has there been an enormous amount of capital invested in industrial enterprises of various sorts; not only have mills and furnaces and mines and protected interests of all sorts greatly multiplied, but there has appeared in great force, and for the first time on American soil, the dependent, state-managed laborer of Europe, who declines to take care of himself in the old American fashion. When he is out of work, or does not like his work, he looks about, and asks his fellow-citizens sullenly, if not menacingly, what they are going to do about it. He has brought with him, too, what is called "the labor problem," probably the most un-American of all the problems which American society has to work over to-day. . . . .

Now, this labor problem, which so many statesmen and philanthropists and economists are trying their teeth on, is every day made more difficult, every day further removed from solution, by that fatal lesson of government responsibility for the condition of a particular class of a community, which every believer in high tariffs, every manufacturer who depends on the tariff, is compelled to preach. Of all the novelties which the last twenty-five years have introduced into American politics and society, decidedly the most dangerous is the practice of telling large bodies of ignorant and excitable voters at every election that their daily bread depends not on their own capacity or industry or ingenuity, or on the capacity or industry or ingenuity of their employers, but on the good-will of the Legislature, or, worse still, on the good-will of the Administration. In other words, the "tariff issue," as it is called in every canvass, is an issue filled with the seeds of social trouble and perplexity. . . . .

The truth is, that the first field ever offered for seeing what the freedom of the individual could accomplish, in the art of growing rich and of diversifying industry, was offered on this continent. It was blessed with the greatest variety of soil and climate, with the finest ports and harbors, with the greatest extent of inland navigation, with the richest supply of minerals, of any country in the world. The population was singularly daring, hardy, ingenious, and self-reliant, and untrammelled by feudal tradition. That opportunity has, under the protective system, been temporarily allowed to slip away. The old European path has been entered on, under the influence of the old European motives; the belief that gold is the only wealth; that, in trading with a foreigner, unless you sell him more in specie value than he sells you, you lose by the transaction; that diversity of industry being necessary to sound progress, diversity of individual tastes, bent, and capacity cannot be depended on to produce it; that manufactures being necessary to make the nation independent of foreigners in time of war, individual energy and sagacity cannot be trusted to create them.

The result is that we have, during the last quarter of a century, deliberately resorted to the policy of forcing capital into channels into which it did not naturally flow. We thus have supplied ourselves with manufactures on a large scale, but in doing so we have brought society in most of the large towns, in the East, at least, back to the old European model, divided largely into two classes, the one great capitalists, the other day-laborers, living from hand to mouth, and dependent for their bread and butter on the constant maintenance by the Government of artificial means of support. Agriculture has in this way been destroyed in some of the Eastern States, and, what is worse, so has commerce.

Had individuals in America been left to their own devices in the matter of building up manufactures, it is possible that the gross production of the country in many branches would have been less than it is now; but it is very certain that American society would have been in a healthier condition, and American industry would have been "taken out of politics," or, rather, would never have got into it. An agricultural population, such as that of the Northern States sixty years ago, was sure not to confine itself to one field of industry exclusively. Enterprise and activity, love of work and love of trying all kinds of work, were as marked features of the national character then as they are now. The

American population could boast of much greater superiority over the European population than it can now. There was sure, therefore, to have been a constant overflow from the farms of the most quick-witted, sharp-sighted, and enterprising men of the community, for the creation of new manufactures. They would have toiled, contrived, invented, copied, until they had brought into requisition and turned to account—as, in fact, they did to a considerable extent in colonial days—one by one, all the resources of the country, all its advantages over other countries in climate, soil, water-power, in minerals, or mental or moral force. Whatever manufactures were thus built up, too, would have been built up forever. They would have needed no hot-house legislation to save them. They would have flourished as naturally and could have been counted on with as much certainty as the wheat crop or the corn crop. Instead of being a constant source of uncertainty and anxiety and legislative corruption, they would have been one of the mainstays of our social and political system. American manufactures would then, in short, have been the legitimate outgrowth of American agriculture. They would have grown as it grew, in just and true relations to it. They would have absorbed steadily and comfortably its surplus population, and the American ideas of man's capacity, value, and needs would have reigned in the regulation of the new industry.

The present state of things is one which no thinking man can contemplate without concern. If the protectionist policy is persisted in, the process of assimilating American society to that of Europe must go on. The accumulation of capital in the hands of comparatively few individuals and corporations must continue and increase. Larger and larger masses of the population must every day be reduced to the condition of day laborers, living from hand to mouth on fixed wages, contracting more and more the habit of looking on their vote simply as a mode of raising or lowering their wages, and, what is worse than all, learning to consider themselves a class apart, with rights and interests opposed to, or different from, those of the rest of the community.

What, then, is to be done by way of remedy? Nothing can be done suddenly; much can be done slowly. We must retrace our steps by degrees, by taking the duties off raw materials, so as to enable those manufactures which are nearly able to go alone, to get out of the habit of dependence on legislation, and to go forth into all the markets of the world without fear and with a manly heart. We must deprive those manufactures which are able to go alone already of the protection which they now receive, as the reward of log-rolling in Congress, in aid of those still weaker than themselves. And we must finally, if it be possible, by a persistent progress in the direction of a truly natural state of things, prepare both laborers and employers for that real independence of foreigners which is the result, simply and solely, of native superiority, either in energy or industry or inventiveness or in natural advantages.

John Antrobus.

Born in Walsall, Warwickshire, England, 1831. Came to America, 1849.

THE COWBOY.

[*Composed while at work upon his Painting, "The Cowboy."* 1886.]

"WHAT care I, what cares he,
What cares the world of the life we know?
Little they reck of the shadowless plains,
The shelterless mesa, the sun and the rains,
The wild, free life, as the winds that blow."
With his broad sombrero,
His worn chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

Ruddy and brown—careless and free—
A king in the saddle—he rides at will
O'er the measureless range where rarely change
The swart gray plains so weird and strange,
Treeless, and streamless, and wondrous still!
With his slouch sombrero,
His torn chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

He of the towns, he of the East,
Has only a vague, dull thought of him;
In his far-off dreams the cowboy seems
A mythical thing, a thing he deems
A Hun or a Goth as swart and grim!
With his stained sombrero,
His rough chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

Often alone, his saddle a throne,
He scans like a sheik the numberless herd;
Where the buffalo-grass and the sage-grass dry
In the hot white glare of a cloudless sky,
And the music of streams is never heard.
        With his gay sombrero,
        His brown chapparejos,
          And clinking spurs,
        Like a Centaur he speeds,
        Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

Swift and strong, and ever alert,
Yet sometimes he rests on the dreary vast;
And his thoughts, like the thoughts of other men,
Go back to his childhood days again,
And to many a loved one in the past.
        With his gay sombrero,
        His rude chapparejos,
          And clinking spurs,
        He rests awhile,
        With a tear and a smile,
Then he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

Sometimes his mood from solitude
Hurries him, heedless, off to the town!
Where mirth and wine through the goblet shine,
And treacherous sirens twist and twine
The lasso that often brings him down;
        With his soaked sombrero,
        His rent chapparejos,
          And clinking spurs,
        He staggers back
        On the homeward track,
And shouts to the plains—who cares, who cares!

On his broncho's back he sways and swings,
Yet mad and wild with the city's fume;
His pace is the pace of the song he sings,
And the ribald oath that maudlin clings
Like the wicked stench of the harlot's room.
        With his ragged sombrero,
        His torn chapparejos,
          His rowel-less spurs,
        He dashes amain
        Through the trackless rain;
Reeling and reckless—who cares, who cares!

'Tis over late at the ranchman's gate—
He and his fellows, perhaps a score,

Halt in a quarrel o'er night begun,
With a ready blow and a random gun—
There's a dead, dead comrade! nothing more.
        With his slouched sombrero,
        His dark chapparejos,
          And clinking spurs,
        He dashes past,
        With face o'ercast,
And growls in his throat—who cares, who cares!

Away on the range there is little change;
He blinks in the sun, he herds the steers;
But a trail on the wind keeps close behind,
And whispers that stagger and blanch the mind
Through the hum of the solemn noon he hears.
        With his dark sombrero,
        His stained chapparejos,
          His clinking spurs,
        He sidles down
        Where the grasses brown
May hide his face, while he sobs—who cares!

But what care I, and what cares he—
This is the strain, common at least;
He is free and vain of his bridle-rein,
Of his spurs, of his gun, of the dull, gray plain;
He is ever vain of his broncho beast!
        With his gray sombrero,
        His brown chapparejos,
          And clinking spurs,
        Like a Centaur he speeds,
        Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

Amelia Edith Barr.

Born in Ulverton, Lancashire, England, 1831.

ON A CLIFF BY NIGHT.

[*Jan Vedder's Wife.* 1885.]

ONE night, after another useless effort to see his wife, Jan went to Torr's, and found Hol Skager there. Jan was in a reckless mood, and the thought of a quarrel was pleasant to him. Skager was inclined to humor him. They had many old grievances to go over, and neither of them picked their words. At length Jan struck Skager across the mouth, and Skager instantly drew his knife.

In a moment Torr and others had separated the men. Skager was persuaded to leave the house, and Jan, partly by force and partly by entreaty, detained. Skager was to sail at midnight, and Torr was determined that Jan should not leave the house until that hour was passed. Long before it, he appeared to have forgotten the quarrel, to be indeed too intoxicated to remember anything. Torr was satisfied, but his daughter Suneva was not.

About ten o'clock, Snorro, sitting in the back door of the store, saw Suneva coming swiftly towards him. Ere he could speak she said: "Skager and Jan have quarrelled and knives have been drawn. If thou knowest where Skager is at anchor, run there, for I tell thee there was more of murder than liquor in Jan's eyes this night. My father thought to detain him, but he hath slipped away, and thou may be sure he has gone to find Skager."

Snorro only said: "Thou art a good woman, Suneva." He thought he knew Skager's harbor; but when he got there, neither boat nor man was to be seen. Skager's other ground was two miles in an opposite direction under the Troll Rock, and not far from Peter Fae's house. Snorro hastened there at his utmost speed. He was in time to see Skager's boat, half a mile out at sea, sailing southward. Snorro's mental processes were slow. He stood still to consider, and as he mused, the solemn stillness of the lonely place was broken by a low cry of pain. It was Jan's voice. Among a thousand voices Snorro would have known it. In a few moments he had found Jan, prone upon the cliff edge, bleeding from a wound in his side.

He was still sensible, and he smiled at Snorro, saying slowly: "Thou must not be sorry. It is best so."

Most fishermen know something of the treatment of a knife-wound; Snorro staunched the blood-flow, as well as he was able, and then with gigantic strides went to Peter Fae's. Margaret sat spinning beside her baby's cradle, Peter had gone to bed, Thora dozed at the fireside.

The impatience of his knock and voice alarmed the women, but when Margaret heard it was Snorro's voice, she quickly unfastened the door.

"Is the store burning?" she asked angrily, "that thou comest in such hot haste?"

"Thy husband has been murdered. Take thou water and brandy, and go as quick as thou canst run to the Troll's Rock. He lies there. I am going for the doctor."

"Why did thou come here, Michael Snorro? Ever art thou a messenger of ill. I will not go."

"Go thou at once, or I will give thee a name thou wilt shudder to hear. I will give it to thee at kirk, or market, or wherever I meet thee."

Snorro fled to the town, almost in uttering the words, and Thora, who had at once risen to get the water and the brandy, put them into her daughter's hands. "There is no time now for talking. I will tell thy father and send him after thee. Shall we have blood on our souls? All of us?"

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Art thou a woman? I tell thee, haste."

"I dare not—oh, my child! I will wake father."

"I command thee to go—this moment."

Then, almost in a passion, Margaret went. The office of mercy had been forced upon her. She had not been permitted to consider her own or her child's interest. No one had thought of her feelings in the matter. When she reached Jan's side she was still indignant at the peremptory way in which she had been treated.

He felt her there, rather than saw her. "*Margaret!*" he said feebly, "*Margaret! At last!*"

"Yes," she answered in bitter anger, "at last. Hast thou called me to see thy shameful end? A name full of disgrace thou leaves to me and to thy son."

"Forgive me—I am sorry. Forgive!"

"I will not forgive thee. No woman injured as I have been can forgive."

His helplessness did not touch her. Her own wrongs and the wrongs of her child filled her heart. She was determined that at this hour he should at least understand their full enormity, and she spoke with all the rapid bitterness of a slow, cold nature, wrought up to an unnatural passion. In justifying herself she forgot quite that she had been sent to succor him until help arrived. She was turning away when Jan, in a voice full of misery, uttered one word:

"Water!"

Something womanly in her responded to the pitiful, helpless cry. She went back, and kneeling by his side, put the bottle to his mouth. The touch of his head upon her arm stirred her strangely; ere she let it slip from her hold, he had fainted.

"Oh Jan! Jan! Jan! My husband! My husband! Oh Jan, dear, forgive me! Jan, I am here! It is thy Margaret! I still love thee! Yes, indeed, I love thee!—"

But it was too late. There was no response. She looked in horror and terror at the white face at her feet. Then she fled back to the house for help. Whether her father liked it or not, Jan must now be brought there. In that last moment she had forgiven him everything. All the love of her betrothal had come like a great wave over her heart. "Poor Jan! Poor Jan!" she sobbed, as she fled like a deer across the moor.

Peter had been roused and had reluctantly dressed himself. In such an hour of extremity he would have to give the wounded man shelter if he were brought there. But he tarried as long as possible, hoping that Snorro would remove Jan and take him into the town. To be roused from sleep to confront such a problem of duty was a very unpleasant affair, and Peter was sulkily tying his shoe-strings when Margaret, breathless and sobbing, returned for him.

Her impetuosity and her emotion quite mastered him. She compelled him to go with her to Jan. But when they reached the Troll Rock Jan had disappeared. There was nothing there but the blue sailor's cap which he had worn. No human being was in sight. Any party of relief brought by Snorro could be seen for a mile. Margaret picked up the cap, and gazed at it in a maze of anguish. Only one thing could have happened. During her absence consciousness had returned to Jan, and he, poor soul, remembering her cruel words, and seeing that she had left him there alone to die, had purposely edged himself over the cliff. The sea was twenty feet deep below it. She put her hands before her eyes, and shrieked until the welkin rang with her shrill, piercing cries. Peter could do nothing with her, she would not listen to him, and finally she became so frantically hysterical that he was alarmed for her life and reason, and had little opportunity that night to make any inquiries about his troublesome son-in-law.

Now, when God will help a man, He hath his own messenger. That night, Doctor Balloch sat in the open door of his house. This door was at the end of a little jetty to which his skiff was tied; and the whole expanse of the beautiful bay was before him. It was covered with boats, idly drifting about under the exquisite sky. Light ripples of laughter, and sweet echoes of song upon the waters, drifted toward him. He had read his evening portion, and he sat watching the flickering lights of the changing aurora. The portion had been the Nineteenth Psalm, and he was wishing that the Sweet Singer of Israel, who thought the Judean heavens "declared the glory of God," could have seen the Shetland skies.

Suddenly, and peremptorily, a voice encompassed him—a soft, penetrating voice, that came like the wind, he knew not how or whence: "Take thy boat and go to the Troll Rock." He rose at once and went to the end of the jetty. The sea, darkly blue, was smooth as glass, the air clear, the majestic headlands imparting to the scene a solemn cathedral grandeur. He strove to shake off the strange impression, but it grew stronger and more imperative, and he said softly, as if answering some one: "I will go."

He returned to the house and called his servant Hamish. Hamish and he lived alone, and had done so for more than thirty years, and they thoroughly trusted each other.

"Untie the boat, Hamish. We are going for a row. We will go as far as Troll Rock."

This rock projected over the sea, which flowed into a large cave under it; a cave which had long been a favorite hiding-place for smuggled cargoes. But when the minister reached it, all was silence. Hamish looked at his master curiously. What could he mean by resting on his oars and watching so desolate and dangerous a place? Very soon both were aware of a human voice—the confused, passionate echoes of Margaret's above them; and these had not long ceased when Jan Vedder fell from the rock into the water.

"This man is to be saved, Hamish; it is what we have come for." Hamish quietly slipped into the water, and when Jan, speechless and insensible, rose to the surface, he caught him with one arm and swam with him to the boat. In another moment he was in the bottom of it, and when he came to himself, his wound had been dressed, and he was in the minister's own bed.

"Now, thou wilt do well enough, Jan, only thou must keep quiet body and mind."

"Tell no one I am here. Thou wilt do that for me? Yes, thou wilt. Let them think I am at the bottom of the Troll Rock—for God's sake."

"I will tell no one, Jan. Thou art safe here; be at perfect rest about that matter."

Of course the minister thought Jan had committed some crime. It was natural for every one to suspect Jan of doing wrong. But the fact that he had been sent so obviously to save him was, in the doctor's mind, an evidence of the divine interest in the youth which he was glad to share. He had been appointed his preserver, and already he loved him. He fully trusted Hamish, but he thought it well to say to him:

"We will speak to no one of our row to the Troll Rock, Hamish."

"Does Hamish ever talk, master?"

"No, thou art a wise man; but here there is more to guide than I yet understand."

"Look nor word of mine shall hinder it."

For four days the doctor stayed near Jan, and never left his house. "I will be quiet and let the news find me," he thought. It came into the manse kitchen in various forms. Hamish received every version of the story with that grave shake of the head which fits so admirably every requirement of sympathy. "It was all a great pity," was his most lengthy comment; but then Hamish never exceeded half a dozen words on any subject.

On the fourth evening, which was Saturday, Peter Fae sent this message to the minister: "Wilt thou come down to my store for the good of a wretched soul?" It was then getting late, and Peter stood in his shop-door alone. He pointed to Michael Snorro, who sat in a corner on some seal-skins in a stupor of grief.

"He hath neither eaten nor slept since. It is pitiful. Thou knowest he never had too much sense—"

"I know very clever men who are fools, besides Michael Snorro. Go thy ways home. I will do what I can for him—only, it had been kinder had thou sent for me ere this."

He went to Snorro and sat down beside him. "Thou wilt let me speak to thee, Snorro. I come in God's name. Is it Jan?"

"Yes, it is Jan. My Jan, my Jan, my friend! the only one that ever loved me. Jan! Jan! Jan!" He said the last words in an intense whisper. It seemed as if his heart would break with each.

"Is Jan's loss all thy grief, Snorro?"

"Nay, there is more. Hast thou found it out?"

"I think so. Speak to me."

"I dare not speak it."

"It is as sinful to think it. I am thy true friend. I come to comfort thee. Speak to me, Snorro."

Then he lifted his face. It was overspread by an expression of the greatest awe and sorrow:

"It is also my Lord Christ. He hath deceived me. He said to me, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do.' I asked him always, every hour, to take care of Jan. If I was packing the eggs, or loading the boats, or eating my dinner, my heart was always praying. When Jan was at sea, I asked, 'take care of him'; when he was at Torr's, I prayed then the more, 'dear Lord Christ, take care of him.' I was praying for him that night, *at the very hour he perished.* I can pray no more now. What shall I do?"

"Art thou sure thou prayed for the right thing?"

"He said, 'whatsoever.' Well, then, I took him at his word. Oh yes, I believed every word He said. At the last, I thought, He will surely save Jan. I will pray till his time comes. He will not deceive a poor soul like me, for He knows right well that Snorro loves him."

"And so thou thinkest that Christ Jesus who died for thee hath deceived thee?"

"Well, then, He hath forgotten."

"Nay, nay, Snorro. He never forgets. Behold He has graven thy name upon his hands. Not on the mountains, for they shall depart;

not on the sun, for it shall grow dark; not on the skies, for they shall melt with fervent heat; but on *his own hand*, Snorro. Now come with me, and I will show thee whether Lord Christ heard thee praying or not, and I will tell thee how He sent me, his servant always, to answer thy prayer. I tell thee at the end of all this thou shalt surely say: 'There hath not failed one word of all his good promise, which He promised.'"

Then he lifted Michael's cap and gave it to him, and they locked the store-door, and in silence they walked together to the manse. For a few minutes he left Snorro alone in the study. There was a large picture in it of Christ upon the cross. Michael had never dreamed of such a picture. When the minister came back he found him standing before it, with clasped hands and streaming eyes.

"Can thou trust him, Michael?"

"Unto death, sir."

"Come; tread gently. He sleeps."

Wondering and somewhat awestruck Michael followed the doctor into the room where Jan lay. One swift look from the bed to the smiling face of Jan's saviour was all Michael needed. He clasped his hands above his head, and fell upon his knees, and when the doctor saw the rapture in his face, he understood the transfiguration, and how this mortal might put on immortality.

THE OLD PIANO.

HOW still and dusky is the long-closed room!
What lingering shadows and what faint perfume
Of Eastern treasures!—sandal wood and scent
With nard and cassia and with roses blent.
Let in the sunshine.
Quaint cabinets are here, boxes and fans,
And hoarded letters full of hopes and plans.
I pass them by. I came once more to see
The old piano, dear to memory,
In past days mine.

Of all sad voices from forgotten years,
Its is the saddest; see what tender tears
Drop on the yellow keys as, soft and slow,
I play some melody of long ago.
How strange it seems!
The thin, weak notes that once were rich and strong
Give only now the shadow of a song—

The dying echo of the fuller strain
That I shall never, never hear again,
Unless in dreams.

What hands have touched it! Fingers small and white,
Since stiff and weary with life's toil and fight;
Dear clinging hands that long have been at rest,
Folded serenely on a quiet breast.
Only to think,
O white, sad notes, of all the pleasant days,
The happy songs, the hymns of holy praise,
The dreams of love and youth, that round you cling!
Do they not make each sighing, trembling string
A mighty link?

All its musicians gone beyond recall.
The beautiful, the loved, where are they all?
Each told its secrets, touched its keys and wires
To thoughts of many colors and desires,
With whispering fingers.
All are silent now, the farewell said,
The last song sung, the last tear sadly shed;
Yet love has given it many dreams to keep
In this lone room, where only shadows creep
And silence lingers.

The old piano answers to my call,
And from my fingers lets the lost notes fall.
O soul! that I have loved, with heavenly birth
Wilt thou not keep the memory of earth,
Its smiles and sighs?
Shall wood and metal and white ivory
Answer the touch of love with melody,
And thou forget? Dear one, not so.
I move thee yet (though how I may not know)
Beyond the skies.

Jane Cunningham Croly.

BORN in Market Harborough, England, 1831.

DIVORCE.

[*For Better or Worse. By Jennie June.* 1875.]

MARRIAGE should be practically indissoluble; if it is not, it is not marriage, and has no force, no sacredness, no value. Instead of creating the family, which is the foundation of society and good government, it creates tribes of wandering, nomadic existences, bound together by no law of duty, acknowledging no obligation, held by no tender cords of association, sympathy, or companionship. To reorganize society on such a basis would be to return to the Fetichistic condition of the race, to voluntarily relinquish all that has been gained of general moral and social elevation. Goethe says, "Marriage is the beginning and end of all culture, and must be indissoluble, because it brings so much happiness, that what small exceptional unhappiness it may bring counts for nothing in the balance. And what do men mean by talking of unhappiness? Impatience it is, which, from time to time, comes over them, and then they fancy themselves unhappy. Let them wait till the moment has gone by, and then they will bless their good fortune that what has stood so long continues standing. There never can be any adequate ground for separation."

This last expression, which, with the rest, Goethe has put in the mouth of a good man, is perhaps too strong; the law which binds should have power to unloose, or at least protect from consequences dangerous to the individual, disastrous to society.

"Free divorce" would destroy marriage; but *compulsory divorce*—in other words, divorce insisted upon and maintained by law when habitual drunkenness or other criminal habits render man or woman brutal, dangerous, and unfit to undertake the parentage of children—would be one of the best safeguards of marriage. The flippancy which sneers at or ridicules the holiest ties may profess to see in this an inducement to drunkenness, in order to become released from the marriage bond. But the lips that could utter such a sentiment would know that it was not true. There are none to whom it is more important, none who feel that it is so, more than the very poor, to whom it is the link that unites them with their kind, that makes them sharers in the common humanity. If the very poor were not husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, they would be brutes, with hardly a thought, a feeling, or habit, in common with the rest of the world.

The knowledge that the law took cognizance of the loss of individual character and self-respect, and interfered summarily to protect individuals and society from dangers and additional burdens, would exercise an incalculable influence in deterring men and women from the excessive indulgence of their appetites and passions.

The one cause for which divorces are principally granted is a matter which is even now settled mainly by the parties themselves, the action for damages recently entered by a contestant in a celebrated case being almost the first in which such an appeal has been made to the laws in this country.

Under a system which gives a wife no right in the income or accumulated property until after her husband's death, a woman cannot apply for a divorce because she has no money—because marriage has deprived her of her means of maintenance, and given her children, whom she is bound to take care of. Its protection, therefore, and championship of her rights is the merest pretence, as is proved by the fact that to one who appeals to the law, ten patiently sit down and endure their woes.

It is here, however, in America, where human rights are professedly held sacred, where social conditions are more favorable than elsewhere to the highest form of social morality, that marriage should be placed upon an authoritative and universally acknowledged basis. It is the extreme of childishness and folly to make a law for one state, touching so important a matter as this, which underlies all social and governmental life, to be set aside by simply stepping over the boundaries into another state. This purely human interest is above sect or party, and should be treated from the broad standpoint of a universal humanity.

Philip Henry Sheridan.

BORN in Albany, N. Y., 1831. DIED at Nonquitt, Mass., 1888.

A FAMOUS RIDE.

[*Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan. General U. S. Army.* 1888.]

WE arrived about dark at Martinsburg, and there found the escort of three hundred men which I had ordered before leaving Cedar Creek. We spent that night at Martinsburg, and early next morning mounted and started up the Valley pike for Winchester, leaving Captain Sheridan behind to conduct to the army the commissioners whom the State of New York had sent down to receive the vote of her troops in the coming Presidential election. Colonel Alexander was a man of enormous weight, and Colonel Thom correspondingly light, and as both were unaccustomed to riding we had to go slowly, losing so much time, in fact, that we did not reach Winchester till between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, though the distance is but twenty-eight miles. As soon as we arrived at Colonel Edwards's headquarters in the town, where I intended stopping for the night, I sent a courier to the front to bring me a report of the condition of affairs, and then took Colonel Alexander out on the heights about Winchester, in order that he might overlook the country, and make up his mind as to the utility of fortifying there. By the time we had completed our survey it was dark, and just as we reached Colonel Edwards's house on our return, a courier came in from Cedar Creek, bringing word that everything was all right, that the enemy was quiet at Fisher's Hill, and that a brigade of Grover's division was to make a reconnoissance in the morning, the 19th; so about 10 o'clock I went to bed greatly relieved, and expecting to rejoin my headquarters at my leisure next day.

Toward 6 o'clock the morning of the 19th, the officer on picket duty at Winchester came to my room, I being yet in bed, and reported artillery firing from the direction of Cedar Creek. I asked him if the firing was continuous or only desultory, to which he replied that it was not a sustained fire, but rather irregular and fitful. I remarked: "It's all right; Grover has gone out this morning to make a reconnoissance, and he is merely feeling the enemy." I tried to go to sleep again, but grew so restless that I could not, and soon got up and dressed myself. A little later the picket officer came back and reported that the firing, which could be distinctly heard from his line on the heights outside of Winchester, was still going on. I asked him if it sounded like a battle, and as he again said that it did not, I still inferred that the cannonading was caused by Grover's division banging away at the enemy simply to find out what he was up to. However, I went down-stairs and requested that breakfast be hurried up, and at the same time ordered the horses to be saddled and in readiness, for I concluded to go to the front before any further examinations were made in regard to the defensive line.

We mounted our horses between half-past 8 and 9, and as we were proceeding up the street which leads directly through Winchester, from the Logan residence, where Edwards was quartered, to the Valley pike, I noticed that there were many women at the windows and doors of the houses, who kept shaking their skirts at us and who were otherwise markedly insolent in their demeanor, but supposing this conduct to be instigated by their well-known and perhaps natural prejudices, I ascribed to it no unusual significance. On reaching the edge of the town I halted a moment, and there heard quite distinctly the sound of artillery firing in an unceasing roar. Concluding from this that a battle was in progress, I now felt confident that the women along the street had received intelligence from the battle-field by the "grape-vine telegraph," and were in raptures over some good news, while I as yet was utterly ignorant of the actual situation. Moving on, I put my head down toward the pommel of my saddle and listened intently, trying to locate and interpret the sound, continuing in this position till we had crossed Mill Creek, about half a mile from Winchester. The result of my efforts in the interval was the conviction that the travel of the sound was increasing too rapidly to be accounted for by my own rate of motion, and that therefore my army must be falling back.

At Mill Creek my escort fell in behind, and we were going ahead at a regular pace, when, just as we made the crest of the rise beyond the stream, there burst upon our view the appalling spectacle of a panic-stricken army—hundreds of slightly wounded men, throngs of others unhurt but utterly demoralized, and baggage-wagons by the score, all pressing to the rear in hopeless confusion, telling only too plainly that a disaster had occurred at the front. On accosting some of the fugitives, they assured me that the army was broken up, in full retreat, and that all was lost; all this with a manner true to that peculiar indifference that takes possession of panic-stricken men. I was greatly disturbed by the sight, but at once sent word to Colonel Edwards, commanding the brigade in Winchester, to stretch his troops across the valley, near Mill Creek, and stop all fugitives, directing also that the transportation be passed through and parked on the north side of the town.

As I continued at a walk a few hundred yards farther, thinking all the time of Longstreet's telegram to Early, "Be ready when I join you, and we will crush Sheridan," I was fixing in my mind what I should do. My first thought was to stop the army in the suburbs of Winchester as it came back, form a new line, and fight there; but as the situation was more maturely considered, a better conception prevailed. I was sure the troops had confidence in me, for heretofore we had been successful; and as at other times they had seen me present at the slightest sign of trouble or distress, I felt that I ought to try now to restore their broken ranks, or, failing in that, to share their fate because of what they had done hitherto.

About this time Colonel Wood, my chief commissary, arrived from the front and gave me fuller intelligence, reporting that everything was gone, my headquarters captured, and the troops dispersed. When I heard this I took two of my aides-de-camp, Major George A. Forsyth and Captain Joseph O'Keefe, and with twenty men from the escort started for the front, at the same time directing Colonel James W. Forsyth and Colonels Alexander and Thom to remain behind and do what they could to stop the runaways.

For a short distance I travelled on the road, but soon found it so blocked with wagons and wounded men that my progress was impeded, and I was forced to take to the adjoining fields to make haste. When most of the wagons and wounded were past I returned to the road, which was thickly lined with unhurt men, who, having got far enough to the rear to be out of danger, had halted, without any organization, and begun cooking coffee, but when they saw me they abandoned their coffee, threw up their hats, shouldered their muskets, and as I passed along turned to follow with enthusiasm and cheers. To acknowledge this exhibition of feeling I took off my hat, and with Forsyth and

O'Keefe rode some distance in advance of my escort, while every mounted officer who saw me galloped out on either side of the pike to tell the men at a distance that I had come back. In this way the news was spread to the stragglers off the road, when they, too, turned their faces to the front and marched toward the enemy, changing in a moment from the depths of depression to the extreme of enthusiasm. I already knew that even in the ordinary condition of mind enthusiasm is a potent element with soldiers, but what I saw that day convinced me that if it can be excited from a state of despondency its power is almost irresistible. I said nothing except to remark, as I rode among those on the road: "If I had been with you this morning this disaster would not have happened. We must face the other way; we will go back and recover our camp."

My first halt was made just north of Newtown, where I met a chaplain digging his heels into the sides of his jaded horse, and making for the rear with all possible speed. I drew up for an instant, and inquired of him how matters were going at the front. He replied: "Everything is lost; but all will be right when you get there"; yet notwithstanding this expression of confidence in me, the parson at once resumed his breathless pace to the rear. At Newtown I was obliged to make a circuit to the left, to get round the village. I could not pass through it, the streets were so crowded, but meeting on this detour Major McKinley, of Crook's staff, he spread the news of my return through the motley throng there.

When nearing the Valley pike, just south of Newtown I saw about three-fourths of a mile west of the pike a body of troops, which proved to be Ricketts's and Wheaton's divisions of the Sixth Corps, and then learned that the Nineteenth Corps had halted a little to the right and rear of these; but I did not stop, desiring to get to the extreme front. Continuing on parallel with the pike, about midway between Newtown and Middletown I crossed to the west of it, and a little later came up in rear of Getty's division of the Sixth Corps. When I arrived, this division and the cavalry were the only troops in the presence of and resisting the enemy; they were apparently acting as a rear guard at a point about three miles north of the line we held at Cedar Creek when the battle began. General Torbert was the first officer to meet me, saying as as he rode up, "My God! I am glad you've come." Getty's division, when I found it, was about a mile north of Middletown, posted on the reverse slope of some slightly rising ground, holding a barricade made with fence-rails, and skirmishing slightly with the enemy's pickets. Jumping my horse over the line of rails, I rode to the crest of the elevation, and there taking off my hat, the men rose up from behind their barricade with cheers of recognition. An officer of the Vermont brigade, Colonel A. S. Tracy, rode out to the front, and joining me, informed me that General Louis A. Grant was in command there, the regular division commander, General Getty, having taken charge of the Sixth Corps in place of Ricketts, wounded early in the action, while temporarily commanding the corps. I then turned back to the rear of Getty's division, and as I came behind it, a line of regimental flags rose up out of the ground, as it seemed, to welcome me. They were mostly the colors of Crook's troops, who had been stampeded and scattered in the surprise of the morning. The color-bearers, having withstood the panic, had formed behind the troops of Getty. The line with the colors was largely composed of officers, among whom I recognized Colonel R. B. Hayes, since president of the United States, one of the brigade commanders. At the close of this incident I crossed the little narrow valley, or depression, in rear of Getty's line, and dismounting on the opposite crest, established that point as my headquarters. In a few minutes some of my staff joined me, and the first directions I gave were to have the Nineteenth Corps and the two divisions of Wright's corps brought to the front, so they could be formed on Getty's division, prolonged to the right; for I had already decided to attack the enemy from that line as soon as I could get matters in shape to take the offensive. Crook met me at this time, and strongly favored my idea of attacking, but said, however, that most of his troops were gone. General Wright came up a little later, when I saw that he was wounded, a ball having grazed the point of his chin so as to draw the blood plentifully.

Wright gave me a hurried account of the day's events, and when told that we would fight the enemy on the line which Getty and the cavalry were holding, and that he must go himself and send all his staff to bring up the troops, he zealously fell in with the scheme; and it was then that the Nineteenth Corps and two divisions of the Sixth were ordered to the front from where they had been halted to the right and rear of Getty. . . . .

Between half-past 3 and 4 o'clock, I was ready to assail, and decided to do so by advancing my infantry line in a swinging movement, so as to gain the Valley pike with my right between Middletown and the Belle Grove House; and when the order was passed along, the men pushed steadily forward with enthusiasm and confidence. General Early's troops extended some little distance beyond our right, and when my flank neared the overlapping enemy, he turned on it, with the effect of causing a momentary confusion, but General McMillan, quickly realizing the danger, broke the Confederates at the reëntering angle by a counter-charge with his brigade, doing his work so well that the enemy's flanking troops were cut off from their main body and left to shift for themselves. Custer, who was just then moving in from the west side of Middle Marsh Brook, followed McMillan's timely blow with a charge of cavalry, but before starting out on it, and while his men were forming, riding at full speed himself, to throw his arms around my neck. By the time he had disengaged himself from this embrace, the troops broken by McMillan had gained some little distance to their rear, but Custer's troopers, sweeping across the Middletown meadows and down toward Cedar Creek, took many of them prisoners before they could reach the stream; so I forgave his delay.

My whole line as far as the eye could see was now driving everything before it, from behind trees, stone walls, and all such sheltering obstacles, so I rode toward the left to ascertain how matters were getting on there. As I passed along behind the advancing troops, first General Grover, and then Colonel Mackenzie, rode up to welcome me. Both were severely wounded, and I told them to leave the field, but they implored permission to remain till success was certain. When I reached the Valley pike Crook had reorganized his men, and as I desired that they should take part in the fight, for they were the very same troops that had turned Early's flank at Winchester and at Fisher's Hill, I ordered them to be pushed forward; and the alacrity and celerity with which they moved on Middletown demonstrated that their ill-fortune of the morning had not sprung from lack of valor.

Meanwhile Lowell's brigade of cavalry, which, it will be remembered, had been holding on, dismounted, just north of Middletown, ever since the time I arrived from Winchester, fell to the rear for the purpose of getting their led horses. A momentary panic was created in the nearest brigade of infantry by this withdrawal of Lowell, but as soon as his men were mounted they charged the enemy clear up to the stone walls in the edge of Middletown. At sight of this the infantry brigade renewed its attack, and the enemy's right gave way. The accomplished Lowell received his death-wound in this courageous charge.

All our troops were now moving on the retreating Confederates, and as I rode to the front Colonel Gibbs, who succeeded Lowell, made ready for another mounted charge, but I checked him from pressing the enemy's right, in the hope that the swinging attack from my right would throw most of the Confederates to the east of the Valley pike, and hence off their line of retreat through Strasburg to Fisher's Hill. The eagerness of the men soon frustrated this anticipation, however, the left insisting on keeping pace with the centre and right, and all pushing ahead till we regained our old camps at Cedar Creek. Beyond Cedar Creek, at Strasburg, the pike makes a sharp turn to the west toward Fisher's Hill, and here Merritt uniting with Custer, they together fell on the flank of the retreating columns, taking many prisoners, wagons, and guns, among the prisoners being Major-General Ramseur, who, mortally wounded, died the next day.

When the news of the victory was received, General Grant directed a salute of one hundred shotted guns to be fired into Petersburg, and the President at once thanked the army in an autograph letter. A few weeks after, he promoted me, and I received notice of this in a special letter from the Secretary of War, saying, "that for the personal gallantry, military skill, and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of your troops, displayed by you on the 19th day of October at Cedar Run, whereby, under the blessing of Providence, your routed army was reorganized, a great National disaster averted, and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time in pitched battle within thirty days, Philip H. Sheridan is appointed a major-general in the United States Army."

William Preston Johnston.

Born in Louisville, Ky., 1831.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

[*The Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston.* 1878.]

MR. JOHNSTON'S appearance at this period of his life is described as both commanding and attractive. In some respects the bust of Alexander Hamilton is the best extant likeness of him—a resemblance very frequently remarked. His cheek-bones were rather high, and his nose somewhat irregular, which, with his clear, white-and-red complexion, gave him a very Scotch look. His chin was delicate and handsome, his teeth white and regular, and his mouth square and firm. In the portrait by Bush, taken about this time, his lips seem rather full; but, as he is best remembered, they were somewhat thin and very firmly set. Brown hair clustered over a noble forehead, and from under heavy brows his deep-set but clear, steady eyes looked straight at you with a regard kind and sincere, yet penetrating. With those eyes upon him, any man would have scrupled to tell a lie. In repose his eyes were as blue as the sky, but in excitement they flashed to a steel-gray, and exerted a wonderful power over men. He was six feet and an inch in height, weighing about 180 pounds, straight as an arrow, with broad, square shoulders and a massive chest. He was strong and active, but his endurance and vital power seemed the result rather of nervous than of muscular energy, and drew their exhaustless resources from the mind more than the body. His bearing was essentially military, and dignified rather than graceful; and his movements were prompt, but easy and firm. He was, indeed, in appearance a model for the soldier.

Sidney Johnston's skill in arms was but moderate, for, though his eye was quick and his hand steady, yet he lacked the dexterity that comes from predilection and practice. He was not only cautious himself in handling fire-arms, but often recommended the same carefulness to others, playfully quoting a saying of John Rowan, the dead-shot of Kentucky, "Never point a pistol at a man unless you intend to shoot him." He was a graceful and excellent rider, and no man presented a grander or more martial appearance on horseback. It was remarked of him by Mr. Jefferson Davis, who saw him at the battle of Monterey, that "in combat he had the most inspiring presence he ever saw."

Substantially the same remark was many times made by others. There were in his action a certain vigor and decision, in his manner a winning frankness and kindness, and in his whole thought and life a simplicity and directness, that were generally irresistible. His deference to and dignified sympathy with women, his tenderness to children, his reverence for old age, and his forbearance with every form of weakness, were genuine and unvarying—habits as well as principles. A sensitive interest and the finest judgment were united in his intercourse with children. His indulgence seemed unlimited, and yet they rarely abused it. He observed toward them a careful respect; and many younger friends will remember the benign and ennobling influence of Albert Sidney Johnston on their lives. . . . .

He was gentle to women and children; tender to the weak and suffering, gracious to subordinates and dependents, just and magnanimous to equals and rivals, respectful to superiors, and tolerant to all men. Not envious, jealous, or suspicious, yet so high-strung was his spirit that he could ill-brook personal indignity or insult. Such was his self-respect, however, that he rarely had to check a want of respect in others. It has been seen with what patience and fortitude, indeed with what serenity, he bore private griefs and public contumely. His nature, his education, his philosophy, his religion, had so finely tempered his soul that at last he had in him no fear, except of doing wrong.

He had no love for and little need of money, and was generous and liberal in its use. In matters immaterial he was facile; in things of import, scrupulous and just; and his quick intelligence never failed to perceive the doubtful dividing line.

Naturally of a high, courageous, and resolute spirit, he found it difficult to swerve from a line of action he had marked out; and the more so, because his opinions were formed after deliberation. Yet, that his mental processes were rapid is seen by the decision with which he acted. He was not proof against the love of glory; but in him it was transmuted to a fine ambition to be and to do, not simply to seem. Results he left to take care of themselves, if only he could do his duty. All this came from his love of truth, which was with him a passion. He sought the truth, striving to know it, and to live up to it in greater and smaller things. Hence, though perceiving that success is the world's test of merit, he could square his acts by another standard.

As a general, his tactics were skillful, and his strategy was bold and sagacious. In council, he was enterprising, yet wary; in assault, audacious, impetuous, and unrelenting; in disaster, tenacious, resourceful, and composed. While he knew and regarded all the details of his profession, his skill in handling large bodies of troops was remarkable; and he grasped with ease the broadest generalizations of war. Time will add to his reputation as a general. Above all, his life and character were self-contained, perfectly consistent, and completed in their rounded fullness.

He did many great and noble deeds, and won rank, power, and applause, without tarnish to his modesty and simplicity. He suffered much in mind, body, and estate, without repining; not only with patience, but in silence. Like some great tree, which finds in earth, and air, and storm, and sunshine, nourishment for its growth, he drew sweetness and strength from every element of Nature, and from every dispensation of Providence. He was a man to be loved, to be reverenced, and to be emulated.

General Johnston dared to say in the midst of immeasurable disasters: "The test of merit in my profession, with the people, is success. It is a hard rule, but I think it right." Perhaps, with still wider scope, *success* is the test of merit in a human life. But, even measured by this hard rule, the most adverse criticism cannot pronounce his life a failure. Rejecting patronage, standing on merit alone, inflexible in right, and devoted to duty, a whole people regard him as the very pattern of a noble citizen, an able leader, a splendid soldier, a great general, and an upright man. Millions wept for him. The ablest and the best wrote for him the proud epitaph that on his arm rested the sinking fortunes of the state. Who will, then, dare to say he did not achieve success?

Isaac Israel Hayes.

Born in Chester Co., Penn., 1832. **Died** in New York, N. Y., 1881.

A NORTHERN PET.

[*The Open Polar Sea.* 1867.]

IT is almost a month since we passed the darkest day of the winter, and it will be a long time yet before we have light; but it is time for us now to have at noontime a faint flush upon the horizon. We find a new excitement, if such it may be called, in the impatience of expectation. Meanwhile I pet my fox.

Birdie has become quite tame, and does great credit to her instructor. She is the most cunning creature that was ever seen, and does not make a bad substitute for the General. She takes the General's place at my table, as she has his place in my affections; but she sits in my lap, where the General never was admitted, and, with her delicate little paws on the cloth, she makes a picture. Why, she is indeed a perfect little *gourmande*, well bred, too, and clever. When she takes the little morsels into her mouth her eyes sparkle with delight, she wipes her lips, and looks up at me with a *coquetterie* that is perfectly irresistible. The eagerness of appetite is controlled by the proprieties of the table and a proper self-respect; and she is satisfied to prolong a feast in which she finds so much enjoyment. She does not like highly seasoned food; indeed, she prefers to take it *au naturel*, so I have a few bits of venison served for her on a separate plate. She has her own fork; but she has not yet advanced sufficiently far in the usages of civilization to handle it for herself, so I convey the delicate morsels to her mouth. Sometimes she exhibits too much impatience; but a gentle rebuke with the fork on the tip of the nose is quite effective in restoring her patience, and saving her from indigestion.

Her habits greatly interest me. I have allowed her to run loose in my cabin, after a short confinement in a cage had familiarized her with the place; but she soon found out the "bull's-eye" over my head, through the cracks around which she could sniff the cool air; and she got into the habit of bounding over the shelves, without much regard for the many valuable and perishable articles which lay thereon. From this retreat nothing can tempt her but a good dinner; and as soon as she sees from her perch the bits of raw venison, she crawls leisurely down, sneaks gently into my lap, looks up longingly and lovingly into my face, puts out her little tongue with quick impatience, and barks bewitchingly if the beginning of the repast is too long delayed.

I tried to cure her of this habit of climbing by tying her up with a chain which Knorr made for me of some iron wire; but she took it so much to heart that I had to let her go. Her efforts to free herself were very amusing, and she well earned her freedom. She tried continually to break the chain, and, having once succeeded, she seemed determined not to be baffled in her subsequent attempts. As long as I was watching her she would be quiet enough, coiled up in her bed or her tub of snow; but the moment my eyes were off her, or she thought me asleep, she worked hard to effect her liberation. First she would draw herself back as far as she could get, and then suddenly darting forward, would bring up at the end of her chain with a jerk which sent her reeling on the floor; then she would pick herself up, panting as if her little heart would break, shake out her disarranged coat, and try again. But this she would do with much deliberation. For a moment she would sit quietly down, cock her head cunningly on one side, follow the chain with her eye along its whole length to its fastening in the floor, and then she would walk leisurely to that point, hesitate a moment, and then make another plunge. All this time she would eye me sharply, and if I made any movement, she would fall down at once on the floor and pretend sleep.

She is a very neat and cleanly creature. She is everlastingly brushing her clothes, and she bathes very regularly in her bath of snow. This last is her great delight. She roots up the clean white flakes with her diminutive nose, rolls and rubs and half buries herself in them, wipes her face with her soft paws, and when all is over she mounts with her delicate fingers to the side of the tub, looks around her very knowingly, and barks the prettiest little bark that ever was heard. This is her way of enforcing admiration; and, being now satisfied with her performance, she gives a goodly number of shakes to her sparkling coat, and then, happy and refreshed, she crawls to her airy bed in the "bull's-eye" and sleeps.

Joel Benton.

Born in Amenia, N. Y., 1832.

THE POET.

THE poet's words are winged with fire,
Forever young is his desire,—
Touched by some charm the gods impart,
Time "writes no wrinkle" on his heart.

The messenger and priest of truth,
His thought breathes of immortal youth;
Though summer hours are far away,
Mid-summer haunts him day by day.

The harsh fates do not chill his soul,—
For him all streams of splendor roll;
Sweet hints come to him from the sky,—
Birds teach him wisdom as they fly.

He gathers good in all he meets,
The fields pour out for him their sweets;
Life is excess: one sunset's glow
Gives him a bliss no others know.

Beauty to him is Paradise—
He never tires of lustrous eyes;
Quaffing his joy, the world apart,
Love lives and summers in his heart.

His lands are never bought and sold—
His wealth is more to him than gold:
On the green hills, when life is done,
He sleeps like fair Endymion.

Andrew Dickson White.

Born in Homer, N. Y., 1832.

A BROAD METHOD COMMENDED TO HISTORIANS.

[*On Studies in General History and the History of Civilization.* 1885.]

I REMEMBER several years ago hearing a gentleman, temporarily eminent in politics (one of Carlyle's *hommes alors célèbres*). in a speech before the authorities of an American university, declare that all history must be rewritten from an American point of view. This assertion, at the time, seemed to savor of that vagueness and largeness often noted in the utterances of the American politician upon his travels, which, in our vernacular, is happily named "tall talk"; but as the statement has recurred to my mind at various periods since, it has seemed to me that our political friend uttered more wisely than he knew. For is it not true that we, in this republic, called upon to help build up a new civilization, with a political and social history developing before us of which the consequences for good or evil are to rank with those which have flowed from the life of Rome and the British Empire,—is it not true that, for us, the perspective of a vast deal of history is changed; that the history which, for the use of various European populations, has been written with minute attention to details, must be written for us in a larger and more philosophical way?

And is it not true that the history so rapidly developing here is throwing back a new light upon much history already developed? What legislator cannot see that the history of our American municipalities throws light upon the republics of the Middle Ages, and derives light from them? What statesman cannot understand far better the problem of the British government in Ireland in the light of our own problem in the city of New York? What classical scholar cannot better understand Cleon the leather-seller, as we laugh at the gyrations of a certain American politician now "starring it in the provinces"? What publicist cannot weigh more justly the immediate pre-revolutionary period in France as he notes a certain thin, loose humanitarianism of our day which is making our land the paradise of murderers? What historical student cannot more correctly estimate the value of a certain happy-go-lucky optimism which sees nothing possible but good in the future, when he recalls the complacent public opinion, voiced by the Italian historian just before 1789, that henceforth peace was to reign in Europe, since great wars had become an impossibility? What student of social science cannot better estimate the most fearful anti-social evil among us by noting the sterility of marriage in the decline of Rome and in the eclipse of France?

In this sense I think that the assertion referred to as to the rewriting of history from the American point of view contains a great truth; and it is this modified view of the evolution of human affairs, of the development of man as man, and of man in society, that opens a great field for American philosophic historians, whether they shall seek to round the whole circle of human experience, or simply to present some arc of it.

The want of such work can be clearly seen on all sides. Not one of us reads the current discussions of public affairs in Congress, in the State Legislatures, or in the newspapers, who does not see that strong and keen as many of these are, a vast deal of valuable light is shut out by ignorance of turning-points in the history of human civilization thus far. Never was this want of broad historical views in leaders of American opinion more keenly felt than now. Think of the blindness to one of the greatest things which gives renown to nations, involved in the duty levied by Congress upon works of art. Think, too, of the blindness to one of the main agencies in the destruction of every great republic thus far, shown in the neglect to pass a constitutional amendment which shall free us from the danger of *coups d'état* at the counting of the electoral vote. Think of the cool disregard of the plainest teachings of general history involved in legislative carelessness or doctrinaire opposition to measures remedying illiteracy in our Southern States. Never was this want of broad historical views more evident in our legislation than now. In the early history of this republic we constantly find that such men as John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, to say nothing of the lesser lights, drew very largely and effectively from their studies of human history. In the transition period such men as Calhoun, John Quincy Adams, Everett, and Webster drew a large part of their strength from this source. And in the great period through which we have recently passed the two statesmen who wrought most powerfully to shape vague hopes into great events—William Henry Seward and Charles Sumner—were the two of all American statesmen in their time who drew inspiration and strength from a knowledge of the general history of mankind. Nothing but this could have kept up Seward's faith or Sumner's purpose. The absence of this sort of light among our public men at present arises doubtless from the necessities of our material development since the Civil War, and the demand for exact arithmetical demonstration in finance rather than moral demonstration in broad questions of public policy; but as we approach the normal state of things more and more, the need of such general studies must grow stronger and stronger.

As regards the work of our American universities and colleges in the historical field, we must allow that it is wofully defective; but there are signs, especially among those institutions which are developing out of the mass of colleges into universities, of a better time coming. They must indeed yield to the current sweeping through the age. This is an epoch of historical studies. It is a matter of fact, simple and easily verified, that whereas in the last century state problems and world problems were as a rule solved by philosophy, and even historians such as Voltaire and Gibbon and Robertson were rather considered as philosophers than as historians, in this century such problems are studied most frequently in the light of history.

Still another encouraging fact is that advanced studies of every sort are more and more thrown into the historic form. The growth of the historical school in political economy is but one of many examples of this. More and more it is felt that "the proper study of mankind is man"; more and more clear becomes the idea enforced by Draper, that the greatest problems of humanity must be approached not so much by the study of the individual man as by the study of man in general and historically.

AFTER CENTURIES OF WAR.

[*The Warfare of Science.* 1876.]

YOU have gone over the greater struggles in the long war between Ecclesiasticism and Science, and have glanced at the lesser fields. You have seen the conflicts in Physical Geography, as to the form of the earth; in Astronomy, as to the place of the earth in the universe, and the evolution of stellar systems in accordance with law; in Chemistry and Physics; in Anatomy and Medicine; in Geology; in Meteorology; in Cartography; in the Industrial and Agricultural Sciences; in Political Economy and Social Science; and in Scientific Instruction; and each of these, when fully presented, has shown the following results:

First. In every case, whether the war has been long or short, forcible or feeble, science has at last gained the victory.

Secondly. In every case, interference with science, in the supposed interest of religion, has brought dire evils on both.

Thirdly. In every case, while this interference, during its continuance, has tended to divorce religion from the most vigorous thinking of the world, and to make it odious to multitudes of the most earnest thinkers, the triumph of science has led its former conscientious enemies to make new interpretations and lasting adjustments, which have proved a blessing to religion, ennobling its conceptions and bettering its methods.

And in addition to these points there should be brought out distinctly a *corollary*, which is, that science must be studied by its own means and to its own ends, unmixed with the means and unbiased by the motives of investigators in other fields, and uncontrolled by consciences unenlightened by itself.

The very finger of the Almighty seems to have written the proofs of this truth on human history. No one can gainsay it. It is decisive, for it is this: *There has never been a scientific theory framed from the use of Scriptural texts, wholly or partially, which has been made to stand.* Such attempts have only subjected their authors to derision, and Christianity to suspicion. From Cosmas finding his plan of the universe in the Jewish tabernacle, to Increase Mather sending mastodons' bones to England as the remains of giants mentioned in Scripture; from Bellarmin declaring that the sun cannot be the centre of the universe, because such an idea "vitiates the whole Scriptural plan of salvation," to a recent writer declaring that an evolution theory cannot be true, because St. Paul says that "all flesh is not the same flesh," the result has always been the same.

Such facts show that scientific hypotheses will be established or refuted by scientific men and scientific methods alone, and that no conscientious citation of texts, or outcries as to consequences of scientific truths, from any other quarter, can do anything save retard truth and cause needless anxiety.

Such facts show, too, that the sacred books of the world were not given for any such purpose as that to which so many men have endeavored to wrest them—the purpose served by compends of history and text-books of science.

Is skepticism feared? All history shows that the only skepticism which does permanent harm is skepticism as to the value and safety of truth as truth. No skepticism has proved so corrosive to religion, none so cancerous in the human brain and heart.

Is faith cherished? All history shows that the first article of a saving faith, for any land or time, is faith that there is a Power in this universe strong enough to make truth-seeking safe, and good enough to make truth-telling useful.

May we not, then, hope that the greatest and best men in the Church—the men standing at centres of thought—will insist with power, more and more, that religion be no longer tied to so injurious a policy as that which this warfare reveals; that searchers for truth, whether in theology or natural science, work on as friends, sure that, no matter how much at variance they may at times seem to be, the truths they reach shall finally be fused into each other? The dominant religious conceptions of the world will doubtless be greatly modified by science in the future, as they have been in the past; and the part of any wisely religious person, at any centre of influence, is to see that, in his generation, this readjustment of religion to science be made as quietly and speedily as possible.

No one needs fear the result. No matter whether Science shall complete her demonstration that man has been on the earth not merely six thousand years, or six millions of years; no matter whether she reveals new ideas of the Creator or startling relations between his creatures; no matter how many more gyves and clamps upon the spirit of Christianity she destroys: the result, when fully thought out, will serve and strengthen religion not less than science.

What science can do for the world is shown, not by those who have labored to concoct palatable mixtures of theology and science—men like Cosmas, and Torrubia, and Burnet, and Whiston—but by men who have fought the good fight of faith in truth for truth's sake—men like Roger Bacon, and Vesalius, and Palissy, and Galileo.

What Christianity can do for the world is shown, not by men who have stood on the high places screaming in wrath at the advance of science; not by men who have retreated in terror into the sacred caves and refused to look out upon the universe as it is; but by men who have preached and practised the righteousness of the prophets, and the aspirations of the Psalmist, and the blessed Sermon on the Mount, and "the first great commandment, and the second, which is like unto it," and St. James's definition of "pure religion and undefiled."

It is shown in the Roman Church, not by Tostatus and Bellarmin, but by St. Carlo Borromeo, and St. Vincent de Paul, and Fénelon, and Eugénie de Guérin; in the Anglican Church, not by Dean Cockburn, but by Howard, and Jenner, and Wilberforce, and Florence Nightingale; in the German Church, not by Pastor Knak, but by Pastor Fliedner; in the American Church, not by the Mathers, but by such as Bishop Whatcoat, and Channing, and Muhlenberg, and Father De Smet, and Samuel May, and Harriet Stowe.

Let the warfare of Science, then, be changed. Let it be a warfare in which Religion and Science shall stand together as allies, not against each other as enemies. Let the fight be for truth of every kind against falsehood of every kind; for justice against injustice; for right against wrong; for the living kernel of religion rather than the dead and dried husks of sect and dogma; and the great powers, whose warfare has brought so many sufferings, shall at last join in ministering through earth God's richest blessings.

Hiram Rich.

BORN in Gloucester, Mass., 1832.

JERRY AN' ME.

[*The Atlantic Monthly.* 1872.]

NO matter how the chances are,
Nor when the winds may blow,
My Jerry there has left the sea
With all its luck an' woe:
For who would try the sea at all,
Must try it luck or no.

They told him—Lor', men take no care
How words they speak may fall—
They told him blunt, he was too old,
Too slow with oar an' trawl,
An' this is how he left the sea
An' luck an' woe an' all.

Take any man on sea or land
  Out of his beaten way,
If he is young 'twill do, but then,
  If he is old an' gray,
A month will be a year to him,
  Be all to him you may.

He sits by me, but most he walks
  The door-yard for a deck,
An' scans the boat a-goin' out
  Till she becomes a speck,
Then turns away, his face as wet
  As if she were a wreck.

The men who haul the net an' line
  Are never rich; an' you,
My Johnny here,—a grown-up man,—
  Is man an' baby too,
An' we have naught for rainy days,
  An' rainy days are due.

My Jerry, diffident, abroad
  Is restless as a brook,
An' when he left the boat an' all,
  Home had an empty look;
But I will win him by an' by
  To like the window-nook.

I cannot bring him back again,
  The days when we were wed.
But he shall never know—my man—
  The lack o' love or bread,
While I can cast a stitch or fill
  A needleful o' thread.

God pity me, I'd most forgot
  How many yet there be,
Whose goodmen full as old as mine
  Are somewhere on the sea,
Who hear the breakin' bar an' think
  O' Jerry home an'—me.

Louisa May Alcott.

BORN in Germantown, Penn., 1832. DIED in Boston, Mass., 1888.

JOHN, AN AMERICAN.

[*Hospital Sketches.* 1869.]

I FOUND a lately emptied bed occupied by a large, fair man, with a fine face, and the serenest eyes I ever met. One of the earlier comers had often spoken of a friend, who had remained behind, that those apparently worse wounded than himself might reach a shelter first. It seemed a David and Jonathan sort of friendship. The man fretted for his mate, and was never tired of praising John—his courage, sobriety, self-denial, and unfailing kindliness of heart; always winding up with: "He's an out an' out fine feller, ma'am; you see if he aint."

I had some curiosity to behold this piece of excellence, and when he came, watched him for a night or two, before I made friends with him; for, to tell the truth, I was a little afraid of the stately looking man, whose bed had to be lengthened to accommodate his commanding stature; who seldom spoke, uttered no complaint, asked no sympathy, but tranquilly observed what went on about him; and, as he lay high upon his pillows, no picture of dying statesman or warrior was ever fuller of real dignity than this Virginia blacksmith. A most attractive face he had, framed in brown hair and beard, comely featured and full of vigor, as yet unsubdued by pain; thoughtful and often beautifully mild while watching the afflictions of others, as if entirely forgetful of his own. His mouth was grave and firm, with plenty of will and courage in its lines, but a smile could make it as sweet as any woman's; and his eyes were child's eyes, looking one fairly in the face, with a clear, straightforward glance, which promised well for such as placed their faith in him. He seemed to cling to life, as if it were rich in duties and delights, and he had learned the secret of content. The only time I saw his composure disturbed was when my surgeon brought another to examine John, who scrutinized their faces with an anxious look, asking of the elder: "Do you think I shall pull through, sir?" "I hope so, my man." And, as the two passed on, John's eye still followed them, with an intentness which would have won a truer answer from them, had they seen it. A momentary shadow flitted over his face; then came the usual serenity, as if, in that brief eclipse, he had acknowledged the existence of some hard possibility, and, asking nothing yet hoping all things, left the issue in God's hands, with that submission which is true piety.

The next night, as I went my rounds with Dr. P., I happened to ask which man in the room probably suffered most; and, to my great surprise, he glanced at John:

"Every breath he draws is like a stab; for the ball pierced the left lung, broke a rib, and did no end of damage here and there; so the poor lad can find neither forgetfulness nor ease, because he must lie on his wounded back or suffocate. It will be a hard struggle, and a long one, for he possesses great vitality; but even his temperate life can't save him; I wish it could."

"You don't mean he must die, doctor?"

"Bless you, there's not the slightest hope for him; and you'd better tell him so before long; women have a way of doing such things comfortably, so I leave it to you. He won't last more than a day or two, at furthest."

I could have sat down on the spot and cried heartily, if I had not learned the wisdom of bottling up one's tears for leisure moments. Such an end seemed very hard for such a man, when half a dozen worn out, worthless bodies round him were gathering up the remnants of wasted lives. to linger on for years perhaps, burdens to others, daily reproaches to themselves. The army needed men like John, earnest, brave, and faithful; fighting for liberty and justice with both heart and hand, true soldiers of the Lord. I could not give him up so soon, or think with any patience of so excellent a nature robbed of its fulfilment, and blundered into eternity by the rashness or stupidity of those at whose hands so many lives may be required. It was an easy thing for Dr. P. to say "Tell him he must die," but a cruelly hard thing to do, and by no means as "comfortable" as he politely suggested. I had not the heart to do it then, and privately indulged the hope that some change for the better might take place, in spite of gloomy prophesies; so rendering my task unnecessary.

A few minutes later, as I came in again, with fresh rollers, I saw John sitting erect, with no one to support him, while the surgeon dressed his back. I had never hitherto seen it done; for, having simpler wounds to attend to, and knowing the fidelity of the attendant, I had left John to him, thinking it might be more agreeable and safe; for both strength and experience were needed in his case. I had forgotten that the strong man might long for the gentle tendance of a woman's hands, the sympathetic magnetism of a woman's presence, as well as the feebler souls about him. The doctor's words caused me to reproach myself with neglect, not of any real duty perhaps, but of those little cares and kindnesses that solace homesick spirits and make the heavy hours pass easier. John looked lonely and forsaken just then, as he sat with bent head, hands folded on his knee, and no outward sign of suffering, till, looking nearer, I saw great tears roll down and drop upon the floor. It was a new sight there; for, though I had seen many suffer, some swore, some groaned, most endured silently, but none wept. Yet it did not seem weak, only very touching, and straightway my fear vanished, my heart opened wide and took him in, as, gathering the bent head in my arms, as freely as if he had been a little child, I said: "Let me help you bear it, John."

Never, on any human countenance, have I seen so swift and beautiful a look of gratitude, surprise, and comfort as that which answered me more eloquently than the whispered—

"Thank you, ma'am; this is right good! this is what I wanted!"

"Then why not ask for it before?"

"I didn't like to be a trouble; you seemed so busy, and I could manage to get on alone."

"You shall not want it any more, John."

Nor did he: for now I understood the wistful look that sometimes followed me, as I went out, after a brief pause beside his bed, or merely a passing nod, while busied with those who seemed to need me more than he, because more urgent in their demands. Now I knew that to him, as to so many, I was the poor substitute for mother, wife, or sister, and in his eyes no stranger, but a friend who hitherto had seemed neglectful; for, in his modesty, he had never guessed the truth. This was changed now; and, through the tedious operation of probing, bathing, and dressing his wounds, he leaned against me, holding my hand fast, and, if pain wrung further tears from him, no one saw them fall but me. When he was laid down again, I hovered about him, in a remorseful state of mind that would not let me rest till I had bathed his face, brushed his bonny brown hair, set all things smooth about him, and laid a knot of heath and heliotrope on his clean pillow. While doing this, he watched me with the satisfied expression I so liked to see; and when I offered the little nosegay, held it carefully in his great hand, smoothed a ruffled leaf or two, surveyed and smelt it with an air of genuine delight, and lay contentedly regarding the glimmer of the sunshine on the green. Although the manliest man among my forty, he said "Yes, ma'am" like a little boy; received suggestions for his comfort with the quick smile that brightened his whole face; and now and then, as I stood tidying the table by his bed, I felt him softly touch my gown, as if to assure himself that I was there. Anything more natural and frank I never saw, and found this brave John as bashful as brave, yet full of excellencies and fine aspirations, which, having no power to express themselves in words, seemed to have bloomed into his character and made him what he was.

After that night, an hour of each evening that remained to him was devoted to his ease or pleasure. He could not talk much, for breath was precious, and he spoke in whispers; but from occasional conversations, I gleaned scraps of private history which only added to the affection and respect I felt for him. Once he asked me to write a letter, and as I settled pen and paper, I said, with an irrepressible glimmer of feminine curiosity: "Shall it be addressed to wife, or mother, John?"

"Neither, ma'am; I've got no wife, and will write to mother myself when I get better. Did you think I was married because of this?" he asked, touching a plain ring he wore, and often turned thoughtfully on his finger when he lay alone.

"Partly that, but more from a settled sort of look you have; a look which young men seldom get until they marry."

"I didn't know that; but I'm not so very young, ma'am; thirty in May, and have been what you might call settled this ten years. Mother's a widow, I'm the oldest child she has, and it wouldn't do for me to marry until Lizzy has a home of her own, and Jack's learned his trade; for we're not rich, and I must be father to the children and husband to the dear old woman, if I can."

"No doubt but you are both, John; yet how came you to go to war, if you felt so? Wasn't enlisting as bad as marrying?"

"No, ma'am, not as I see it; for one is helping my neighbor, the other pleasing myself. I went because I couldn't help it. I didn't want the glory or the pay; I wanted the right thing done, and people kept saying the men who were in earnest ought to fight. I was in earnest, the Lord knows! but I held off as long as I could, not knowing which was my duty. Mother saw the case, gave me her ring to keep me steady, and said 'Go': so I went."

A short story and a simple one, but the man and the mother were portrayed better than pages of fine writing could have done it.

"Do you ever regret that you came, when you lie here suffering so much?"

"Never, ma'am; I haven't helped a great deal, but I've shown I was willing to give my life, and perhaps I've got to; but I don't blame anybody, and if it was to do over again, I'd do it. I'm a little sorry I wasn't wounded in front; it looks cowardly to be hit in the back, but I obeyed orders, and it don't matter in the end, I know."

Poor John! it did not matter now, except that a shot in front might have spared the long agony in store for him. He seemed to read the thought that troubled me, as he spoke so hopefully when there was no hope, for he suddenly added:

"This is my first battle; do they think it's going to be my last?"

"I'm afraid they do, John."

It was the hardest question I had ever been called upon to answer; doubly hard with those clear eyes fixed on mine, forcing a truthful answer by their own truth. He seemed a little startled at first, pondered over the fateful fact a moment, then shook his head, with a glance at the broad chest and muscular limbs stretched out before him:

"I'm not afraid, but it's difficult to believe all at once. I'm so strong it don't seem possible for such a little wound to kill me."

Merry Mercutio's dying words glanced through my memory as he spoke: "'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough." And John would have said the same could he have seen the ominous black holes between his shoulders; he never had, but, seeing the ghastly sights about him, could not believe his own wound more fatal than these, for all the suffering it caused him.

"Shall I write to your mother, now?" I asked, thinking that these sudden tidings might change all plans and purposes. But they did not; for the man received the order of the Divine Commander to march with the same unquestioning obedience with which the soldier had received that of the human one; doubtless remembering that the first led him to life, and the last to death.

"No, ma'am; to Jack just the same; he'll break it to her best, and I'll add a line to her myself when you get done."

So I wrote the letter which he dictated, finding it better than any I had sent; for, though here and there a little ungrammatical or inelegant, each sentence came to me briefly worded, but most expressive; full of excellent counsel to the boy, tenderly bequeathing "mother and Lizzie" to his care, and bidding him good-bye in words the sadder for their simplicity. He added a few lines, with steady hand, and, as I sealed it, said, with a patient sort of sigh: "I hope the answer will come in time for me to see it"; then, turning away his face, laid the flowers against his lips, as if to hide some quiver of emotion at the thought of such a sudden sundering of all the dear home ties.

These things had happened two days before; now John was dying, and the letter had not come. I had been summoned to many death-beds in my life, but to none that made my heart ache as it did then, since my mother called me to watch the departure of a spirit akin to this in its gentleness and patient strength. As I went in, John stretched out both hands:

"I knew you'd come! I guess I'm moving on, ma'am."

He was; and so rapidly that, even while he spoke, over his face I saw the gray veil falling that no human hand can lift. I sat down by him, wiped the drops from his forehead, stirred the air about him with the slow wave of a fan, and waited to help him die. He stood in sore need of help—and I could do so little; for, as the doctor had foretold, the strong body rebelled against death, and fought every inch of the way, forcing him to draw each breath with a spasm, and clench his hands with an imploring look, as if he asked: "How long must I endure this, and be still!" For hours he suffered dumbly, without a moment's respite, or a moment's murmuring; his limbs grew cold, his face damp, his lips white, and, again and again, he tore the covering off his breast, as if the lightest weight added to his agony; yet through it all, his eyes never lost their perfect serenity, and the man's soul seemed to sit therein, undaunted by the ills that vexed his flesh.

One by one, the men woke, and round the room appeared a circle of pale faces and watchful eyes, full of awe and pity; for, though a stranger, John was beloved by all. Each man there had wondered at his patience, respected his piety, admired his fortitude, and now lamented his hard death; for the influence of an upright nature had made itself deeply felt, even in one little week. Presently the Jonathan who so loved this comely David came creeping from his bed for a last look and word. The kind soul was full of trouble, as the choke in his voice, the grasp of his hand, betrayed; but there were no tears, and the farewell of the friends was the more touching for its brevity.

"Old boy, how are you?" faltered the one.

"Most through, thank heaven!" whispered the other.

"Can I say or do anything for you anywheres?"

"Take my things home, and tell them that I did my best."

"I will! I will!"

"Good-bye, Ned."

"Good-bye, John, good-bye!"

They kissed each other, tenderly as women, and so parted, for poor Ned could not stay to see his comrade die. For a little while, there was no sound in the room but the drip of water, from a stump or two, and John's distressful gasps, as he slowly breathed his life away. I thought him nearly gone, and had just laid down the fan, believing its help to be no longer needed, when suddenly he rose up in his bed, and cried out with a bitter cry that broke the silence, sharply startling every one with its agonized appeal:

"For God's sake, give me air!"

It was the only cry pain or death had wrung from him, the only boon he had asked; and none of us could grant it, for all the airs that blew were useless now. Dan flung up the window. The first red streak of dawn was warming the gray east, a herald of the coming sun; John saw it, and with the love of light which lingers in us to the end, seemed to read in it a sign of hope of help, for over his whole face there broke that mysterious expression, brighter than any smile, which often comes to eyes that look their last. He laid himself gently down; and, stretching out his strong right arm, as if to grasp and bring the blessed air to his lips in a fuller flow, lapsed into a merciful unconsciousness, which assured us that for him suffering was forever past. He died then; for, though the heavy breaths still tore their way up for a little longer, they were but the waves of an ebbing tide that beat unfelt against the wreck which an immortal voyager had deserted with a smile. He never spoke again, but to the end held my hand close, so close that when he was asleep at last, I could not draw it away. Dan helped me, warning me as he did so that it was unsafe for dead and living flesh to lie so long together; but though my hand was strangely cold and stiff, and four white marks remained across its back, even when warmth and color had returned elsewhere, I could not but be glad that, through its touch, the presence of human sympathy, perhaps, had lightened that hard hour.

When they had made him ready for the grave, John lay in state for half an hour, a thing which seldom happened in that busy place; but a universal sentiment of reverence and affection seemed to fill the hearts of all who had known or heard of him; and when the rumor of his death went through the house, always astir, many came to see him, and I felt a tender sort of pride in my lost patient; for he looked a most heroic figure, lying there stately and still as the statue of some young knight asleep upon his tomb. The lovely expression which so often beautifies dead faces soon replaced the marks of pain, and I longed for those who loved him best to see him when half an hour's acquaintance with Death had made them friends. As we stood looking at him, the ward-master handed me a letter, saying it had been forgotten the night before. It was John's letter, come just an hour too late to gladden the eyes that had longed and looked for it so eagerly! but he had it; for, after I had cut some brown locks for his mother, and taken off the ring to send her, telling how well the talisman had done its work, I kissed this good son for her sake, and laid the letter in his hand, still folded as when I drew my own away, feeling that its place was there, and making myself happy with the thought, that, even in his solitary grave in the "Government Lot," he would not be without some token of the love which makes life beautiful and outlives death. Then I left him, glad to have known so genuine a man, and carrying with me an enduring memory of the brave Virginia blacksmith, as he lay serenely waiting for the dawn of that long day which knows no night.

THOREAU'S FLUTE.

[*The Atlantic Monthly.* 1863.]

WE, sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead;
His pipe hangs mute beside the river;
Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
But Music's airy voice is fled.

Spring mourns as for untimely frost;
The bluebird chants a requiem;
The willow-blossom waits for him;—
The Genius of the wood is lost."

Then from the flute, untouched by hands,
There came a low, harmonious breath:
"For such as he there is no death;
His life the eternal life commands;
Above man's aims his nature rose:
The wisdom of a just content
Made one small spot a continent,
And turned to poetry Life's prose.

"Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,
Swallow and aster, lake and pine,
To him grew human or divine,—
Fit mates for this large-hearted child.
Such homage Nature ne'er forgets,
And yearly on the coverlid
'Neath which her darling lieth hid
Will write his name in violets.

"To him no vain regrets belong,
Whose soul, that finer instrument,
Gave to the world no poor lament,
But wood-notes ever sweet and strong.
O lonely friend! he still will be
A potent presence, though unseen,—
Steadfast, sagacious, and serene:
Seek not for him,—he is with thee."

Charles Colcock Jones, Jr.

Born in Savannah, Ga., 1831.

WHY THE REV. JOHN WESLEY DEPARTED FROM SAVANNAH.

[*The History of Georgia.* 1883.]

MR. WESLEY enjoyed wonderful health. His constitution seemed to improve under hardships and labors which would have impaired the stoutest physical powers. Of the three hundred acres set apart in Savannah for glebe land he cut off what he deemed sufficient for a good garden, and there he frequently worked with his own hands. He ate moderately, slept little, and left not a moment of his time unemployed. To the changing seasons, and in all kinds of weather, he exposed himself with the utmost indifference. His journeys into South Carolina were sometimes performed on foot, and with no shelter at night save the friendly boughs of a tree. His energy, resolution, self-denial, and endurance were at times conspicuous.

The circumstances which brought the usefulness and services of Mr. Wesley as a clergyman in Savannah to an abrupt and a notorious conclusion may be thus briefly narrated. With Mr. Causton, the chief bailiff and keeper of the public stores, and with the members of his family, the missionary associated on friendly terms. Miss Sophia Hopkins, a niece of Mrs. Causton, and a young woman of uncommon personal and intellectual charms, had been his pupil. He gave her French lessons. Under his religious ministrations she became a professed convert and united herself with the church. It would appear that this constant association with a pretty, fascinating maiden eventually excited tender emotions in the breast of the youthful and susceptible ecclesiastic. He was evidently on the eve of declaring his affection when his friend, Mr. Delamotte, excited his apprehensions by expressing doubts in regard to the sincerity of Miss Hopkins's religious convictions. He also cautioned him against cherishing or avowing too fond an attachment for her. Taking counsel of the Moravian elders, they too advised him not to contemplate a matrimonial alliance with her. Thus admonished, Mr. Wesley became more guarded in his conduct and more reserved in his intercourse. Perceiving the change in his deportment, Miss Hopkins was piqued, mortified, and angered. Something closely resembling a rupture ensued; and, not long afterwards, this charming and coquettish young lady gave her hand to a Mr. Williamson.

A few months subsequent to her marriage Mr. Wesley "observed some things which he thought reproveable in her behavior." He mentioned them to her. "At this," writes that clergyman in his Journal, "she appeared extremely angry and said she did not expect such usage from me." The next day Mrs. Causton made excuses for her niece, and expressed much regret at what had transpired.

Having, after the lapse of a few weeks, "repelled Mrs. Williamson from the Holy Communion," Mr. Wesley was arrested under the following warrant issued by the recorder:

"GEORGIA. SAVANNAH. S. S.

"*To all Constables, Tythingmen, and others whom these may concern:*

"You and each of you are hereby required to take the body of John Wesley, Clerk: and bring him before one of the Bailiffs of the said Town to answer the complaint of William Williamson and Sophia his

a

wife, for defaming the said Sophia, and refusing to administer to her the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in a publick Congregation without cause, by which the said William Williamson is damaged One Thousand Pounds Sterling. And for so doing this is your Warrant, certifying what you are to do in the premises.

"Given under my hand and seal the 8th day of Aug: Anno. Dom: 1737.

"THº CHRISTIE."

By Jones, the constable, he was carried before the recorder and bailiff Parker. Williamson was there. To the charge that he had defamed his wife, Mr. Wesley entered a prompt and emphatic denial. As to the other allegation, he answered that "the giving or refusing the Lord's Supper being a matter purely ecclesiastical," he would not acknowledge any power in the magistrate to interrogate him in regard to it. Mr. Parker informed him that he must appear before the next court to be holden for Savannah. Mr. Williamson then said, "Gentlemen, I desire Mr. Wesley may give bail for his appearance." But Mr. Parker immediately refused the application, with the remark, "Sir, Mr. Wesley's word is sufficient."

Causton required that the reasons which induced Mr. Wesley to repel Mrs. Williamson from the Holy Communion should be assigned in open court. To this demand the clergyman declined to accede. On the second day after the arrest Mr. Causton visited Mr. Wesley at his house, and after some sharp words said, "Make an end of this matter. Thou hadst best. My Niece to be used thus! I have drawn the sword and I will never sheathe it till I have satisfaction." "Soon after," so runs Mr. Wesley's diary, "he added, 'Give the reasons of your repelling her before the whole congregation.' I answered, 'Sir, if you insist upon it I will, and so you may be pleased to tell her.' He said, 'Write to her and tell her so yourself.' I said, 'I will,' and after he went I wrote as follows:

"TO MRS. SOPHIA WILLIAMSON:

"At Mr. Causton's request I write once more. The Rules whereby I proceed are these:

"'So many as intend to be Partakers of the Holy Communion shall signify their names to the Curate at least some time the day before.' This you did not do.

"'And if any of these . . . have done any wrong to his Neighbors, by word or deed, so that the Congregation be thereby offended, the Curate shall advertise him that in any wise he presume not to come to the Lord's Table until he hath openly declared himself to have truly repented.' If you offer yourself at the Lord's Table on Sunday, I will advertise you (as I have done more than once) wherein you have done wrong. And when you have openly declared yourself to have truly repented, I will administer to you the Mysteries of God.

"Aug. 11, 1737. JOHN WESLEY.

"Mr. Delamotte carrying this, Mr. Causton remarked, among other warm sayings, 'I am the person that am injured. The affront is offered to me, and I will espouse the cause of my Niece. I am ill-used, and I will have satisfaction if it is to be had in the world.'

"Which way this satisfaction was to be had, I did not yet conceive. But on Friday and Saturday it began to appear; Mr. Causton declaring to many persons that Mr. Wesley had repelled Sophy from the Holy Communion purely out of revenge, because he had made proposals of marriage to her which she rejected and married Mr. Williamson."

Having thoroughly espoused the cause of his niece, Mr. Causton set about stirring up the public mind and endeavored to create a general sentiment adverse to Mr. Wesley. He even busied himself with the selection of jurors whose sympathies were in unison with his own. Persuaded by him, Mrs. Williamson made an affidavit, full of insinuations, in which she asserted "that Mr. Wesley had many times proposed marriage to her, all which proposals she had rejected."

When the grand jury was impanelled, it was manifest that Causton had much to do with its composition. Forty-four members were present, and among them Wesley noted one Frenchman, who did not understand the English language, a Papist, a professed infidel, three Baptists, sixteen or seventeen Dissenters, and several persons who had quarrelled with him and openly vowed revenge.

The court being organized on Monday the 22d, Mr. Causton delivered a long and earnest charge, in which he cautioned the jurymen "to beware of spiritual tyranny, and to oppose the new and illegal authority which was usurped over their consciences." The chief bailiff, uncle by marriage to the complainant, was playing the double rôle of judge and prosecuting attorney. Mrs. Williamson's affidavit having been read, Causton delivered to the grand jury a paper entitled "A List of Grievances presented by the Grand Jury for Savannah, this — day of Aug., 1737." It had evidently been prepared under his direction, and was designed to mould in advance the finding of that body. After holding this document under advisement for more than a week, and after the examination of sundry witnesses, the jury on the 1st of September returned that paper into court. As modified by a majority, it read as follows:

"That John Wesley, Clerk, hath broken the Laws of the Realm, contrary to the Peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown, and Dignity;

"1. By speaking and writing to Mrs. Williamson against her husband's consent;

"2. By repelling her from the Holy Communion;

"3. By not declaring his Adherence to the Church of England;

"4. By dividing the Morning Service on Sundays;

"5. By refusing to baptize Mr. Parker's child otherwise than by dipping, except the parents would certify it was weak and not able to bear it;

"6. By repelling Wm. Gough from the Holy Communion;

"7. By refusing to read the Burial-service over the body of Nathaniel Polhill;

"8. By calling himself Ordinary of Savannah;

"9. By refusing to receive Wm. Aglionby as a God-father only because he was not a communicant;

"10. By refusing Jacob Matthews for the same reason, and baptizing an Indian Trader's Child with only two sponsors."

Nine of these charges being purely ecclesiastical in their character, Mr. Wesley insisted that the present court could take no cognizance of them. As to the rest of the indictment, he pleaded not guilty and demanded an immediate trial. Again and again did he press for a hearing, which was denied upon some frivolous pretext or other, such, for example, as that "Mr. Williamson has gone out of town." So malevolent was the spirit moving the parties preferring these charges against Mr. Wesley that with a view to damaging his clerical reputation far and near they caused the indictment found by a majority of the grand jury to be published in various newspapers in America. . . . .

Perceiving that he could obtain neither justice nor even a hearing from the town court in Savannah, persuaded that there was no possibility of instructing the Indians, being under no engagement to remain a day longer in Savannah than he found it convenient, and believing that his ministry would prove more acceptable in England than in Georgia, he consulted his friends as to the propriety of his returning home. They agreed that it was best for him to do so, but not at that time.

On the 3d of November he again appeared in court, and also on the 22d of that month. On the last occasion Mr. Causton exhibited to him sundry affidavits filed in his case, all of which Wesley pronounced false and malicious. No trial was, on either date, accorded to him. Upon conferring a second time with his friends they were of the opinion that he might now set out immediately for England. The next evening he called upon Mr. Causton and acquainted him with his purpose to leave the colony at an early day. He also put up in the public square the following notice: "Whereas John Wesley designs shortly to set out for

England, this is to desire those who have borrowed any books of him to return them, as soon as they conveniently can, to John Wesley."

There was nothing concealed about this determination; and he quietly, and with the full knowledge of the community, prepared for his journey. On the 2d of December, the tide serving about noon, he proposed to bid farewell to Savannah and start for Charlestown, whence he was to sail for England. "But about ten," says Mr. Wesley, "the Magistrates sent for me and told me I must not go out of the Province, for I had not answer'd the Allegations laid against me. I replied I have appeared at six or seven Courts successively in order to answer them, but I was not suffer'd to do so when I desired it time after time. They then said, however, I must not go unless I would give security to answer those allegations at their Court. I asked, what security? After consulting together about two hours the Recorder shew'd me a kind of bond engaging me under a penalty of fifty pounds to appear at their Court when I should be required. He added, But Mr. Williamson too has desired of us that you should give bail to answer his action. I then told him plainly, Sir, you use me very ill, and so you do the Trustees. I will give neither any bond nor any bail at all. You know your business and I know mine.

"In the afternoon the Magistrates publish'd an Order requiring all the Officers and Centinels to prevent my going out of the Province, and forbidding any person to assist me in doing so. Being now only a prisoner at large in a place where I knew by experience every day would give fresh opportunity to procure evidence of words I never said and actions I never did, I saw clearly the hour was come for leaving the place: and, as soon as Evening Prayers were over, about eight o'clock, the tide then serving, I shook off the dust of my feet and left Georgia, after having preached the Gospel there (not as I ought, but as I was able) one year and nearly nine months" . . . .

Landing at Purrysburgh the next morning, Mr. Wesley and his companions pursued their journey on foot to Beaufort, whence he proceeded by boat to Charlestown. Taking passage on board the *Samuel*, Captain Percy, he departed from America on the 24th of December, 1737, never more to revisit the scene of his early labors, conflicts, trials, and disappointments. . . . .

Whatever shadows and doubts gathered about him in the morning of his ministerial career were all quickly dispelled by the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness. Then, in the plenitude of intellectual and moral power, he proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation to the nations, gathering about him tens of thousands, founding a sect of strong virtue and stern religious sentiment, and closing one of the most remarkable lives in English history with the triumphant cry, "The best of all is, God is with us. He giveth his servants rest. We thank Thee, O Lord! for these and all Thy mercies. Bless the Church and King, and grant us truth and peace through Jesus Christ our Lord forever and ever. The clouds drop fatness. The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Farewell."

Justin Winsor.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1831.

OUR EARLY DIPLOMACY IN EUROPE.

[*Narrative and Critical History of America. Edited by Justin Winsor. Vol. VII.* 1888.]

AN opinion was very promptly formed in England, after the treaty of peace, that the bond of union among the States of the new Republic was far from perfect, and that disintegration must ensue. The British soon perceived that they could secure, as they thought, all the desired commercial advantages under the enforcement of navigation laws, which treated as aliens those who were lately subjects. At all events, any power of retaliation was not to be dreaded as long as the States remained jealous of one another and of Congress. The English government, if not the American people, saw the mockery of the action of Congress, as far, at least, as the relations of the two parts of the now dissevered empire were concerned, when it commissioned (12 May, 1784) Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson to make treaties of commerce with European powers. There was more sense than was willingly acknowledged in the States in the opinions of the British ministry, that a league without power to enforce treaties could hardly hope to negotiate treaties, when as many diplomatists as there were members of the league, each commissioned by his respective State, could only in conjunction effect a negotiation, the results of which could be compulsory upon the parties in contract. It also served the purpose of the ministry to divide the interests of the several States as much as possible, and this method of a distinct recognition of the parts, with no recognition of the whole, was a ready means to that end.

Congress not long after moved to bring this feeling to an issue, when it appointed John Adams (25 February, 1785) as minister to England; and a few days later it commissioned Jefferson as minister to France, for Franklin had before this urgently asked to be recalled. The last official act of that veteran servant of the States had been to affix his signature to a treaty with Prussia, in conjunction with Adams and Jefferson, in which Franklin had succeeded, without any serious opposition, in embodying his own views respecting the exemption of private property from capture at sea.

Adams passed over from Paris to London, to present his credentials. The aged Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, was the first to call on him. The new minister went through a memorable presentation to the king, and on June 2, 1785, he wrote home an account of it to Jay, in which we have a record of suave speeches on both sides, about a common language and the same strains in the blood. This was agreeable; and both the king and his former subject bore themselves with reassuring frankness. The royal graciousness did not, however, represent the prevailing sentiment of the British people. Before he left France, Adams had written to Gerry that, as he looked about, almost the only comfort he found was in the fact that, should war again come, the treaty of 1783 had rendered it possible "to fight without halters about our necks." When he reached England, the prospect was not more assuring, and he thought he saw a purpose in the English government "to maintain a determined peace with all Europe, in order that they may war singly against America, if they should think it necessary." It was not very long before he wrote to Jay: "It is very apparent that we shall never have a satisfactory arrangement with this country until Congress shall be made by the States supreme in matters of foreign commerce and treaties of commerce, and until Congress shall have exerted that supremacy with a decent firmness."

Adams, as soon as it was possible, had long interviews with Pitt respecting the frontier posts, the debts, the navigation acts, and other differences. Adams pressed the English minister hard, and Pitt was complacent, but would not talk much. Adams was not fitted to endure reticence or evasion. "I wished for an answer, be it ever so rough or unwise," he wrote to Jay. "In short," he again wrote a few days later, "America has no party at present in her favor. . . . I had almost said the friends of America are reduced to Dr. Price and Dr. Jebb. . . . Nothing but retaliation, reciprocal prohibitions and imposts, and putting ourselves in a posture of defence will have any effect." He also complains that to match the British ministry in their system of espionage, and get information as readily as they do, was costly beyond his revenue. At another time he intimated to the ministry that the retention of the Western posts was likely to encourage the Indians, and that an Indian war, traceable to a breach of the treaty by England, would lead to consequences not to be calmly considered; and further, he said that if the surrender of the posts was contingent on the payment of debts to British subjects, it was quite as just that the debts should not be paid till the posts were surrendered. On November 30, 1785, Adams presented a formal demand for their surrender. Lord Carmarthen delayed long in his reply to this communication, but only to revert, when he did respond, to the undeniable fact that certain States had interposed obstacles to the collection of British debts. The States, said Adams, must either repeal these laws, or give Congress full power over commercial regulations, so that a compulsory influence may be exerted on Great Britain.

Again, Adams called on the Tripolitan ambassador in London, who unblushingly told him that Tripoli was at war with America because she attempted to navigate the Mediterranean without paying tribute. Adams told Jay that a description of this conference might be better for harlequin than for Congress, though there was civility enough shown on both sides "in a strange mixture of Italian, lingua Franca, broken French, and worse English." Adams was in doubt whether this Tripolitan was a consummate politician or a philosopher, as he complacently called himself.

The Tripolitan mildly intimated that 30,000 guineas might induce his government to make a treaty which would exempt American shipping from devastation; but that it was probable that Tunis, Morocco, and Algiers would each demand as much or more. So Adams was obliged to communicate to his impoverished country that a sum of not much short of two hundred thousand pounds would be necessary to secure the desired immunity. "The fact cannot be altered, and the truth cannot be concealed," he adds to Jay. "Never," he said again, "will the slave trade be abolished while Christian princes abase themselves before the piratical ensigns of Mahomet." Yet such were the requirements that he wrote to Bowdoin, of Massachusetts, pressing that two or three hundred thousand guineas spent in this way was cheaper than the cost of a war; and then reverting to what Congress had to spare for the purpose, he called it a sum that would be worse than thrown away. Adams and Jefferson were not wholly in accord in this matter; for, while Adams reckoned the costs of a war with the Barbary powers, Jefferson revolted at the abasement of a tribute, and hoped to join with Italy and Portugal in an expedition against them. This required ships, and Adams knew the difficulties of getting the States to respond to any naval requisition of Congress. They were indeed quite content that Portugal should order her fleet in the Mediterranean to protect American vessels, as she did in 1786. A treaty was finally negotiated with Morocco by Thomas Barclay, under the approval of Adams and Jefferson; but this was the only one of the African states which entered into treaty stipulations before the Constitution was put in force.

Jefferson's career in France was characteristic. He lost no opportunity to inculcate his principles of free trade. He did his best to buy American captives out of Algerine prisons. He strolled among the book-stalls, and notified his friends at home of all the new inventions. He purloined a little Italian rice and sent it to the Carolina planters for seed. He published his "Notes on Virginia" in English and French. He conferred with the political mentors of the coming French Revolution, and wrote to Jay to induce the shipment of American flour for the starving Parisians.

The treaty of commerce which England concluded with France in 1786 was not encouraging. Adams wrote: "France and England are both endeavoring at this moment to impose on each other. The secret motive of both is to impose upon the United States. . . . The time is not far distant when we may see a combination of England and the House of Bourbon against the United States. It is not in gloomy moments only, but in the utmost gayety of heart, that I cannot get rid of the persuasion that the fair plant of liberty in America must be watered in blood." With these forebodings, Adams had, as early as January, 1787, expressed a wish to be recalled. He wrote to Jay that "a life so useless to the public and so insipid to myself, as mine is in Europe, has become a burden to me as well as to my countrymen." Congress granted his request, October 5, 1787. Great Britain meanwhile had not condescended to send any minister or other accredited agent to America.

Henry Clay Work.

Born in Middletown, Conn., 1832. **Died** in Hartford, Conn., 1884.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

BRING the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.
"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast.
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia?

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.
"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

SAY, darkeys, hab you seen de massa,
Wid de mouffstash on he face,
Go 'long de road some time dis mornin',
Like he gwine too leabe de place?
He see de smoke way up de ribber
Whar de Lincum gun-boats lay;
He took he hat and leff berry sudden,
And I 'spose he 's runned away.
De massa run, ha! ha!
De darkey stay, ho! ho!
It mus' be now de kingdum comin',
An' de yar ob Jubilo.

He six foot one way and two foot todder,
An' he weigh six hundred poun';
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it won't reach half way roun';
He drill so much dey calls him cap'n,
An' he git so mighty tan'd
I spec he'll try to fool dem Yankees
For to tink he contraband.

De darkeys got so lonesome libb'n
In de log hut on de lawn,
Dey move dere tings into massa's parlor
For to keep it while he gone.

Dar's wine and cider in de kichin,
  And de darkeys dey hab some.
I spec it will all be 'fiscated,
  When de Lincum sojers come.

De oberseer, he makes us trubble,
  An' he dribe us roun' a spell,
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
  Wid de key flung in de well.
De whip am lost, de han'-cuff broke,
  But de massa hab his pay;
He big an' ole enough for to know better
  Dan to went an' run away.
        De massa run, ha! ha!
          De darkey stay, ho! ho!
        It mus' be now de kingdum comin',
          An' de yar ob Jubilo.

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